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BIRKS

MACLEAN'S NOVEMBER 26, 1955 VOLUME 68 NUMBER 24
CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

EDITORIAL

Politics Must Not Muzzle Science

IN 1940 the scientific world witnessed the absurd and dismaying spectacle of an entire nation accepting a scientific theory or pretending to accept it for purely political reasons. The nation was Russia and the scientific theory was propounded by Trofim D Lysenko Lysenko believed that inborn characteristics can be determined by environment and specifically that plants can be changed fundamentally by changing their environment This theory happened to fit neatly into Marxian philosophy (which places great stress on environment) and the wishful thinking party bosses went along with it Lysenko's word became law All Soviet scientists who opposed him were thrown out of their jobs or otherwise muzzled

The world's leading non Soviet geneticists naturally attacked this action It wasn't so much that they believed Lysenko to be wrong in his theories although most of them were pretty certain he was it was that the basic principle of the "scientific approach" had been demolished with one blow Cautious and careful experimentation had been tossed aside in favor of political expediency

At that time a lot of people were saying smugly that this sort of thing couldn't possibly happen in the Western world Well, we aren't so sure it isn't happening right now—and ironically enough, once again in the field of genetics.

It is now apparent that North America's leading geneticist Professor Hermann J Muller, was prevented by a government body from giving his views or taking part in discussions at Geneva on the effects of atomic radiation on heredity He was prevented because the Atomic Energy Commission of the United States wrote to the Geneva conference headquarters and told them they did not want Muller's paper, How Radiation Changes the Genetic Constitution, to be presented

For some time now Admiral Lewis L Strauss chairman of the AEC, has been minimizing the dangers of radiation Those U S scientists who were allowed to speak at Geneva—and in this matter Strauss had the final say—echoed this line or at any rate did not oppose it as strongly as does Muller We have no idea, being laymen, whether or not Strauss (another layman) or Muller is nearer to the truth But it is obvious that Muller's point of view must be unpalatable to anybody who has been strongly advocating the continuance of atomic tests, as Strauss has

The situation, at writing then, is this One group of distinguished scientists, of which Muller is only one, believe that—leaving war and instant death out of the calculations entirely—there is still serious danger to future generations in the explosion of further atomic bombs They believe that the radiation from these bombs may cause mutations which can disfigure and distort the human race They believe that all atomic bomb tests should cease until the matter can be studied Another equally distinguished group hold to the "official" view They minimize the danger of radiation from the bombs—though, by their own admission, the average resident of the U S is now getting double the natural amount of radiation because of the tests They insist that the tests can go on safely

What disturbs us here is less that statements regarding radiation continue to be matters of opinion and not of fact, than that the whole debate seems to be more political than scientific. The situation would be ludicrous if it were not lunatic With the future of mankind at stake, we simply cannot afford to play the Lysenko game

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CONTENTS

Vol 68 NOVEMBER 26, 1955 No 24

Cover Painting by James Hill

Articles

A NEW BLUEPRINT FOR CONFEDERATION. Blair Fraser 11
THE DOCTOR WHO WON'T TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER. Sidney Katz 14
WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOUR BLOOD Norman DePan 18
WHEN THE BOGEYMEN GET THEIR TREATY MONEY Robert Collins 20
NIAGARA FALLS WAS A HELL RAISING TOWN. A Maclean's Flashback Duncan McLeod 22
WHY BAWHIDE WENT BACK TO THE MAIL TIMES. Miss Ferguson 24
THE MOST FEARED FOOTBALL PLAYER IN CANADA Fred Fryer 28
THE GHOSTLY SENTINEL OF THE PEAKS. Howard O Hagan 30
MY DAY WITH THE HEAD SHRINKERS Hugh Garner 32

Fiction

ALL FOR THE LOVE OF MARIA. Ronald G Smith 18
THE KNIFE. Theon Wright 26

Departments

EDITORIAL 2
LONDON LETTER Beverley Baxter 4
BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA Blair Fraser 6
MAILBAG 8
MACLEAN'S MOVIES Rated by Clyde Gilmour 34
CANADIANECDOTE. THE DAY NIAGARA FALLS STOPPED Edgar D Smith 64
JASPER Cartoon by Simpkins 66
PARADE 100

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

By—Miller Services (4), Wide World (4) Capital Press (11, 12) Wheeler Newspaper Syndicate (17) Mike Bertelino (18) Herb Nott (14, 15) Clifton L Shaw (14) Peter Clayton (18, 19 24 25) Henry Sanso (20 21) Don Ball (28, 29)

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the inside story:
waterproof glue
fir plywood
wherein it is told why the adhesives used in Douglas fir plywood are former weatherproof, boil-proof, water-proof...

Several decades ago a famous chemist, Dr. Leo H. Baekeland, discovered that a mixture of

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During the first stage of the reaction the molecules of the newly-formed resin compound can be dissolved with ordinary water This is known as A stage.

BUT as more heat is added, the molecules begin to combine with each other to form still larger molecules.

This is known as "B" stage. The compound is no longer affected by water but it can still be dissolved by alcohol.

BUT as still more heat is added, the final or "C" stage, is reached The molecules are now fully grown because all of their chemical combining capacity has been used.

Chemists say the material has polymerized—a technical word meaning "set" or "cured" Now there is no way to break or weaken the molecular links or bond.

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Today this same durable phenolformaldehyde adhesive is used to bond together nine plies of waterproof-glue Douglas fir plywood as shown in this cutaway panel By the way—waterproof-glue Douglas fir plywood is branded with the initials PMBC EXTERIOR Look for it!

the veneers are then assembled with the grain of each ply running at right angles to the next (the secret of fir plywood's tremendous strength and resistance to damage).

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The finished product is Douglas fir plywood. No exposure to water or weather, heat or cold can undo the chemical bond.

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The passing of "the medicine show"

...a hopeful message about ARTHRITIS

Some of us can remember the colorful "medicine show" of yesteryear ... and the persuasive but deceptive oratory of the self-styled "doctor." The remedies he offered were fantastic, especially his "sure cure" for arthritis ... or rheumatism as it was always called in those bygone days.

Fortunately, the old fashioned "medicine man" and his "sure cures" are on the way out. This is because nearly all of us now know the folly of relying on any treatment for arthritis other than those authoritatively approved.

This enlightened attitude is all to the good. For arthritis, if it is to be successfully controlled, must be precisely diagnosed and treated according to the needs of each *individual* patient.

Even though there are as yet no specific cures, much can be done for the more than 500 thousand people in our country whose cases have been diagnosed as arthritis, in one of its many forms.

For example, *osteoarthritis* or degenerative joint disease ... the type associated with aging ... need not cause severe disability if diagnosed early and if the patient follows his doctor's advice.

Indeed this kind of arthritis usually responds well to treatment based on rest, weight control, mild exercise and avoidance of both mental and physical factors that may aggravate the disease.

Another common type of arthritis, *rheumatoid arthritis* ... is a more serious disease because it involves not only the joints, but the entire body. Moreover, it is not associated solely with *old age*. Rather it affects people of all ages, most frequently young persons and adults in their prime.

Fortunately, certain hormone extracts and other medications have brought great benefits to many who have this type of arthritis. It is not yet known, however, how permanent the effects of these treatments will be.

The greatest good to be derived from any method of therapy for any type of arthritis depends not upon the doctor alone, but upon the patient as well. It is of the greatest importance for the patient to cooperate fully with the doctor, especially in regard to continuing treatment for as long as it may be required.

In fact, when rheumatoid arthritis is recognized early and treatment is carried out faithfully, well over 50 percent of those who have this condition can be spared serious disability and will obtain marked improvement.

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LONDON LETTER

BY *Beverley Baxter*



How a Dream changed Edinburgh

AT WHAT hour of the day or night does inspiration come to a man? That, I confess, is a rhetorical question but it permits me to quote those pleasing lines of Herbert Trench:

She comes not when Noon is on the Roses—
Too bright is Day
She comes not to the Soul till it reposes
From work and play
But when Night is on the hills, and the great Voices
Roll in from Sea
By starlight and by candlelight and dreamlight
She comes to me

Personally I think that "dreamlight" is perhaps overdoing it a bit. No one knows at what hour of the day or night Rudolf Bing brought the idea of an Edinburgh Festival to a practical form. He is a gentle creature who dreams dreams and then carries them into effect relentlessly and even ruthlessly. He is an Austrian born British subject who has managed the Metropolitan Opera in New York for some years but at intervals, to soothe his nerves, he comes back to Glyndebourne where you can wander through lovely gardens, drink champagne in the moonlight and listen to Mozart operas in the small charming theatre. Before going to New York Bing was the general manager of Glyndebourne and it was in those lovely surroundings that he first conceived the idea of the Edinburgh Festival.

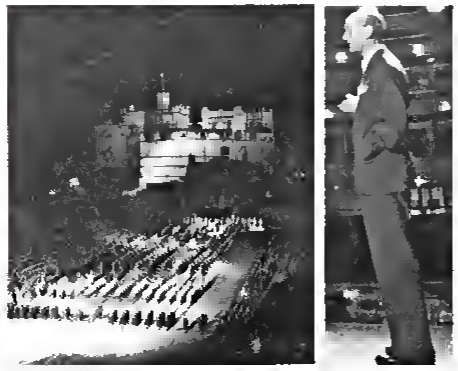
The idea was warmly welcomed by the lord provost, which is what the lord mayor is called up there. The Hitler war had not long since come to an end and the Scots were feeling their way toward a civilized expression of the human soul.

Bing asked for an initial fund of six thousand pounds and it was subscribed immediately. The British Council (financed by the British taxpayer) promised an annual grant. So did the Corporation of the City of Edinburgh as well as a number of Scottish industrialists.

So far the story is no different from that of any other festival. It was the same in Canada's Stratford when a young man with wistful eyes and soft voice decided to challenge the monopoly of the other Stratford in England. The peddler of dreams is the inevitable forerunner of miracles.

In Edinburgh the lord provost displayed his racial caution. The Edinburgh Council would give financial backing to the festival but the liability in the council in one year must not exceed fifteen thousand pounds. Thus the citizens of Edinburgh would be saved from any increase in local rates.

Continued on page 36



Rudolf Bing (right) fell in love with Edinburgh and gave it a Festival.

#952 (medium length) #953 (long length). Strong lano elastin sides, down stretching satin elastic back. White. $16.50. The bra—#2076 at $2.95.



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BLAIR FRASER

BACKSTAGE

At Ottawa



How Near Is Health Insurance?

HEALTH insurance is not quite the dead duck it seemed to be at the federal-provincial conference last month. Nothing can be done at the moment except missionary work, but a very little more missionary work may be enough to tip the scale and bring health insurance to Canada.

Prime Minister St. Laurent said in his opening speech that the federal government would take part in a health-insurance scheme if it were desired by "a substantial majority of provincial governments representing a substantial majority of the Canadian people."

Since Ontario's Premier Leslie Frost has already demanded a health-insurance plan "the substantial majority" of the Canadian people is already assured. Saskatchewan and British Columbia have their own insurance plans in operation, Alberta has something very like it, and they with Ontario include more than half of all Canadians. All that remains, therefore, is to convert two more provincial governments to get the substantial majority.

Manitoba and Newfoundland look like the best bets. Manitoba is already embarrassed by the political competition of its prairie neighbors—the CCF provides "free" hospital service, Social Credit has its "dollar-a-day" plan, and the Manitoba Liberals are wondering how long they can go on with nothing to match these exploits.

As for Newfoundland, an Ottawa official remarked that "Joey Smallwood never put the brakes on any car he ever drove."

In both cases, and indeed in the other Atlantic provinces too, the obstacle is money. Ottawa has never offered more than sixty percent of the cost, and that was part of a package deal which the provinces never accepted. The present outlook is more like a fifty-fifty split, and provincial governments blench at the thought of paying for health insurance, even at half price.

Paul Martin (federal Minister of Health and Welfare) has more control of my budget than I have myself," said one provincial treasurer over a morning coffee. "The day he announces health insurance I'll have to announce an eight-percent sales tax."

But the missionaries of health insurance hope to convince these timorous treasurers that health insurance needn't be as costly as they think. Talk about "a billion a year" for medical services has scared a lot of people needlessly. It is true that Canada spends nearly a billion a year for *all* medical services, and would spend more if all were tax-prepaid; but no one suggests that a good health insurance scheme would have to cover all costs and all risks.

Hospital expenses are the biggest risk for the average person. Best proof that hospital insurance is not unbearably expensive is the fact that Saskatchewan, a "have-not" province which was nearly bankrupt in the Thirties, has had it for more than ten years and made a great success of it. No political party in Saskatchewan would dare suggest abolishing the hospital plan.

Saskatchewan is a lot richer than Newfoundland but no richer than Manitoba, and Saskatchewan has carried hospital insurance with no federal help at all. With Ottawa putting up half the money, it shouldn't be too difficult for others. ★

Do we actually know where to face Communism?

If you could use reprints of this message for friends, staff, or associates, just write Dept. AA.



Photos united especially for Canadair by Kersh

Communism's Technical Ability



The jet engines on the huge Russian bomber these Canadian scientists are studying may well be—so say competent authorities—the most powerful in the world—a vivid symbol of Communism's bid in the great race for world technological supremacy.

For Communism is in dead earnest. Communist countries will graduate this year *twice* as many engineers as Canada and the United States together—may have *more* engineers and technicians than all the Western world by 1960.

Our old exploits are no guarantee of future achievements—we must encourage more young people to study science . . . to become engineers, technicians, graduate scientists, engineering professors. We need these "front-line soldiers" to throw the Red Challenger back—to make sure that scientific leadership remains in the hands of free men.

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MONTREAL

Mailbag

What We Like About Birthdays

Congratulations on the special anniversary issue (Oct. 15). I have been reading the magazine for several years but this issue was one of the best. The article by Hugh MacLennan (What Kind of People We'll Become) was especially good. A lot has been said in this article that thousands across Canada are thinking but have not had the courage to do anything about.
Herley E. Bye, Montreal

● The anniversary number is an outstanding achievement in journalism. I have come across nothing that conveys so effectively our emerging nationhood. The Lower sampling was of special personal interest. That your magazine should continue to progress is important to the northern half of this continent. —Gladstone Murray, Toronto

● Congratulations on The Best of Maclean's over 50 years. The best short story (the short story I enjoyed most—was published some years ago entitled Woman You Put No Salt In The Porridge!—Mrs. Lorne Bower Stoughton, Sask.

● I remember when you had a monthly called The Busy Man's Magazine, then changed to Maclean's. I have several bound volumes of those issues. I have been a subscriber for fully forty years. After I have read the whole magazine I lend it to several of my friends, then mail it to a pal in Bradford, England. So you see I am proud of my Maclean's. —C. E. Smith, Windsor, N.S.

● My wife and I have celebrated our golden wedding, Saskatchewan and Alberta their golden jubilee and now Maclean's has arrived at its fiftieth milestone of brilliant achievement. The make-up and contents of your special issue make my heart swell with pride for Canada. Your editorial independence makes me still more proud.—J. T. Dawson, San Diego, Calif.

● Of special interest to me was A Nostalgic Album of Old Time Magazine Art. But Hugh MacLennan's article What Kind of People We'll Become was tops.—C. Nuttall, Waterloo, Ont.

● S. Lowrock's On Modern Business never fails to intrigue me. And a word of praise to Hugh MacLennan. He is one of our finest Canadian writers. The whole of the magazine was teeming in interest. Geo. Robertshaw, Kitworthy, Ont.

● During your fifty years of growth I have never missed an issue for thirty-six years. During all those years every copy has been a good buy. Above all it is Canadian and you need have made many friends in other countries. I happen to be a public school principal.
Most of Maclean's editions find a spot in my classroom, after I've read them and the children enjoy them until the pages are dog-eared. And many of your articles have formed a background for social studies, some have been used for talks to young people. Keep up the good work.—R. L. Hyslop, Stoney Creek, Ont.

● To rhymer F. J. Blakwell, as one Halfway Merker to another:

Brave folks, we hide beneath a smile
Wounds made by kids wide-eyed with guile
Who wonder how we still can say
We're youthful
There's comfort in the thought that some
As teen and slippered pantaloon
We'll need no argument to prove
We're truthful!
—Margery De La Mare, Victoria, B.C.

● I cannot wait to congratulate each member of your staff for this splendid



issue.—Mrs. E. H. Sanderson, Toronto.

● Congratulations ... it should be required reading for all native born and new Canadians, both young and old.
My sincere thanks for the generous reference to my father, Senator George T. Fullerd, who was killed in a motor car accident at the height of his career just when Maclean's Magazine was starting its long and useful life. But please correct the impression that father lived in Toronto. His greatest boast was that Brockville was his home.—George T. Fullerd, Brockville, Ont.

● We have enjoyed the magazine since 1935. Your editorials have always seemed just and straight from the shoulder, although occasionally cutting painfully close to my chauvinistic quick. Your articles have always been slightly terrific.—Fred M. Wren.

● I want to tell you about two old issues of Maclean's I resurrected from the attic of the old farmhouse where I was born near Wingham, Ont. The magazines are dated March and May of 1913. In each issue there is a section entitled 'The Best Selling Book Of The Month.' In March Corporal Cameron came first followed by Rhymes Of A Rolling Stone. Sunshine Sketches Of A Little Town was sixth. There is a fine portrait of a young lad called Robert W. Service. In May the best seller in Canada was Jeffery Farnol's Amateur Gentleman, and it was second in the U.S. where The Pearl Of The Pool was first and Fourth place was held by Booth Tarkington's The Flirt.
There were no radio or television advertisements but several ads for Gramophones, Victrolas, and Graphophones! Incidentally even then Edison had predicted the coming of sound in motion pictures.
—Michael Fucsa, Toronto. ★

Would your family inherit a home or an unpaid mortgage?

New York Life's low-cost Mortgage Protection Plan provides cash to keep your home in the family!



Every man likes to think his home will endure—a haven for his family through the years. One way he can *be sure* is to guarantee immediate funds available for full payment of the mortgage remaining on his home if he should die. That way, his family will never be forced to sell at a loss or move to a less desirable location. And that's why New York Life designed its popular Mortgage Protection Plan.

Under this plan you buy a Term Insurance Policy for the amount of your mortgage. It is issued for a period of 15, 20, 25 or 30 years—depending on the length of your mortgage and on your age. The amount of the policy decreases each year—and as your mortgage is amortized would be *sufficient to pay off the unpaid balance.*

New York Life's Mortgage Protection Plan costs a small amount in comparison to the payments on your mortgage. It assures your family of the most comforting kind of security—a *debt-free* home! Ask your New York Life agent today!

Here's how New York Life's Mortgage Protection Plan works

If at age 30, you have a 20-year mortgage for $10,000 on your home and you buy a $10,000 decreasing *Mortgage Protection Term* Policy with a 20-year period your annual premium would be $65.40—which amounts to little more than $5 a month. After the second year any dividends could be used to reduce these premium payments. If you died the first year, your wife would receive the full $10,000. If you died later and mortgage payments had been kept up to date she would receive an amount at least sufficient to pay off the unpaid balance. During the last 5 years the amount remains constant at $4,500. After 20 years the policy terminates without value.

An alternate plan for mortgage protection combines term with *permanent* life insurance. While premiums are higher this plan builds *cash values* which can be used later toward your own retirement. Or you can retain life insurance protection *after* you have paid off your mortgage.

This Mortgage Protection Plan is offered by a Company Serving Canadians since 1858!

For over 90 years New York Life has been serving Canadians. Today it has over $187,000,000 of insurance in force in Canada and over $164,000,000 invested in Canadian securities and mortgages. Wherever you go you'll find New York Life funds actively at work in the development and marketing of many of Canada's great natural resources—oil, iron ore, petro-chemicals and communication facilities.

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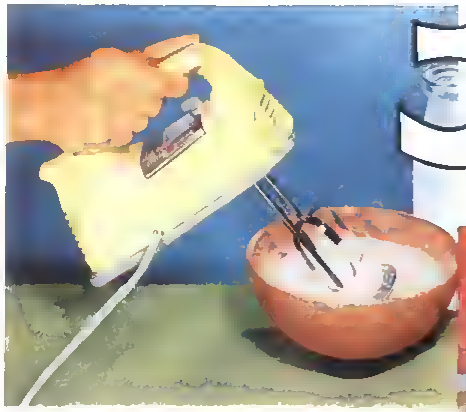
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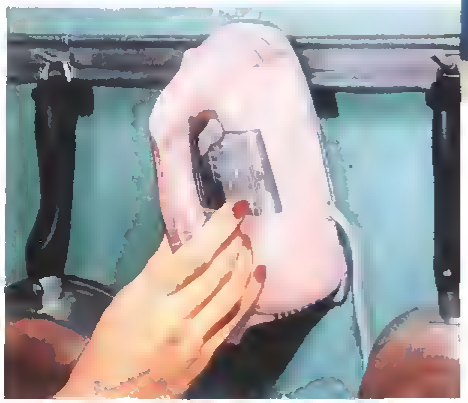
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A new blueprint for Confederation

"Fiasco!" snorted Bennett of B. C. "A bribe to Quebec!" others chargad. What really went on when ten wary and suspicious premiers met last month? Have wa finally soived the riddle that has plagued Canada since 1867?

BY BLAIR FRASER

TO A group of wary and mutually suspicious men in Ottawa last month Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent outlined a new blueprint for the Government of Canada.

This month these same men, the ten provincial premiers, are studying the plan, and even before they meet again their reaction will be known. If it is a favorable reaction Canada will have taken a new step toward solving a problem that has plagued her for almost a century — since the days of Joseph Howe and Sir John A. Macdonald. If it is hostile the problem may be solved anyway, but not without a dispiriting squabble on the old sore issues of race, religion and language.

The problem is peculiarly Canadian. Canada has two thirds of her people and three quarters of her money gathered in a central heartland, so that the extremities are always threatened with relative economic starvation. The heartland itself is divided between two cultures, each with a language and a faith of its own.

Every region of Canada has a grievance against one or more other regions, and none of the grievances is groundless. Ontario thinks, rightly, that "have-not" provinces covet Ontario's wealth and scheme to get a share of it. Western and Maritime provinces think, rightly, that Ontario grew rich selling them high priced goods from industries protected by Canada's "National Policy" that Ontario got the

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

When John A. Macdonald (see below) met Fathers of Confederation in 1867 the poor provinces wanted to get more and the rich to give less; differences of geography and culture halked a settlement. When Louis St. Laurent (see above) met the ten provincial premiers in 1955 nothing much had changed.





FROST OF ONTARIO smelled a plot to buy off Quebec with Ontario money.



DUPLESSIS OF QUEBEC stood pat on autonomy, left next move to Ottawa.

Mixed emotions and varied stances at first divided the ten bargaining premiers but later brought hope of understanding



SMALLWOOD OF NEWFOUNDLAND was deceptively serene.



FLEMMING OF NEW BRUNSWICK was agreeable but demanding.



MATHESON OF P.E.I. was also agreeable but had a grievance.



HICKS OF NOVA SCOTIA was most vulnerable victim of all.



CAMPBELL OF MANITOBA was sick at being a Gill Good Boy.



DOUGLAS OF SASKATCHEWAN saved a little Maurice Horne.



MANNING OF ALBERTA hardly knew how to act rich or poor.



BENNETT OF B. C. had a lot to lose soon was sure he'd lost it.

economic benefit while they paid the economic price of making Canada a nation. Quebec thinks rightly that in national affairs French-speaking Roman Catholics are a weak minority, only at the provincial level can French Canada fully protect its own ways so Quebec must be ever vigilant against any threat to provincial autonomy. Nine English-speaking provinces think rightly that government in Canada would be richer, simpler and a good deal cheaper if Quebec were not an stubbornly determined to do things in her own fashion.

From this unique combination of divisions and disparities the problem arises, how to share our national revenue among provinces so unequally endowed, on terms that all are willing to accept.

Mackenzie King and his finance minister, J. L. Ilsley, thought they had a solution ten years ago when they faced a similar gathering of provincial premiers at the same rectangular table in the House of Commons. They offered an alluring bargain: let the provinces forego direct taxation of incomes and estates, which was their constitutional right but which gave a great advantage to the big central provinces, especially Ontario, where corporations and large estates cluster. In return the federal government would pay a handsome "rental" for these tax fields, more to each province than any had ever collected by itself. Ottawa would also take over such costly burdens as unemployment relief, which in the 1930s had brought several provinces to the verge of bankruptcy.

Ontario and Quebec refused the bargain. The conferences of 1945-46 ended in failure and the full federal-provincial exchange was never completed. Ottawa to this day has not taken on full responsibility for unemployment relief. But seven provinces did make individual tax rental agreements of much the same kind, and Newfoundland made an eighth after the union in 1949. Thus the one third of all Canadians who live in "have-not" provinces were satisfied.

In 1952 Ontario came in—another third of Canada's people. Two thirds of all Canadians were thus included in a set of agreements which nobody thought perfect but which did divide with reasonable fairness the tax revenue all had helped to earn.

Only Quebec remained outside.

Louis St. Laurent attended the conferences of 1945-46. As a member of Mackenzie King's cabinet he was a party to the federal offer. As acknowledged leader of Quebec in federal affairs he must have believed it was as fair an offer to Quebec as it was to other provinces. He must have felt then, as most English Canadians did, that Premier Maurice Duplessis' refusal of it was mere personal stubbornness perhaps inspired by political hostility.

At the time this judgment may have been right. But much water has gone over the dam since the first tax rental agreement went into effect on April 1, 1947.

In those years Quebec has had $152,221,000 by refusing to rent tax rights. That is thirty-five dollars for every man, woman and child in the province. Yet Quebec has twice voted in favor of accepting that loss rather than surrender any provincial rights. In two elections the issue was "autonomy" as defined by Premier Maurice Duplessis, and his refusal of tax rentals. In both he won handsome majorities. No political party in Quebec, no public organization, no newspaper dares to challenge him on the "autonomy" issue. It is now obvious—and to St. Laurent as a Quebec leader it has been deeply disturbing—that on this question Quebec is virtually unanimous. Quebec will not sign a tax-rental agreement or anything like it at any price—even a Liberal Government in Quebec wouldn't sign one. Ottawa's offer is spurned, not by one arrogant man, but by a people.

St. Laurent's new plan is aimed at ending this isolation of Quebec. Its object is to give back to every province, unconditionally, a slice of the taxes on national income. The slice will be just big enough to give each an equal share per person. No agreement need be signed, no stipulation accepted. Parliament will pass a law and the money will be sent out with no strings attached. Since Quebec will not come into the fold, the fold itself is to be torn down.

That much is already settled. It was decided by the federal cabinet before the provincial premiers arrived for the October meeting. Unless the Duplessis government should refuse even an unconditional share of federal tax money, the equalization payments will be made no matter what the provincial premiers say when they meet again.

Nevertheless, what they say at the next meeting is of the gravest consequence. They will determine two things: first, whether Canada shall continue to have a fairly orderly tax structure, or return to the complex muddle of prewar days; second, and even more important, whether the St. Laurent plan will actually strengthen the unity of Canada as it aims to do, or whether it will merely open a new breach in trying to close an old one.

This is a plan for equal sharing. Quebec now gets less than any other province; equal sharing must therefore give Quebec a larger increase than any other province. Will this fact of simple arithmetic be made clear to Canadians by their provincial leaders? Or will the new system be denounced as a *bribe to Quebec*?

Already the phrase has been used. Some angry provincial premiers at "off-the-record" press conferences described the new federal plan as no more than appeasement of Duplessis. For a while in the middle of the October conference it seemed that this might be the general reaction, and that the most important federal-provincial meeting since 1945-46 might end as the last one did, in failure.

It was a gathering of alarmed and resentful men, in the main. All ten premiers knew Ottawa wanted something different when the tax-rental agreements expire. Of the nine who accepted the present system each had his own reasons to wonder if a change would help or hurt his province, his party or himself.

British Columbia's W. A. C. Bennett had most to lose. John Hart, the wily old Liberal who was premier of B. C. from 1941 to 1947, drove a hard bargain nine years ago. British Columbians get thirty-six dollars a head as rental for their tax fields while most other provinces get about thirty. To make any political gain for his Social Credit government Bennett had not only to maintain this good deal, he had to better it.

Where Did B.C.'s Goodies Go?

A self-made hardware merchant with a quick smile and plenty of self-assurance, Bennett has a gift for sales talk to which he himself is not immune. He told his electors, and apparently convinced even himself, that he would come back with new concessions for B. C.

Instead he was shocked to discover that all the elaborate tables, worked out to illustrate how the new system would work, gave British Columbia no increase at all but an actual cut of anywhere from four to eight million a year. The dreadful news leaked out at once. Pacific coast newspapers headlined:

$40 MILLION EXTRA TO QUEBEC,
$7 MILLION CUT FOR B. C.

Finance Minister Walter Harris, even before any of the tables had been distributed, had assured everyone that no province would suffer any cut, each would get at least as much as its tax-rental payment in the last year of the agreement. Prime Minister St. Laurent protested indignantly against the headlines in the B. C. papers as being unfair to Quebec, and untrue. But Premier Bennett was far from mollified.

For a man who had vowed to go home with the extra goodies he had led British Columbians to expect, the assurance that he would bring them the same goodies offered cold comfort. Small wonder that he left in a huff, spurning the prime minister's invitation to dinner and calling the whole conference a "fiasco."

From the other end of Canada came another dissatisfied man, Joey Smallwood of Newfoundland. A bit heavier, a bit greyer, a bit more sedate than the sharp little blunjay of a man who came to Ottawa eight years ago to negotiate the terms of union, Smallwood was deceptively serene at the October conference. He could afford a detached view because, as he frankly said, Newfoundland's situation was due for complete review in two more years. He evidently expected to do better by himself than in a Canada-wide arrangement, but he has twice threatened publicly to lead Newfoundland out of confederation altogether if he is not satisfied.

Nova Scotia has changed a lot since the last time she elected a premier who promised to do the same thing, but Nova Scotians still have a resentful feeling that they were swindled into confederation in the first place. And aside from the normal prejudices of any Nova Scotian, Premier Henry Hicks had personal reasons to be on his guard at the Ottawa meeting.

Hicks is a boy wonder among politicians. A Rhodes Scholar and a war veteran, he was an MLA at the age of thirty, a cabinet minister at thirty-four, premier of Nova Scotia at thirty-nine. In a Canadian Club tour last season he made an excellent impression in central Canada, as a speaker and as spokesman of the Maritime point of view. Yet in spite of all these natural advantages, Hicks is perhaps the most vulnerable of the ten provincial premiers.

He won the leadership after the death of the invincible Angus L. Macdonald by a close decision at a bitterly fought convention in which religious prejudices played some part. No one yet knows what that fight may have done to the Liberal Party in Nova Scotia. Meanwhile the Conservatives had been slowly but steadily gaining ground, even against the great Angus L. Hicks badly needed a good tax deal for Nova Scotia at the Ottawa conference, or a good popular grievance to take home, or—perhaps best of all—both.

Hugh John Flemming of New Brunswick was quiet and agreeable, Alexander Matheson of Prince Edward Island was voluble and agreeable, but both share the Maritime grievance—the grievance of "have-not" provinces. Flemming introduced a plan of his own which would have brought two million dollars more to New Brunswick this year, twenty-two million dollars more to the other Atlantic provinces, and nothing more to anybody else. He didn't press it, but it showed how he felt.

The Atlantic provinces are "have-nots" in every sense. The prairie provinces are not, except in the technical sense for tax purposes. They have few corporations, few easy sources of revenue, but their citizens have been doing very nicely of late. Saskatchewan's per capita income in 1953, a good crop year, was $1,292—third highest in Canada, less than two hundred dollars below Ontario and well above the "wealthy" province of Quebec. Alberta and Manitoba are not far behind, and Alberta every year becomes more an industrial "have" province and less dependent on a good crop for prosperity.

Nevertheless the prairie premiers had their own reasons, not all of which were shared by all three, for being wary and suspicious at Ottawa in October.

Cautious Ernest Manning of Alberta spoke for a province that is still a "have-not" in the technical sense, in spite of the oil riches that pour into its treasury. Alberta's equalization payment will run between thirteen and fifteen million a year depending on what scale is adopted at the next conference. But Manning could see the day coming soon when Alberta will be a "have" province helping out the others. He talked like a premier of Ontario, pleading the cause of the expanding industrial region which needs millions for urgent capital development.

Manitoba and *Continued on page 38*

The doctor who won't take "NO" for an answer

By nagging cabinet ministers, editors, capitalists, his own colleagues and the general public to within an inch of their lives, Gordon Bates has singlehandedly won crusades in public health that have changed the lives of practically every Canadian

BY SIDNEY KATZ

PHOTOS BY HERB NOTT

TO MOST people health statistics are pretty dull stuff which they can take or leave alone by preference the latter. A notable exception is Dr. Gordon Bates, the seventy-year-old general director of the Health League of Canada. For forty years Bates has been responding explosively to figures, graphs and charts showing the fluctuations in our national health. "When people get sick unnecessarily or die before their time," he says, "I get hopping mad. I've got to do something about it. I keep poking my nose into things."

Bates' nose-poking since 1916 adds up to a rough-and-tumble career as a crusader for public health. His formula for getting results has been to frighten, shock, anger and educate. During World War I, for example, there were a hundred thousand cases of syphilis and eight times as many cases of gonorrhea in Canada. The scourge went unchecked largely because it was considered improper to discuss venereal diseases openly. Alarmed by this prudishness, Bates became the first Canadian physician to use the words syphilis and gonorrhea in public speeches. Furthermore, he kept nagging Toronto newspaper editors until they admitted the words to their news and editorial columns. He then questioned hundreds of victims and was able to bring home to the public the frightening story of how VD was destroying the lives of countless men, women and children. Prominent citizens replied by saying he was "sex mad," and "filthy minded." Joseph Atkinson, publisher of the Toronto Star, refused to attend his meetings and said they were "highly improper." But his activities led to pioneer legislation in Ontario for the control of VD as well as the establishment of hundreds of clinics. Within a few years all the other Canadian provinces followed Ontario's lead.

Bates is one of the most cantankerous enemies of raw, unpasteurized milk which spreads diseases such as typhoid fever, bovine tuberculosis, undulant fever and septic sore throat. Largely because of his persistent badgering of health authorities, Ontario and Saskatchewan as well as hundreds of municipalities now have compulsory pasteurization. A vocal minority howled that Bates was a "dangerous radical" and that this measure would rear children with weak bodies and weak minds." The only results have been a dramatic decline in milk borne diseases. In 1930 Bates formed a Diphtheria Toxoid Committee in Toronto to show that diphtheria could be banished by using immunization effectively. Opponents decried Bates as "a heartless vivisector, injecting filth into the veins of children." They predicted an outbreak of cancer, heart disease and other afflictions worse than diphtheria. But within ten years Toronto became the first major city in the world to experience a full year without diphtheria. Dr. Gustav Ramon, of Paris, discoverer of the diphtheria toxoid remarked, "It took a Canadian to show us how effective the toxoid can be."

It was Bates who succeeded in making a national issue of the fluoridation of water. He has flayed anti-fluoridationists as "lobsters," "bad actors" and neurotics. Alma B. Allen, a Toronto music teacher, complained that when she phoned Bates to suggest that fluoridation should be decided by a popular vote, he called her "a jackass and a fool." The anti-fluoridationists have treated Bates with equal vigor. Dr. J. H. Johnson, a University of Toronto dental professor, lumped Bates with "Johnny Jump Ups and self-appointed scientists" who don't know what they're talking about. Gordon Sinclair, the Toronto radio commentator, has described him as "a tired and ageing doctor whose ideas haven't changed in forty years." Others have described him as a "saboteur" and a "water poisoner." In spite of these vigorous counter-attacks Bates as usual seems to be winning. Fluoridation is steadily being introduced into more and more Canadian communities.

He Looks Meek But Hits Hard

At other times, with equally turbulent results, Bates has turned his guns on scarlet fever, small pox, accidents, drawnings, sunburn, infant mortality, cancer, heart disease and alcoholism. A complete list of his personal demons would include practically all the ills that afflict the body and mind of man.

Bates doesn't look capable of inspiring so much controversy. In appearance, he is frail, meek and mild. He is short (five feet six inches), slight (one hundred and thirty-six pounds) and usually wears a dark double breasted suit and a bow tie. He is white-haired, his face is rather impish and his blue eyes peer out from behind light tortoise shell glasses. This general appearance is deceptive. In action, he is fast-moving, fast-talking, hard-hitting and quick to anger. "On occasion," he says conservatively, "I am capable of moral indignation."

Bates' campaigns extend far beyond health. He's probably the most energetic advocate of bilingualism in Canada. "It's no wonder that many people in Quebec think we don't like them," he says. "We refuse to speak their language." Bates takes French lessons and is the guiding light of two organizations that promote bilingualism. Recently he spent two months in France perfecting his knowledge of French at the Sorbonne.

Another cause espoused by Bates is the mechanical superiority of the motor car of the pre-streamlined era. He drives a lemon-yellow old bright Packard touring car. Custom built for the Prince of Wales for use on his Alberta ranch, it attracts crowds wherever it is parked. Among other things Bates' car is capable of blowing up its own truck-size tires as well as oiling and greasing itself. "It's the most expensive Packard ever built," says Jim Wilton, the mechanic who lovingly takes care of it. The car probably cost about twenty thousand dollars when it was built in the mid-Twenties. Bates first caught sight of the vehicle while driving past a used-car lot on Toronto's Danforth Avenue in 1939. It was a case of love at first sight; he bought it immediately for $450.

But Bates reserves his main energies for health. He has a burning conviction that most of the 125,000 Canadians who die each year might have lived longer and most of the men, women and children who suffer from illness might have remained healthy. The magic key that would make this possible, he claims, is education. "We now have all kinds of ways of preventing illness," he says, "but what good are

Continued on page 93



WARRIOR: For forty years Gordon Bates fought public prejudice to win controls for VD and diphtheria and germ-free milk. He's been called everything from "sex mad" to a crankpot and a poisoner.

A ROUGH-AND-TUMBLE CRUSADER . . .



PROPAGANDIST: To fight VD he helped Hollywood make a movie about the disease. In the Thirties



ANTIQUARIAN: Bates stands up for the old style auto, especially his custom Packard which was built for the Prince of Wales. He drives it every day. He also studies French and campaigns for a bilingual Canada.

. . . BATES ALSO FINDS TIME IN HIS CROWDED LIFE TO ADMIRE OLD CARS AND FOOL AROUND WITH PAINTS



ARTIST: At home he paints and gardens. He's too busy with others' ills, he says, to get sick himself.



A beautiful woman reclining on a tiger skin. That was Maria. Who could resist her?

ALL FOR THE LOVE OF MARIA

It's no use trying to describe her beauty. But it drove the Baron to an ingenious crime . . . and even farther than that

BY RONALD R. SMITH

THE BARON brought a few crumpled carnations out of his pocket and rubbed them thoughtfully into his white, black and tan beard. He liked the scent to rise in his nostrils. The Norman sunlight was bland: strolling girls in bright dresses glowed in it as if they had been painted by Monet. Across the square the *patron* of the Annean d'Or took an apéritif with his customers at the *terrasse*. An old woman with white hair cut like a page boy looked out of an upper window of a fifteenth-century house with a checkerboard façade.

"Beauty," the baron said, "cannot be fixed with words. The important part is inevitably left out. No use trying then to describe the beauty of that actress of genius, Maria Delarme. Say simply that it was ineffable. Add that it drove men mad. Perfectly. A young Parisian nephew of a minister of marine, who failed to win her favor returned home and shot his *valet de chambre*. A frenzy. A Russian prince, equally unfortunate, took off in a red silk balloon and was never seen again. History, that not legend."

Baron Louis de Daulnac L'Orgeuilleux crossed his legs carefully and the flapping sole of his right Palm Beach shoe slapped dirty against the upper. The original owner of his pea-green gabardine suit had been a younger and far lesser man. The baron's large and noble head reduced the little black Homburg perched on it to absurdity.

I had known the baron for five days. He touted for a mere 1 bum shady 'Dancing' called Chez Bebbe. He did it without conviction, badly, nervously pushing his little black hat around his great dome. He felt unworthy of himself. It needed tact on my part and an effort on his to restore his naturally courtly personality. He also showed up his pride by refusing a drink. The appearance of a well known film actress had thrown him into a reminiscent mood. She wore a pair of scarlet lootman's breeches. Darkly gaggled, torso inclined forward, knees rather bent, she plodded past the bench on which the baron and I were sitting as though she were crossing a snow covered steppe. The baron did not reply to my next observation but he was naturally reminded, by contrast, of the exquisite Maria.

I remember that evening (the baron and) particularly well. A Paris delicately grey. A *grisaille*. Tender. We had been to a reception at the Imperial Russian Embassy. Maria and I. Embassy receptions were brilliant then. I am told they have become rather mercantile now. Unhappily at this reception there was a woman with a very strong aura which Maria felt to be inimical to her. Maria was acutely sensitive to hostile vibrations. This woman was undoubtedly pretty in a Junoesque manner. Wife of a rich American. He was concerned with pig meat, canning it perhaps, I don't know. Strange as it may seem, great sums of money can apparently be made from this activity. *En tout cas* the woman exploded with jewels. Her presence was intolerable to Maria. We left.

Maria then lived on the Ile Saint Louis in a charming old house. One of those designed by Levau, I believe. We returned there in Maria's carriage.

A beautiful woman reclining on a tiger skin. She has released her hair; her lion's mane as she often called it. She smokes an Egyptian cigarette. Da *Continued on page 41*

She was a well known actress. Darkly goggled, she plodded past our bench as though she were climbing a mountain.

I put the dollar in my pocket and ran. All the bells in Paris began to jangle.

ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR



What you don't know about your blood

How is it that they had to call on a metis woman in Alberta to save the life of a baby in California? And that only five known families in the world share one blood group? Can a transfusion prevent cerebral palsy? The answers all say your lifestream is anything but simple

BY NORMAN DePOE

ON THE eastern slope of the Canadian Rockies April can be a kind month, a time of melting snows and the promise of summer. It was like that last April 27 — on the ground. In the air, the tardy winter was doing its best to kill an unborn baby thousands of miles away in Redwood City, California.

In a T-33 jet trainer, Lieut.-Commander Alan Wood, of the Royal Canadian Navy, and Flight Lieut. Howard Robertson, of the Royal Canadian Air Force, ran into icing conditions soon after they took off from Edmonton. They were forced down at Calgary. But they went on, because they had to — their cargo was irreplaceable. Aboard were two bottles of one of the rarest types of human blood in the world.

To get it, a Canadian Red Cross doctor and a nurse from the federal Indian Health Services had already battled over almost impassable mud-bound roads: first in an automobile and then in a hay wagon pulled by straining horses. It took them a whole day to reach a donor thirty-six miles from Edmonton and return with one bottle. The second bottle took another all-day journey to the tiny village of Marlboro, on the way to Jasper Park. Then the blood had to be put through a series of tests that couldn't be rushed. Precautions had to be taken against freezing in flight, and special packing had to be devised so the fluid could be flown in the thin air at thirty-five thousand feet without bursting the bottles.

Somehow it was done in time. In spite of the treacherous end of April weather, the Canadian jet screamed down to a final safe landing at San Francisco. And on May 6 a baby girl was delivered by Caesarean section to Mrs. Nadine Robertson in Redwood City. A few hours later she received a transfusion of her mother's blood which had been especially treated to remove dangerous antibodies. There were two more transfusions, using the blood flown from Alberta. By May 12 it was certain that six-day-old Denise Louise Robertson would not only live, but would be a normal baby.

Only twelve years ago Denise would probably have died soon after birth. No one would have known why, although a "cause of death" would have been entered in the official record. Five years ago she would also probably have died. This time doctors might have known why, but they couldn't have done much about it. Because Mrs. Robertson's blood contains such an unusual combination of the recently discovered *Rh* antibodies that until last year only four or five persons in the world — none in North America — were known to have blood that could be added to hers without causing a violent and probably fatal reaction.

Her case and others like it have helped to change our whole idea of blood. Only fifty years ago even medical scientists thought it was a simple everyday fluid in which red and white corpuscles floated around. It kept us alive by carrying nourishment and oxygen to various parts of the body and carrying waste away. Everyone had it; it was the same in everyone.

But now we know that blood is not at all simple. On the contrary, it is a maddeningly complex fluid which science has only begun to understand. It is not the same in everyone of course: there are four main blood types (A, B, AB and O), but more than three hundred thousand combinations can be counted. And it goes much further than that: how much further nobody knows. Blood groups have been related to some of the spastic afflictions suffered by some children. Experiments have tried to link certain blood groups with cancer, but without conclusive results. They are even thought by some to be influenced by cosmic rays from outer space through the genes which govern every human characteristic and function.

Whatever the answers to these mysteries concerning our blood, scientists are finding that the deeper they look, the less they know. Paradoxically, their work has been so successful that blood transfusions save tens of thousands of lives every year, as in the case of the Robertson baby in Redwood City.

The problem of the Robertson couple was fairly common: one parent's blood was typed as *Rh* positive, the other as *Rh* negative. In about one couple in twenty of such parents drastic measures may be called for if the baby is to live. The trouble occurs when the child inherits a blood type from the father different to that of the mother, and when the mother's blood, as a result of previous childbirth or a former blood transfusion, has been stimulated into forming "antibodies". During the last half of pregnancy these antibodies

Continued on page 90



PAYMENT of treaty money to blind Noel Tsan hia is made with the help of interpreter Michel Bouvier. The Dogribs also get family allowances, free hospital care, free fish nets and rifle shells, but resist civilizing.



PRIMITIVE Dogribs tie up their Huskies to p summer. Once a flood tide reached dogs' m



TB X RAY and dental care are given every Ju



TREATY DANCE is performed by children near midnight at Fort Rae after a feast of caribou and bannock. The children (at right) dance their own version

When th Dogribs get their Treaty Money

BY ROBERT COLLI

PHOTOS BY HENRY M

Once a year Canad

73,000 treaty Indians are p

five dollars apiece

the government and tell the

troubles to an Indian agen

To meet a primitiv

tribe and share its compl

problems, come with th

Maclean's editor to Fort Rae

the Northwest Territori

THE PECULIAR events of last summer's Indian treaty days at Fort Rae, Northwest Territories, began the moment the federal government boat Peter Pond, chugged in from Yellowknife sixty miles to the southeast, at noon one Saturday in June.

The Pond edged in off Great Slave Lake with a blast from her siren. The siren's wail drifted through the sun-baked little settlement—over windswept rock, ragged grass, scrub timber, around the white-painted RCMP barracks, white mission hospital, white Roman Catholic church with its graceful spire and weather-beaten one-room school-house, through the sprawling Dogrib Indian settlement, largest in the Territories. It was a friendly greeting to say the money boat was in for treaty payment, one of the oldest, oddest, least known ceremonies in Canada.

From time to time between 1786, when the Ottawa and Chippewa Indians surrendered their title" to Ontario's Anderson township and part of Lambton county, until 1923, when the Mississauga Indians relinquished parts of central Ontario, white men signed treaties with certain Indians to gain rights to the land. At first the Indians received lump sums of money or goods in compensation. Then the payment became a cash annuity. Today the federal government still bestows cash on seventy-three thousand treaty Indians—about half our Indian population—in most provinces. Most of these treaty payments are routine affairs with little of the old-fashioned ceremony, but the Dogribs, who signed treaty in 1921, still celebrate the payment with ancient tribal games and dances.

It was to pay this annuity—five dollars for every Dogrib man, woman and child, fifteen for the chief—that the Peter Pond shrilled its way into shore last June. Normally, the siren would have brought most of Rae's thirty whites and five hundred and fifty Dogribs running to the dock. And indeed it brought grey-haired Douglas Stevens to the door of his white clapboard Hudson's Bay Company trading post. The Mounties, Constables Kenneth Plomp and Terry Garvin, strode briskly to the waterfront, somehow looking crisp and efficient in the shimmering eighty-six-above-zero heat. Ernest Jarman, the settlement's slender bespectacled doctor, hurried out with his family in a motorboat.



GAMBLING at the stick game soon redistributes the treaty money. Chips cost twenty-five cents each

But the Mooseloses, the Foot-in-Hells, the Dryenecks, the Footballs and the rest of the Dogribs continued to loaf in tents or huts or in the shade of the Hudson's Bay post. Only one or two stragglers bothered to meet or even look at the boat with its cargo of free money. It was a strange beginning for a treaty day.

The Peter Pond unloaded her passengers: Ivan Kirkby, the lean, harassed superintendent of Yellowknife Indian Agency; his assistant, Robert Styrs; Dr. John B. Poole of McGill University, who had come to conduct tuberculosis tests among the natives for the government; tuberculosis X-ray technicians Bob Gardiner and Jim Youell; and myself.

At approximately the same time, elsewhere around Canada, other government parties were paying two hundred and ninety other Indian bands.

Fort Rae has Canada's only Dogribs, perhaps the most primitive Indians in the country. They are a nomadic band of hunters and fishermen who live and think much as their ancestors did. They delight in outwitting the white man. White men's civilization has made little impression on them, except to dull their ambition. The Fort Rae encounter began as just another treaty payment. In the end it was a glimpse of the frustrations which the first white treaty makers must have experienced and which the federal government now faces in its still avowed attempt to "integrate the Indians into the general life and economy of the country."

The Dogribs' lack of interest in our arrival did not at first disturb Kirkby, a former Manitoba farmer who's had ten years with the Indian Affairs Branch, Department

Continued on page 53

NIAGARA FALLS WAS A HELIRAISING TOWN



The wild and woolly west had nothing on The Front —
that rocky mile beside our wildest river. Barkeeps defied the army, Wild Bill Hickok
lassoed buffalo and they sailed boatloads of wild animals
into the rapids — all to lure suckers for the sharpers waiting to fleece them

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK BY DUNCAN McLEOD

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNCAN MacPHERSON

WHEN Wild Bill Hickok the legendary western scout and gunfighter, arrived in Niagara Falls, Ont., one day in 1872 as the star of the world's first wild west show there, he looked like almost any other prosperous visitor in a neat business suit without his colorful frontier trappings or his fob'ed pearl-handled 44s. But Wild Bill walked with both hands in his pockets where he carried two small but deadly derringers.

His caution was well taken. Hickok was the continent's most notorious target: he had killed eighty men—and the Front facing the Canadian Falls was the playground and workshop of some of the continent's worst scoundrels. It became so infamous that many tourists were afraid to go there. Visitors were so systematically hornswoggled, swindled, blackmailed and bullied that newspapers in both Canada and the U.S. tarred the resort with their blackest prose, vaudeville comics made wry jokes about it, poets wrote rhymes about the mulcting of the innocents, guidebooks warned of the dangers awaiting the gullible and angry voices were raised against it in the New York state legislature.

From 1825 to 1888 the mile-long Front stretching from what is now Oakes Gardens to Table Rock at the brink of the Falls, was one of the most ruthless and ingenious clip joints in history. Originally it was a military reserve of Upper Canada, but piecemeal—except for a government road—it was taken over by a group of businessmen and showmen with the ribald huckstering facility of an air raid siren. To attract customers to their taverns, hotels, museums, bazaars and curio shops they sailed wild animals in schooners over the Falls, staged an elaborate Indian burial ceremony and a farcical buffalo hunt, with Wild Bill Hickok in charge—and they encouraged or hired daredevils to jump into the raging river or walk across the Gorge on tightropes. They also perpetrated some of their country's most blatant hoaxes.

Derby hatted sharpers imported white pebbles from England and sold them to visitors as congealed Niagara spray. At Burning Spring, where natural gas bubbled through the water and could be set afire, tourists bought bottled water, and found out later of course that it didn't burn. One forgotten curio dealer launched the legend of Niagara Falls as a honeymoon resort by telling his customers the story of a beautiful Indian princess thrown into the Falls to become the bride of a god who dwelt in the mist and spray. He also sold them paintings and medallions of a bare-bosomed princess.

The Front itself, squeezed between the Niagara escarpment and the Gorge, was only three hundred yards wide, but in character it was almost as unbridled as its strange inhabitants. From the spidery suspension bridge spanning the Gorge to Table Rock there were six large and for those days, magnificent hotels: the Clifton House, Robinson House, Brunswick House, Museum House, Prospect House and Table Rock House. Scattered between them were souvenir

Continued on page 64

"HOAX!" cried the papers but the gullible came on, to goggle at Irish Indians, buy "congealed mist," sip juleps as Blondin walked above the Gorge.

Why Rawhide went back to the Maritimes

BY MAX FERGUSON

Reversing the "go west" success formula, the famed CBC satirist tells how he turned his back on Toronto and took his audience too

ONE NIGHT after finishing a script for my Rawhide radio show I slipped outside for a stroll. A bright autumn moon hung in the sky, casting a silver ribbon across the pleasant finger of water called the North West Arm; the lights of Halifax twinkled in the distance, and in my own back yard I trod a path that used to zigzag past the cages and between the flowerbeds of the first zoological and botanical garden on this whole continent north of Mexico.

Andrew Downs established the garden in 1847 and I live in his house. You can pick up real estate bargains like this in the Maritimes. Although I bought the house for not much more than the price of a new medium-sized bungalow, it has five bedrooms, a drawing room forty-five feet long, an enormous kitchen and a furnace room with a bay window that has a rose trellis leaning against it.

The ghost of Andrew Downs didn't come with the property but I feel that I understand something about him, for although neither of us was born in the Maritime provinces both of us fell under their salty spell. Downs was a bearded, gentle-looking naturalist who drifted up to Nova Scotia from New Jersey. When his zoological and botanical garden gained him fame he was invited to New York to help set up the Central Park Zoo.

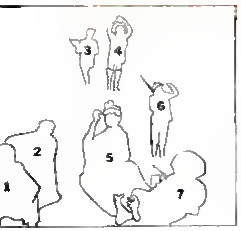
He went to New York but he never could forget the magic of the Maritimes. Finally he came back. I had a very similar experience.

London, Ont., is my hometown. In 1946 the CBC hired me and sent me to Halifax as a fledgling announcer. By 1949 my Rawhide show, a mixture of satire, comment and music, had won a reputation of sorts and I was transferred to Toronto. For the next five years Rawhide was broadcast over a CBC network from Toronto, Canada's biggest radio and television centre and the place most of the country's radio and TV entertainers struggle to reach.

In July, 1954, I quietly packed and headed back to the Atlantic coast. Since then the fifteen-minute program I do five evenings a week on the CBC Trans-Canada network has opened with the announcement: "This is old Rawhide speaking. *Continued on page 60*

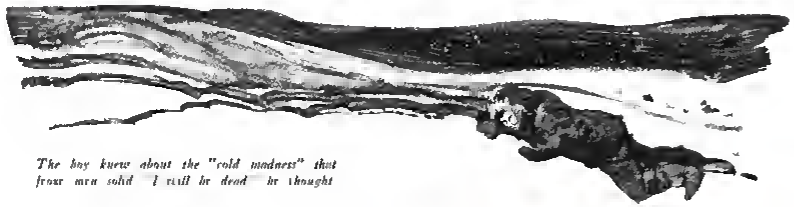


Rawhide and his radio staff



On the Halifax shore Max Ferguson—with an assist by photographer Peter Croydon—plays himself and some of his favorite characters. Can you identify them? Check the photo at right with key below.

1. Handsome Ferguson plays himself.
2. Peter Lorre with local friends.
3. Marvin Mellobell in a poetic mood.
4. "Bonjour"—he's as mad as a fox.
5. Granny's happy—she's got a cod.
6. Sir Cedric guards an empire share.
7. Show's key man Rawhide takes ten.



The boy knew about the "cold madness" that frost men solid. "I will be dead," he thought.

A GRAPHIC STORY OF THE HIGH ARCTIC

The Knife



Turning his back on the plump charms of the dark-eyed girl, the young hunter unquestioningly gambled his life against the terror of the snows in his hunger for the magic blade

By Theon Wright

ILLUSTRATED BY DON ANDERSON

KULEE HELD MEKSAK'S JACKET TIGHTLY, looking into the black slit of his good eye. He felt warm inside, as he always felt when she looked at him, and he had no thought of rebuking her for her chattering tongue.

The people of the village were busy storing seal blubber in sealskin bags and piling up meat on dirt shelves behind their huts, preparing for the cold weather that would soon lash them to their village with the frozen chains of the long winter night.

"Somebody is foolish, going off to hunt when others are staying with their wives in warm houses," Kulee murmured, looking with undisguised longing at his father Angut's hut.

Meksak looked away so that he could speak without seeing her dark eyes. Sometimes looking at her eyes changed the words he was about to utter before the sound came through his throat. His single eye, gazing over the girl's uncovered head, saw the white overflow of ice, lying like an immense tongue against the dark background of the rocky ridges that framed Arnaluark Nuna.

The sight of the "great ice" gave him strength to overlook Kulee's pleading eyes. Out on the ice plain there was a man's work to be done; and when it was done he would go southward again with Ikyak, carrying on their sled a pile of blue fox furs that would be a fit gift for the bearded white men who had more Great Knives than a hunter had dogs.

Meksak remained silent for some time, and finally Kulee said in a soft voice, "A foolish girl will stay in her house during the long night!"

Meksak laughed.

"You won't go into the Young People's House, Kulee? You will wait for me?"

She nodded and bit her lip. Her mouth was curved in a slight smile, but her eyes were not laughing. She held the rough flap of his coat tightly, and her body lay close against his.

He took her hands away from his coat, although it was pleasant to have her close to him. He knew it was necessary to be firm, since he had some experience with Kulee's methods of persuasion.

"Somebody will scrape a sealskin and chew it into softness, so that there may be new kamiks in the spring," she said. "Even a foolish girl may learn to place the grass properly in the kamiks!"

Meksak laughed, and went off to see about starting across the ice with his sled and dogs, which Ikyak had already harnessed. The girl stood at the door of her hut, watching him disappear in the flurry of snow that was blowing in from the sea.

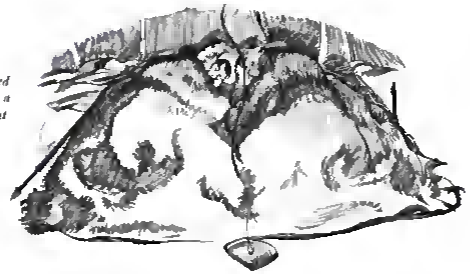
Within a few days the two boys had taken several sled loads of meat up to the lower end of the valley, which was now dark except for a short time each day when the sun rolled briefly across the southern edge of the sea. By the time they stored the last of the meat in caches the sun had disappeared, and it would be four moons before it would return to the southern sky.

The ice on the coast below, spreading out across the bay, glimmered faintly in the last opal dusk as they drove their dogs up into the valley. From deep crevices in the glacier came the noise of cracking ice, and now and then when the packed snow along the slopes of the gorge broke loose there was the deafening roar of an avalanche, sounding like thunder in the distance.

The lights of the stars and the occasional ripples of color from the northern lights shed enough radiance for the boys to see where they were going. Meksak, as usual, ran ahead of the dogs, guiding them past cracks in the ice, which was covered with a layer of snow from the Negark blowing in from the west.

The valley was several miles wide at the foot of the glacier, but it soon narrowed so that the grey walls of the mountain ridges extending down

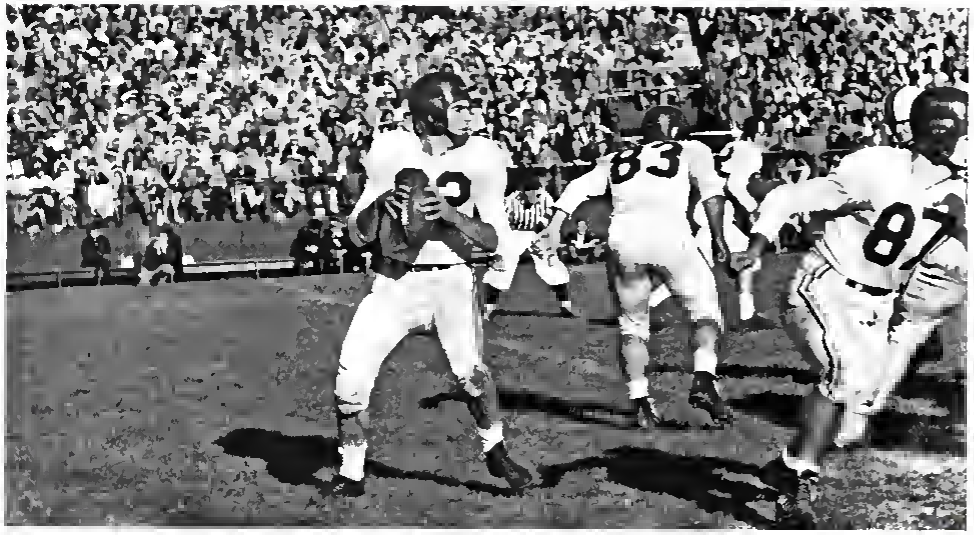
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As the wind howled over the ice they huddled behind a barricade of skins. They had only a little seal blubber for fire, often it went out.



The bearded man tried to bisect and rubber boot. He was at his wits end. The boy just offered more furs. What did he want to trade?



THIS IS ETCHEVERRY AT WORK. THE PICTURES OPPOSITE SHOW HIS TWO HOURS IN A GAME LAST MONTH AGAINST TORONTO ARGONAUTS.

Sam Etchaverry, Montreal's gambling quartarback, may score two touchdowns in two minutes or risk a game on a single forward pass. That's what makes him

The most feared football player in Canada

BY TRENT FRAYNE

PHOTOS BY KEN REID

ON THE eve of another epidemic of Canada's favorite disease, an infection called Grey Cup fever, a remark made a year ago by Edmonton's resident football genius Frank (Pop) Ivy, has virtually been forgotten.

The Edmonton coach had just seen his spindly legged halfback Jackie Parker pick up a fumble with three minutes to play in the Grey Cup game in Toronto's Varsity Stadium last Nov. 27 and sprint ninety three yards for the touchdown that wiped out a lead the Montreal Alouettes had held most of the game. It enabled the 1 to-4 underdog Eskimos to take a 20 25 lead into the final three minutes. It also filled Ivy with a sort of ecstatic apprehension in what should have been for him the year's high moment.

"I was thrilled to be ahead, but for the first time in the game I was scared," said Ivy, probing the paradox on a television program after Edmonton had hung on through the final frantic moments to win the Grey Cup. "I was afraid to death of that Etcheverry."

Sam Etcheverry is an old hand at giving fits to football coaches. Since he joined Montreal Alouettes four seasons ago he has become the most feared and versatile quarterback in the country because no one can ever be sure what he's apt to pull next. In an age of specialization in football the backfielder who can do many jobs well has become an anachronism. But Etcheverry is the exception. He can throw a football with surpassing skill, run deceptively if not with notable speed, punt for good yardage, kick points-after-touchdown, run back opposition kicks and play a fearless tackling game defensively. In addition to all this he is a gambler, and it is this quality that has made him at once anathema to rival coaches and the toast of the volatile Alouette adherents who once booed him.

That was during Etcheverry's first year in Canada in the fall of 1952 when the Alouettes were building their present powerful team. In those days they had a porous line and the opposing linemen made life miserable for the new quarterback. So did the fans whenever he lost yards with the ball. But in the last three seasons, with the Alouettes stronger, he's been winning wild acclaim from the grandstands as well as from the coaches.

"You can't set up a defense for him," says Lew Hayman, who was general manager of the Alouettes when Sam moved to Canada, "because nobody knows what he might pull out of the hat. By nobody, I'm including Sam."

In some respects this is true. Etcheverry recalls one game against Hamilton in 1954 when he called a pass play while the ball rested on his own four-yard line. Halfway through the play he suddenly switched to another. In itself, calling a pass was a daring move in such a position because if the pass were intercepted that close to the Alouette goal line it would almost certainly result in a Hamilton touchdown. The very fact that the play would be unexpected, however, was the element that appealed to Etcheverry.

It was designed as a pass to the right end, Red O'Quinn, and as Etcheverry backtracked behind his own goal line to give O'Quinn time to shake loose from the man covering him, he was carefully watching the defensive man shadowing O'Quinn.

"Suddenly it dawned on me," he related later, "that the safety man hadn't covered our other end Hal Patterson who was a decoy on the play. I took a look and, sure enough, old Hal was wide open. So I pitched it to him."

It was quite a pitch. Patterson took the ball on the forty-yard line and ran the rest of the way for the touchdown. It was according to Big Four and Western Conference record books the longest pass-and-run touchdown play ever completed in Canada, a hundred and six yards from the line of scrimmage.

Continued on page 70



"Let's Go To Work"

When No. 92 runs out it usually means action. Here Sam goes to face the Argos.



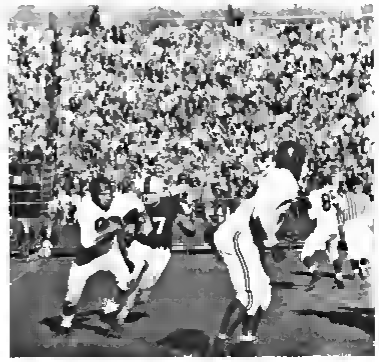
"Why Can't We Crack the Argo Defense?"

Back on the bench while Argos have the ball, Etcheverry talks by phone to a Montreal "spotter" high in the stands. The expert's job is to look for flaws in the enemy defense and relay the news to his team's bench.



"What'll We Try Next?"

Sam turns from his huddle to look over Argos' defense. What he sees may decide a play but he often changes his mind.



"Whoa! Something Went Wrong"

Argos break through and Etcheverry, with no time to pass, has to run. He's also a strong kicker and defensive back.



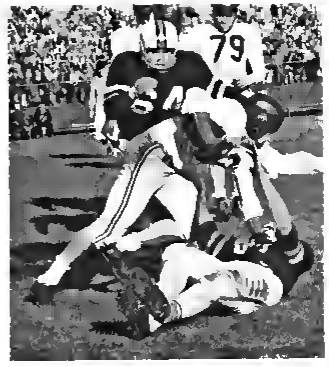
"What Hit Me?"

Winded in play he gets help from team trainer.



"Let's Hold That Lead"

Sam has passed Alouettes to a 30 28 lead but Argos press. With coach Peahead Walker, he urges players to hang on.



"Out of My Way!"

Etcheverry bulls his way against Argo tacklers. Raised on a ranch, he's tough, not easily hurt.

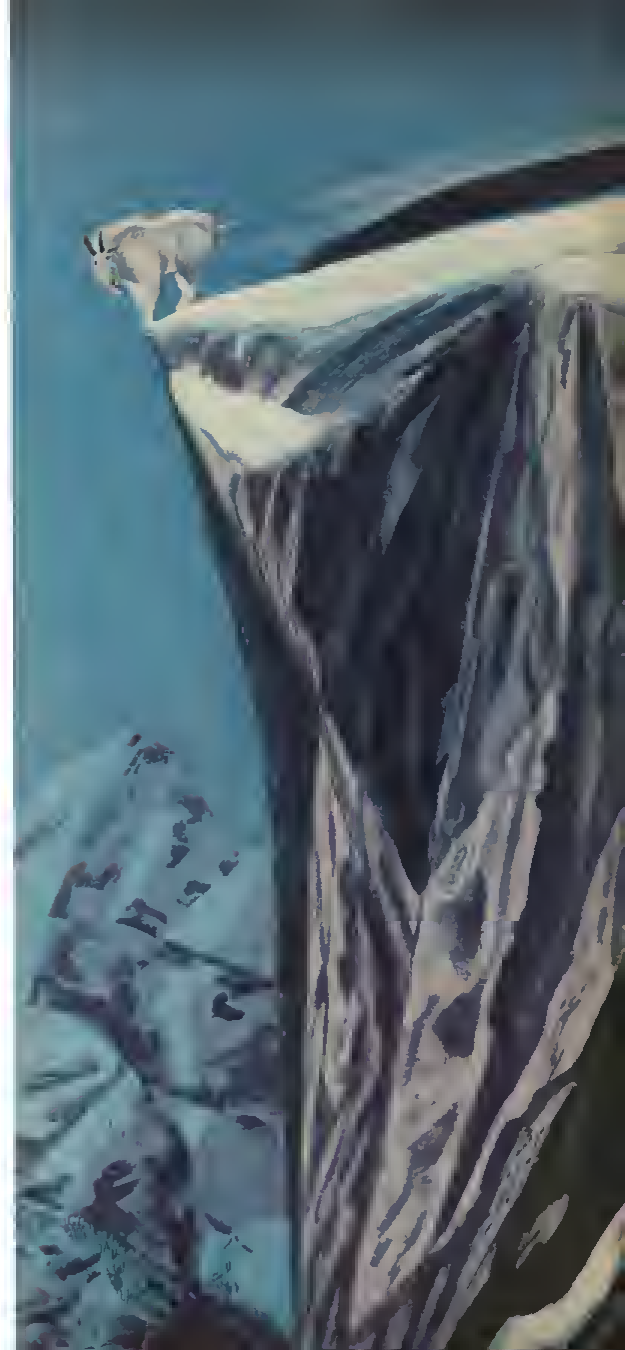


"That Was Close"

Montreal wins 30 28. Fans who used to boo him now want his autograph.



The Ghostly Sentinel of the Peaks



With his small sure hoofs he clings to high places, and his daggerlike horns have killed even grizzlies.

For ages the Rocky Mountain goat has been a lonely refugee living in the clouds. He can outclimb all his enemies except an avalanche. And even at the point of death he sometimes eludes his hunters by committing suicide

BY HOWARD O'HAGAN

ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE JOHNSON

THE BUFFALO skeleton may still be there, where I found it thirty years ago. It lay by a pool in the green uplands below Poboktan Pass on the east slope of the Rockies. At the time I was back packing into town from Brazeau Lake in the southeast corner of Jasper Park, and had left the trail for a more direct approach to the pass.

There was no mistaking the skull with its stubby horns, nor the shreds of tawny wool in the short grass. Here were the remains of a straggler or refugee from the great buffalo herds of yesterday, one which, so far as I knew, had penetrated farther into the mountains than any of his brethren.

He had perished because used to the lush grass of the prairies from which he and his kind had been banished almost overnight by the white man's rifle and the coming of the railroads, buffalo could not live unprotected in the mountains. The forage was not sufficient for their individual bulk and vast numbers, nor was their stumbling gallop suited to rough, treeless country. Roaming singly, or in twos or threes, they were easy prey for wolves and grizzly bear. Unlike the moose and caribou, they did not browse and lacked these animals' rangy build and pacing stride.

Turning from the skeleton of the buffalo which, starving or beset by wolves, had laid himself down to die, I saw near a snow field a thousand feet above me another and more adaptable type of refugee from the lowlands, a flock of ten or twelve Rocky Mountain goats. In build the white wooled mountain goat is a buffalo in miniature. Like the buffalo, he carries his head low, his hindquarters are low, he has a similar hump of flesh and muscle over his withers and his body is compact so all its two ends had been squeezed together.

Unlike the buffalo by the pool, which became a refugee by sudden and devastating circumstances, the mountain goat is a refugee by instinct and has been so for ages. With certain human beings he seems to have a desire to leave the world behind and below, and has succeeded better than most. In the process he has become a wind beleaguered sentinel in a high and lonely land.

Alone of the continent's big game, he is unaffected by the inroads of civilization, and his numbers and the extent and place of his range remain much as they were a hundred years ago. He is essentially a Canadian. He exists in dozens and hundreds in southern Alaska and in northern Washington, Idaho and Montana, but comes in thousands in British Columbia from the Continental Divide westward. His numbers in Alberta are relatively limited.

Technically, in spite of his habits, his appearance and his four- or five-inch growth of wool, he is not a goat at all. His legs are shorter than a goat's, his neck and shoulders much thicker and his short black horns do not grow into spirals. He is related to the decorilla chamois of the European Alps, and both animals are probably descended from the Asiatic serow. The serow, which resembles an antelope, ranges in low, scrubby country from the Himalayan foothills south to Burma.

Crossing over the land bridge that spanned the Bering Strait thousands of years ago, the ancestors of the Rocky Mountain goat found themselves in a strange and hostile environment. Like the Eskimos among humans, who were forced by enemies pressing on their heels to the grim shores of the Arctic, the forbears of the mountain goat were gradually forced to a marginal subsistence between timberline and perpetual ice and snow. Centuries of living in one of the world's harshest environments have formed the mountain goat as we know him today.

Typical of that environment are the upper slopes of the Seven Sisters which straddle the Divide above Yellowhead Lake, B.C. There I met the Rocky Mountain goat close up one August afternoon.

The Seven Sisters are not lofty peaks, their summit being about eighty-five hundred feet above the sea and a mile high above the lake. Jackpine, spruce and balsam forest their lower levels. Above timberline, at sixty-five hundred feet, are stretches of meadow, veined with sparkling streams where grass and stunted willow grow. Beyond the meadows the rocks begin, lifting up a vertical thousand feet and more and bearing on their ledges moss and grey lichen. Here, above the meadows and touching down into them, is the home of the Rocky Mountain goat.

This August afternoon I followed a ledge carpeted soft with moss. After a few hundred feet the ledge narrowed until it petered out by a black outthrust of rock. Before turning back, I looked over the rock.

There, fifteen feet down on another ledge hardly as wide as a typist's desk and with a sheer three hundred feet below him, lay a Rocky Mountain goat. His head was toward me and the wind, blowing from behind, ruffled his long wool. He had chosen well a place to lie down and chew his cud. The wind would give him scent of an enemy approaching from the rear. From the rocks above, except for man, a rare intruder into his solitude, he had nothing to fear. The mountain goat's lower range infringes upon that of the sheep and caribou, but his upper range is exclusively his own. No other North American mammal feeds above him and not even man begrudges him his bleak, gale swept wastes. The barren land caribou and musk ox inhabit regions almost as inhospitable, but the airplane has now invaded their habitat. Even before the airplane the rifle, in the hands of the native hunter, threatened these animals with extinction. The mountain sheep, because of his magnificent head and tender meat, is the most diligently hunted of trophies, and south of the border the uplands where he grazes have in many parts been overrun by domestic stock. Deer, moose and bear have shifted their ranges with the clearing of the forests. Only the mountain goat lives removed from changes and disaster, secure in his alpine sanctuary. An occasional hunter may consider worth while the effort to get to him, but, except as a kid, his meat is inferior and his head, with its black spikes, is valued not for its beauty, but for its cost in sweat and hardship.

Nevertheless, it is likely that the billy goat below me on the Seven Sisters more than once when young had felt death impending. The golden eagle is known to attack kids. Montana Pete, an eighty year-old trapper on the Little Hay, a creek north of Brûlé Alta., one day in June was watching *Continued on page 46*



My Day With The Head Shrinkers

They call it an aptitude test and feed you trick questions on animals, geography, vegetables, arithmetic, family problems and fancy words. But don't be fooled. It's all designed to get you a job scrubbing floors

By HUGH GARNER

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE FEYER

A FEW weeks ago, for reasons I didn't suspect at the time, I was sent by the firm I then worked for to an aptitude testing service. These testing services are springing up in our cities almost as thick as beauty parlors and the end results are just about the same: you emerge from the tests with the feeling that your defects are no longer private, and that somehow you've been conned into giving away the camouflaged secrets of a lifetime.

A testing service is an organization set up to screen the natural aptitudes of job applicants, and to weed the obvious misfits out of the employment cul de sacs they've been inhabiting since they were thrown out of high school. The answers to a day's series of tests are screened by a team of industrial psychologists who can then tell whether you should have lifting in your job in the punch-press department, or listened to your brother-in-law when he coaxed you into becoming his partner in a mushroom farm. Actually, the series of tests corroborate what the boss has suspected about you all along, and merely give an academic sanction to the blue dismissal slip in your pay envelope. Up to now the testing services have been mainly used as a gauntlet down which eager-eyed junior executives, advertising copywriters, real estate salesmen, and other modern business fauna are led to the dull guillotine. They are broadening out so fast however that it will not be long before everyone in the country will have to live up to them. When it comes your turn, don't say I didn't warn you.

My preliminary interview with the psychologist-in-charge was a friendly one, and it was not until later that I realized I had managed to talk myself out of any kind of job more stable than that of water boy with a railroad extra gang. I regretted telling him, in a flush of self-abasement, that my happiest days had been spent as a babe during the depression, that I took a position of secret superiority to my office bosses, and that my wife and I existed in a state of armed neutrality. At the conclusion of the interview he bowed me to the door wearing the same smile grin that the income tax adjustor wore last year before rooking me for an extra two hundred bucks.

I was shown into the examination room, and introduced to a pretty young lady named Miss Todd, which, strangely enough, was the name of a high school teacher who once crowned me with an atlas for questioning the laws of gravity. I took a chair at a long table that stretched down the middle of the room, fitted with reading lamps, ash trays, and piles of pencils sharpened to stiletto points. Two fellow testees were waiting for the examinations to begin, wearing the wary, antagonistic looks of strangers in a doctor's waiting room. One of them, who looked like an automobile salesman, had already half filled his ash tray with butts. The other, whom I instantly disliked, might have been a branch manager for a finance company.

I was just about to light a cigarette when Miss Todd set some papers before each of us and said: "You may begin when I say ready, you have three minutes in which to answer as many questions as you can," and unmovably picked up a stop watch. I just had time to read the title on the top of page one, "Learning Aptitude," when she said: "Go ahead!"

The idea in this test was to tick off either true or false in answer to such statements as, "All men are animals, all monkeys are animals, therefore all men are monkeys." I made a

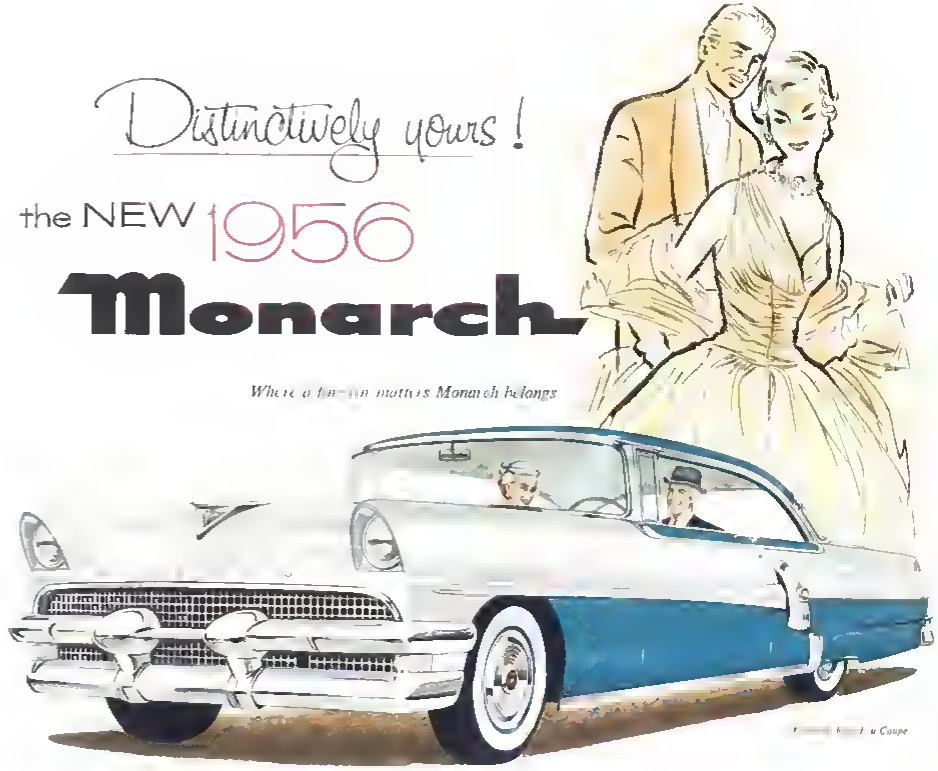
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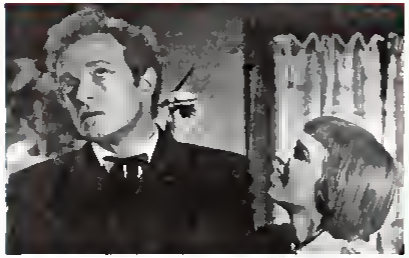
STREET ADDRESS

CITY OR TOWN

PROVINCE M

Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



Kake is aed poison Van Heflin gal; himmed by his hillbilly love Joanne Woodward.

COUNT 3 AND PRAY: A reformed rakehell (Van Heflin) turns parson but finds that his flair prowess and masculine appeal are still important in his new life in a southern town after the Civil War. A rambling, utterly predictable comedy drama enlivened by well staged action sequences.

THE BED: A four in one package deal from French-Italian sources. No match for the debonair Maugham series from Britain. It has a few bright moments but sadly wastes the talents of such international stars as Richard Todd and Viltorio de Sica.

BLOOD ALLEY: Superb CinemaScope color photography is the major asset of this rainy breezy pulp fiction adventure yarn about an American sea captain (John Wayne) who helps an entire village escape from Red China to Hong Kong in a stolen ferryboat. Lauren Bacall is also on board.

GENTLEMEN MARRY BRUNETTES: Jane Russell and Jeanne Crain have admirable physiques but this Hollywood musical is flat and shapeless. Rudy Vallee and Alan Young try hard to lend a hand.

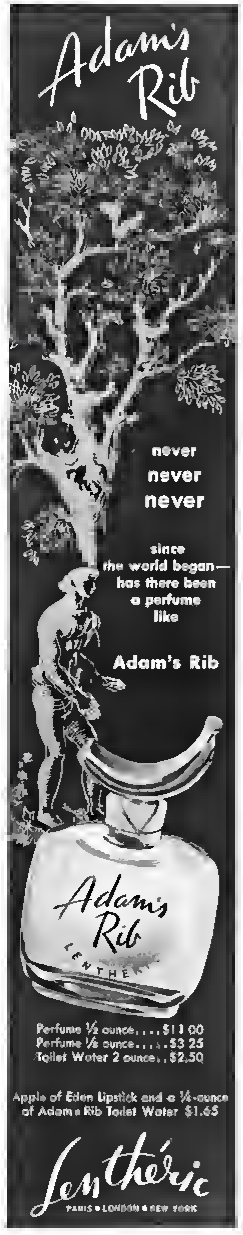
THE GREAT ADVENTURE: A simple, beautiful and fascinating nature film about two Swedish farm boys and some of the animals that populate their environment. Ruling, excellent.

KISS OF FIRE: Jack Palance appears as a Spanish devil with a heart of gold in a costumed swashbuckler, less lively than most.

Gilmour's Guide to the Current Crop

Aaat Clara British comedy Fair
The Big Knife Drama Good
Bring Your Smile Along Musical Poor
The Colonel Hospital drama Fair
The Cobweb Story Drama Good
The Colditz Story Drama Good
Court Martial Drama Excellent
Crashout Prison drama Fair
The Dam Busters War war Excellent
Female on the Beach Drama Fair
Footsteps in the Fog Drama Poor
The Gil Rush Comic musical Good
House of Bamboo Suspense Good
I Am a Camera Comedy Fair
It's Always Fair Weather Satire and musical comedy Excellent
The Revolution Adventure Poor
Lady and the Tramp Cartoon Good
Lady Godiva of Coventry Historical comedy drama Fair
The Last Head of Cod Drama Fair
Love Is a Many Splendored Thing Romantic drama Fair
Man From Laramie Western Good
Marty Comedy drama Excellent
Miss Roberts Comedy Excellent
The Night Holds Terror Crime Good
The Night My Number Came Up British suspense drama Good
Night of the Hunter Drama Fair
Not as a Stranger Drama Fair
Out of the Clouds Drama Fair
Passage Home Sea drama Fair
Pete Kelly's Blues Jazz drama Good
The Phenix City Story Crime Good
Raising a Riot Comedy Fair
The Scarlet Coat 1780 drama Good
Seven Cities of Gold Semi religious adventure Good
The Seven Year Itch Comedy Good
The Ship That Died of Shame Tedious adventure Fair
The Shrike Psychiatric drama Fair
Special Delivery Comedy Fair
Seamentova Romance Excellent
Svengali Mad drama Fair
Tight Spot Suspense Good
To Hell and Back War Good
Trial Drama Excellent
The Trouble With Harry Comedy Good
Ulysses Adventure drama Fair
Unchained Drama Excellent
The Virgin Queen Historical drama Good
We're No Angels Comedy Fair





London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

But what amenities could the ancient capital provide for a festival of the arts? There were three good-sized theatres and three large halls. In addition there was the splendid Assembly Hall of the Church of Scotland with its great stage and abundant seating space. Providing the standard was high the church authorities saw no reason why the apron stage should not be used for concerts or plays of idiom.

Then there was the Royal Scottish Academy with its splendid gallery. In fact Edinburgh was ready for almost anything that Bing wanted.

Nor did the sponsors forget or minimize the historic attractions of Auld Reekie itself. High up on one of the city's hills is the castle where Mary Queen of Scots brought romance and death. Who can stand on its battlements and look out to the waters of the Forth yet be unmoved?

Another attraction that Edinburgh offered was the national costume of the kilt. There is no country in the world that has produced anything so effective as the full regalia of a Scottish clansman. This is of some personal importance to me because a couple of years ago I was made a Macmillan clansman but I have not yet had the courage to appear publicly in bare knees.

But to return to the progress of the festival from an idea to a triumph. A strong factor in its favor was that after the war the British were allowed practically no money for holiday travel abroad. We had been marooned on our island for the duration of the war and it looked as if we would be further marooned for the duration of the peace. Thus the Edinburgh Festival offered us a chance to escape and an opportunity of hearing a league different from our own. And of course the Americans, who could not travel to the Old World during the war were arriving in great numbers.

So there came the great opening day. Bing's dream had come true and the curtain was going up. Mayors and burgomasters of foreign cities arrived in droves. Royalty was there and everything was set for a triumph. The gamble had come off.

I trust not to offend any Scottish susceptibilities by stating that there were some citizens of Edinburgh whose minds were not solely occupied with the artistic side of the festival. The hoteliers, bourdinghouse proprietors and particularly the shopkeepers—to say nothing of the streetcars motor car hire services and taxi drivers—were right on the job.

The festival as such, would lose money of course. For instance it cost fifty thousand pounds to bring one symphony orchestra across the Atlantic and the guarantee fund had to come to the rescue.

To descend from the artistic to the practical the Edinburgh trams carried six hundred thousand extra passengers during the festival last year. The increased revenue for the period was five thousand pounds.

And then there is the unpredictable matter of the weather. Situated on several hills, Edinburgh can enjoy all four seasons in the space of twenty-four hours. As no woman in history has ever gone abroad with suitable clothes for a changeable climate, the dress shops in Edinburgh are packed with female shoppers making up their sartorial deficits.

Raincoats are in continuous demand and when the sun shines the women visitors find that they are as unprepared for hot weather as they were for cold. I know, because I took my wife there this year. In fairness I must admit to purchasing a thick overcoat for myself in Princes Street—how did I know that in Scotland the temperature can drop as abruptly as a mining share on the stock market?

The good hotels in Edinburgh are very good indeed and they charge accordingly. We had quite a nice lunch one day—with a bottle of wine admittedly—and the bill was four pounds ten shillings. For a moment we rather lost the festival spirit.

Who else prospers from the now firmly established festival? The overnight sleeping berth trains to and from London are crowded to capacity. And how well the British run that kind of a train. The attendant has an advance list of his passengers and he addresses each one by his or her name. "A cup of tea before retiring? Certainly Mr. Smith. A cup of tea with biscuits in the morning? Certainly Mrs. Brown." And since the foreign visitors have to travel by train, motor car, ship or airways so the British economy is strengthened and good will promoted.

Catsup for J. Caesar

However it would be wrong to suggest that the financial side is uppermost in the minds of the festival promoters. They have never lost sight of Bing's original idea that the festival was to concern itself primarily with the arts. Thus last year the Sadler's Wells Ballet, which is almost the best in the world, gave a season there. This year the Danish National Ballet came and were supremely good. In addition the French theatre sent some of its outstanding stars in a repertory of plays.

Add to this the Ballet des Champs Elysees, the Old Vic Theatre Company, the Japanese Azuma Kabuki Dancers and the foremost orchestral conductors of the world and you will realize how firmly the plan has been carried out and how happy is the future.

The Old Vic Company was playing when we were there this summer and, having recently resumed dramatic criticism in London, I thought it would do no harm to have a look at Julius Caesar before he came to London.

The grim old play proceeded on conventional lines, soundly acted and well-staged. I must say however that there was a terrible spilling of tomato catsup over Caesar's face when he was assassinated. After all Shakespeare's words are gory enough without such adventitious aid.

Then came the speech of Mark Antony which, we must admit, is so superbly written that a high school boy in amateur theatricals could not ruin it. Mark Antony was being played by a thirty-year old actor named John Neville, whom I had never seen before. And suddenly we realized that something dynamic and startling was about to happen.

Neville is a physical aristocrat. His face is thin, his nose is long and patrician, his voice is haunting in its unforced beauty. But more than that he was giving an interpretation that was subtly different from anything we had seen before. Quite rightly he treated the Roman mob as gullible creatures who could be swayed in any direction. But instead of saving the dead Caesar's reputation because he loved him he made it perfectly clear to us that his sole purpose was to snatch power from the hands of Brutus and the other murderers and set himself up as the new power behind the throne. When he turned away, pretending to weep, the expression of his face was ironic and contemptuous.

The next week the production came to the Old Vic in London and even the critics went mad over this new and different Antony.

Who is this physical and intellectual aristocrat, what is his background? His father is a bus driver. He went to a council school and to their eternal credit the local councillors gave the boy a grant to study at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. In the war Neville joined the navy as an able-bodied seaman and came out of it with the same rank. But the navy with commendable sensibility gave him a grant which enabled him to play with a provincial Old Vic company.

Neville is married with two children of his own, plus an adopted colored boy who will presumably grow up to play Othello.

Strictly speaking, the sensational rise of John Neville has nothing to do with the Edinburgh Festival except that the festival is big news and when some playwright or actor or dancer or a symphony conductor scores a success there it has an immediate repercussion in London.

Let us therefore end on a mundane note. Each year the festival takes a loss which has been as low as eleven thousand pounds and as high as thirty-eight thousand. But it pays artistically and spreads *largesse* in all directions. There can be little doubt that it now is as firmly established as the Salzburg or the Bayreuth or any of the other famous festivals of Europe.

The truth is that tourists like to travel to places that give purpose to a holiday. In New Zealand the city of Auckland has an annual festival that in spite of the distances involved draws visitors from other countries. As for Stratford on Avon it not only gives Shakespeare to the tourists but supports a considerable number of factories in Birmingham that are dedicated to turning out Shakespeare relics.

What about Toronto? Think of the pageantry which could be reproduced of the city fathers turning the first sod for that triumph of architecture, the City Hall.

And what about Quebec? We could see the landing of Wolfe and to bring things to modern times, there could be a grand march of the populace going to the polling booths in an election to vote Liberal.

But perhaps that is enough about festivals. ★



Caught by the First Snow

Sitting in his studio in the village of Malvern, Ont., cover artist James Hill tried to project his imagination forward to the year's first snow. Well, he thought—one thing is sure: everybody will be caught napping with the garden furniture still out, just like when my brother Derwyn and I were kids in Hamilton. So the two figures in his cover could be a memory of the Hill brothers or one of them might be Adriana, James' small daughter. Snowsuits are anonymous.

SENSATIONAL NEW

Lady Sunbeam

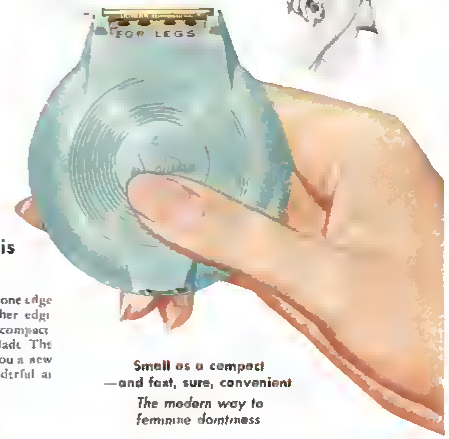
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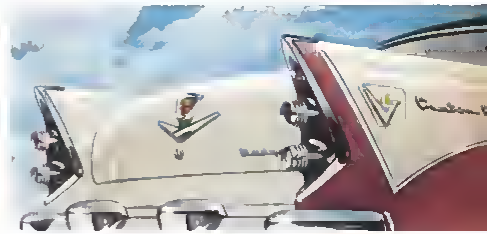
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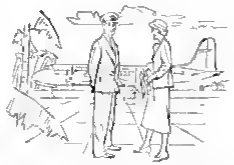


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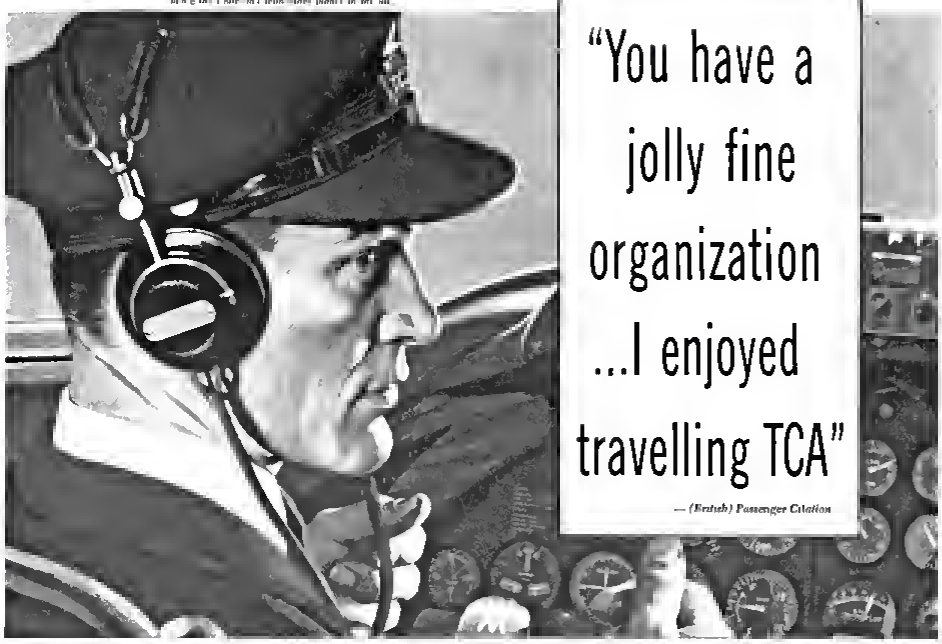
— *(British) Passenger Citation*
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All for the Love of Maria

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

you see that? The curving line of a cheek a hip let them deviate by a millimetre and they are commonplace. You cannot describe lines like that where a millimetre means everything. Briarmber, at that time the tiger skin had not been reduced to a mockery by pseudo-romantic writers. A little lohi table stood beside Maria. On it a silver cigarette box, two pipes in engraved silver for the smoking of opium with their needles beside them, a small jar in decorated porcelain with an almond-shaped flame like a gem. But it, that paired of Maria a life the pipes were always cold. Addiction to the drug destroys the complexion. Worse it dries up what to Maria was the wellspring of life the capacity to love.

Maria reclined there, smoking her cigarette without speaking. I sat at her feet among cushions on a white Chinese mat respecting her silence. She was unhappy, therefore I was unhappy. It is the fate I know of beautiful women with acute sensibilities to suffer from an insatiable yearning. It is I believe a desire for the Absolute. It is a longing to fuse themselves with, to merge themselves into, some absolute perfection, unchanging, unchangeable, untouchable, in the Eternal Now.

WHAT could I do for that? I tried to divert her. Two days earlier she had given a second glance at a diamond collar in Gurau's in the Rue de la Paix. It was a pretty thing worth at the present-day value of the franc, perhaps five million francs. A few fragments of compressed carbon, however glittering, are a poor substitute for the Absolute. But a pretty bauble is always a pleasure. I asked Maria if I might have the pleasure of getting it for her.

Silence. An air of absence. Had she even heard me? She frowned, slowly recalled her vagrant mind.

"A dubious pleasure, Diodate. And one that at least four of my friends would be prepared to dispute you."

It was true, alas. There was nothing more to be said. Maria continued to watch the lilac smoke spiral up from her cigarette towards the gilded Cordovan leather of the ceiling. She slowly turned her head.

"Louis, Louis, you shall steal it for me."

I did not understand.

"The collar, Louis. You shall steal the collar for me. Will you steal it for me, Louis?"

But Maria. . . . Certainly I was a little cross.

She shook her head impatiently.

"Ah, the generosity of men who squander the money they never earned, who expect a woman to overflow with gratitude because they have undertaken the hazards and fatigues of adding their signatures to a draft on their banks.

"You shall have the collar within twenty-four hours, Maria. The newspapers will tell you the story."

She crushed out her cigarette.

"I forbid you to make a fool of yourself, Louis," she said sharply. "I am a stupid, selfish, capricious woman. It is unpardonable that you do not tell me so."

"I shall steal the collar, Maria."

"I forbid you."

Ten minutes later she said: "But you must not be caught, Louis. Promise me you will not be caught."

"I shall not be caught, Maria. 'Dear Louis. Dear dear Louis.'"

It was a cool — almost cold — clear night now. I walked home. Everything seemed a little strange. Even the blunt towers of Notre Dame, the spiked dome of the Palais de Justice, silhouetted against the night sky — those familiar objects — had a strange new aspect. The Seine flowed with a silky fluidity under the bridges as I walked along the Quai des Tuileries. I was living then in a modern apartment just off the Champs Elysées at the upper end near the Place de l'Etoile. Bah, I thought, when it is all over I shall make a large anonymous donation to the Little Sisters of the Poor.

As I passed the Obriloh a newspaper driven by the light breeze fluttered at my feet, unfurled itself long enough for me to read the headlines in the lamplight. Another Anarchist Outrage. Assassination at Neuilly. Having like a bee done its work of fertilization it passed on. I had not had no idea in my head now I had half a dozen in embryo. At that time, of course, the anarchists were causing alarm by their repeated outrages, robberies and gratuitous acts of violence.

Next morning I went to see Jorge Paz. He lived in a little pavilion in the garden of an untenanted house near Père Lachaise. The caretaker of the house, who was infatuated by Jorge's curious ways and ideas, fed him. I had met Jorge at the house of Philippe Bombardier, then a notable writer, but now forgotten. Jorge was a Spaniard who had fled from Spain after trouble with the police in Madrid. He had a talent for making ingenious little infernal machines. But he was not an anarchist. It was simply that the complacency of society — all of it, the working classes included — filled him with irritation which he soothed by trying to spread a little alarm and confusion.

He was a fat little man with a pear shaped head and a saffron skin, a little pockmarked. He suffered from asthma. He laughed — wheezily, cautiously — a good deal but his little black eyes were always tired, infinitely tired.

I gave him the silk hat I had brought with me and told him what I wanted. I told him it was for a joke. He took a sip of marc — he had a glass of milk and a glass of marc in front of him from which he sipped alternately. "Ah yes," he said sadly. "I like jokes."

I drove back into the centre, dismissed my cab at the Trinité, and walked to Gerstein's, the theatrical costumiers, who were then in business near the Gare Saint Lazare. There is a frigid, prim attitude about modern criminals that displeases me. In those days criminals were romantics; they brought panache to their activities. I was at my period. From old Gerstein I bought a small red beard and mustache — rather like that affected by the elder of the Goncourt brothers, you know — a bottle of spirit gum, a bottle of stain and a bottle of stain remover. I was beardless at that time, rather inclined to dandyism — not foppishness, no — no — the cold, austere dandyism recommended by Baudelaire. (To be)

I lunched abstemiously at Bertin's, taking only a little light wine. Then I went to the station myself, and removed one of the arches of the arcade in the Rue de Rivoli. Maria was rehearsing the role of Iphigénie in the play by Racine. I wished to see her once more before the moment of action. She went by in a closed carriage. She always used a closed carriage, whatever the weather, when she went to rehearsal. I caught only a glimpse of her. She sat very erect, but very upright her face rather tense and pale, taking no notice of the animation of the streets. It was always

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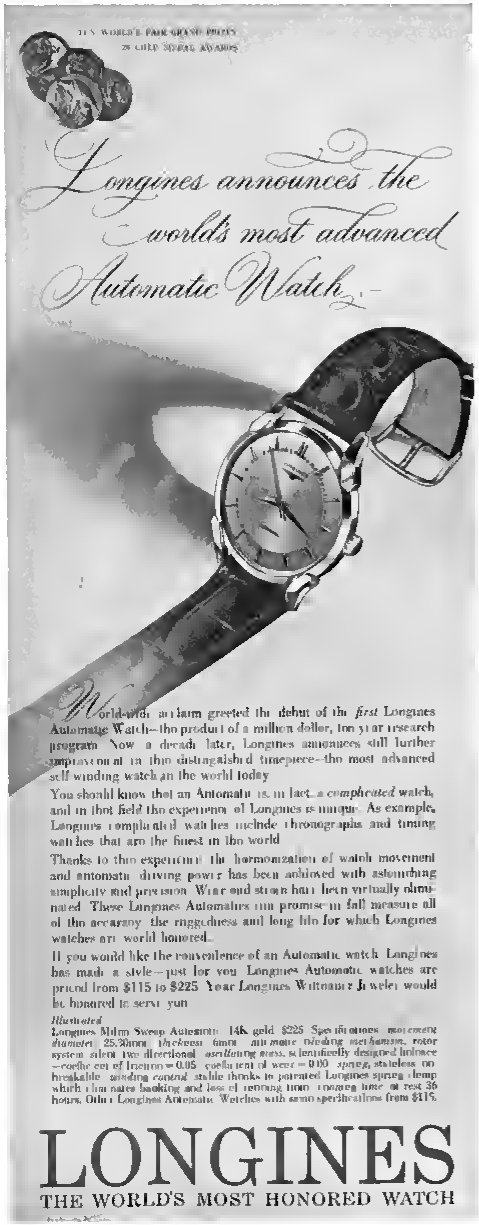
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the same—though in this instance I liked to think that a little of her gravity was in my behalf—when Marie went to the theatre. She was no longer a woman of fantaisie and caprices; she became grave, humble towards her art, profoundly dedicated. As I watched her carriage disappear among the traffic I felt not a potential criminal but a man about to engage in an act of gallantry, as a tribute—a trifling and unworthy tribute—to this stern and beautiful woman. There was certainly an admixture of folly in the brew.

I took a cab and drove again out to Père Lachaise. I found Jargo drinking Tarragona with the caretaker. He was a little drunk. But he had executed my commission. "Child's play," he said. "I will make a deafening explosion, give off a blinding flash and emit large quantities of smoke." I nodded.

"You must press here," Jargo said, pointing inside the silk hat to the head of a brass screw which projected through a disk of cardboard cut from a carton. "Press here, and in exactly one hundred and twenty seconds you will have your joke. What have you got in your box?"

"Another little toy, Jargo."

"It is a beard from Greatorex's. I've seen a box like that before." He put his finger along his nose. "Not a word, old friend."

He did not wish to accept any payment—how he lived I don't know—but finally he said: "Give it to the caretaker. He is a foolish man. He is ruining himself buying me delicacies."

I DROVE back to my apartment and sent Beauvais, my valet, on an errand he would have been hurt to know I was in my dressing room without calling for his assistance. The stain was easy but the beard presented some difficulties and the gum clung on my newly shaved cheeks. How bright and frank and candid my eyes looked against my darkened skin. It was a little ironical.

In a narrow street which connects the Rue de la Paix with the Avenue de l'Opéra there used to be a small *hôtel meublé* called the Hôtel des Etrangers. It was there that a dark, bearded man called and took a room, honestly paying a week in advance. He wore a long black overcoat and a silk hat. According to his card he was Senor Martino Halloran of Rio de Janeiro. I chose to be Martino Halloran because he was a friend of mine, a coffee grower and I had by chance several of his cards. Also it pleased me to masquerade as a Brazilian. They are frequently men of vivacity and spirit. Martino was then at the other side of the world so he could not be implicated in the crime. I left a small suitcase in my room.

Dusk was turning to twilight when I returned to the Rue de la Paix. The lamps were lit, the air softly vaporous, a little chill.

When I entered there were seven other people in Gurau's apart from the three or four assistants: three couples and a man who looked like—and I later learned, was—an American. Two things I recall about Gurau's: the large cabbage rose pattern on the claret carpet and a large case of silver plate which I believe was English Queen Anne.

The assistant who attended to me was an elegant young man—he would soon grow fat, I'm afraid—of about my own age. He wore an immensely ornamental mustache, curled at the ends like a lion tamer's.

With the greatest pleasure Senor Halloran," he said, glancing at the card I had presented.

The window in which the collar was displayed was barred on the outside and locked on the inside. The lion tamer unlocked the small door with a key which he had fetched from the back premises somewhere. As soon as he reached inside I took off my hat and gloves. As he approached bearing the collar on a blue velvet cushion I placed my hat on the fur end of the counter—there were three counters in the place—and pressed my gloves very firmly into it. I felt the screw yield. Seven hours and days from then was now measured for me in seconds. One hundred and twenty. The transition was momentarily a little difficult to accommodate and adjust to. A curious image came into my mind. A piano keyboard, the keys starting at the treble end and going down one by one of their own accord. The note deepening each time.

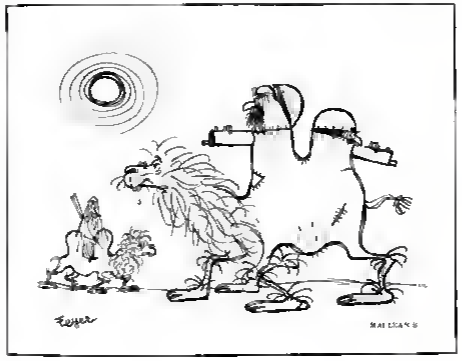
Twenty carats the neutral stone, the cold fire of the true blue-white diamond, the purity of which—"

The lion tamer was blending technicalities with commercial poetry.

I could smell the rich spicy odor of the American's cigar, hear the delightful twittering of the ladies respectfully rooted, a jeweler's access to unsparing awe in the same way as a church. I regretted their presence. A sudden fear struck me. Suppose Jorge had had the amusing idea of putting a lethal charge in the box? He was capable.

"Pardon—" I went and placed my hat on the floor behind the thick mahogany end panel of the counter.

Disconcerted for a moment the lion





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CHANEL

tamer pulled himself together.

"See, Monsieur Hébrard, how fine is the edge of the girdle."

I had the collar in my brown hand—how pink the nails looked—and the lion tamer was just offering me a *loupe* with which to inspect the fine edge of the girdle—or as much of it as could be seen for the netting—when Jorge's machine exploded.

Indirect though it was, the flash was superb. I was half blinded. The displaced air slapped me on the cheek. The sound was first vicious.

"Anarchists! Anarchists!" I was in excellent voice.

But the lion tamer had already gone, taking with him, by some aberration, the velvet cushion. The doorway was jammed with fleeing clients and assistants. The ladies were emitting pretty little squeals. I started to follow, thrusting the collar into my pocket. Suddenly the place was lighted by a golden glow. I looked back. I expected smoke. Instead a graceful fountain of stars spouted, hissing and crackling upwards. Jorge had been unable to resist it. Damn Jorge. But it was such a charming spectacle. It flashed in the mirrors, showcases, silver plate. I could not help smiling. But the time was not right for aesthetic appreciation. The door was now free. I made for it. There was another flash. Brilliant. But this time it seemed to be in my very head. All the bells in Paris—and they are numerous—began to jangle. Then—chaos and Old Night.

It had been my intention to run outside followed by billowing smoke, still yelling "Anarchists." I knew the more sound of the ambiguous word would scatter the pedestrians on the crowded pavements. I intended to scatter with them, put on the spare hat I had compressed under my coat—a gentleman could not appear without a hat in the street in those days without arousing comment—return to the Hôtel des Etrangers which was little more than a minute away and remove my Brazilian personality. Then I would go down to the Café de la Paix on the corner to drink a glass or two of brandy and listen to the gossip which would undoubtedly be about the outrage at Guinard's.

I am confident that I could have succeeded in spite of Jorge's joke. Alas, there was an unforeseen factor. The attachment of Americans to their mothers. As soon as he got outside the American realized that he had left behind his cigar case on the counter. I had seen it. It was made of silver and intrinsically of little value. It was however a present from his mother on his twenty-fifth birthday—he was now a man of fifty or so—and he was determined that another explosion or anarchists were going to separate him from it. He rushed blindly back into the jeweler's. He had lost his hat and his glasses in the melee. He was bald. He had a head of marble. And I am ordinary clay of flesh and blood. The contest was not even. I was unconscious, I was told, for not less than four minutes.

The baron opened and closed the large safety pin which linked together the front of his pea green jacket. He was silent for some time. Then he said:

"Maria was splendid. She stood up in court—Oh, how like Portia with her clear young voice. The judge was a soapless little man who understood nothing but the law. Maria addressed herself to the jury. She told them the prosecution had misled them. The guilty one does not stand in the dock, she said. 'The miserable egotistical woman now addressing you is the criminal.' She spoke for more than ten minutes. They simply did not dare to stop her. She ended by threatening them. If I were given a prison sentence, she told them, she would abandon her career and withdraw into the country and live the life of a recluse. It caused a great stir in the court and in the country.

"The baron sighed. "But they could not forgive me for having introduced the hair-fine wand anarchist into the affair. That I believe was my worst offense." He pushed his little Homburg over his eyes.

"They gave me three years."

And again he was silent.

"And of course Maria did withdraw into the country and live the life of a recluse," I said uncharitably.

"Oh yes." He looked up into the blue Norman sky speckled with neat little white clouds like fish scales. "Oh yes. But Maria was a woman. A woman in the full sense of that monstrous and profane word. How could Maria live without love? Could Beethoven live without composing? She hid herself in the country for more than two weeks. Then she married a Hungarian landowner domiciled in France. He bought the collar for her. He was a splendid horseman. I believe."

THE baron appeared to have exhausted himself. He slumped in his seat. I offered him another cigarette. He could not resist *tabac blond*. He sat with the cigarette drooping dragonishly near his beard. Obviously the world have liked to congratulate him on his good luck. Three years in jail—with time off for good conduct—quite evidently was a trifle compared with what life with Maria would have been. But he would not have taken it kindly. He looked a weary old clown with his pinched nostrils and parched eyes drawn down at the outer corners as though by the weight of his beard. That his crime had been fascinating he had never seemed to strike him. The logic behind one of retreats on lazy skins surrounded by opium pipes—the most romantic modern schoolboy in his imaginings would think that a bit too thick—still held their charms for him, however academic his interest in them might have become.

"Pssst. Pssst."

We both turned around. A plump young man with sore eyes wearing a bright blue suit, was standing behind us.

"Madame Bobbit wants you. She's over at the grocer's."

The baron dropped his cigar. He fumbled agitatedly with his hat. Thrust himself off the bench, excused himself and maneuvering his flopping sole waddled off across the sunlit square. He had to take discreet little strides because of the tightness of his trousers. It did not add to his dignity. The youth looked at me speculatively and then drifted indecisively away. He had the air of being a professional colleague of the baron's.

The human employer was a tall woman, garnet just this side of chartreuse, with dark mahogany colored hair obviously dyed. She was perhaps forty, perhaps fifty. Her skin-like stick-like arms were bare—seemed to absorb the sunlight without being touched by it. Her lips started moving vehemently long before the baron reached her. Clearly she was not satisfied with him. He stood listening, his head bowed to the storm. Courteously he held out his hand for the shopping basket. She thrust it at him and they moved away. The baron toddled cautiously beside her, his beard crushed on his chest, still patiently listening to the torrent of words.

A shadow fell across my face.





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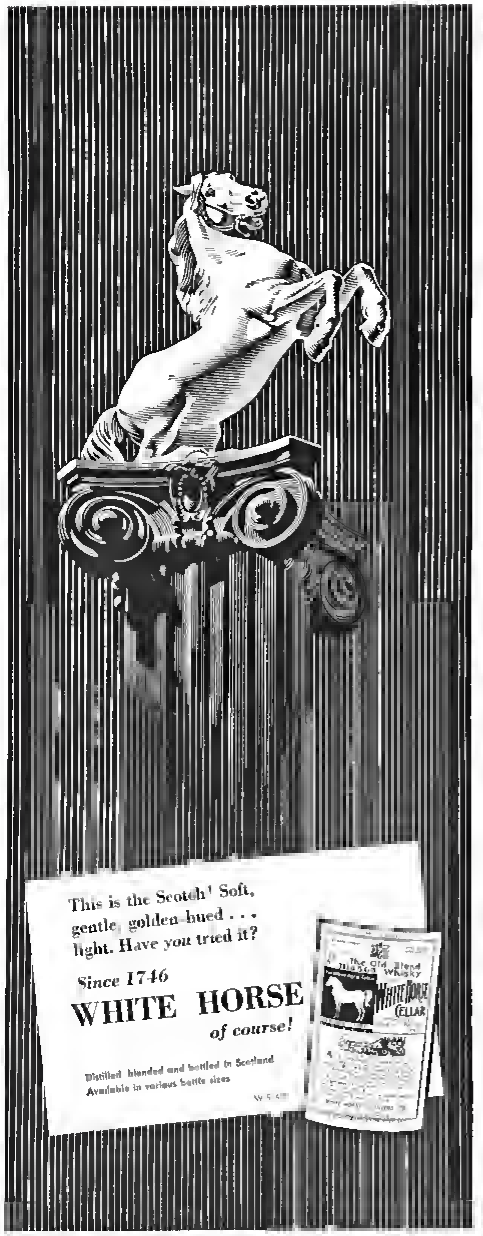
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It was cast by the plump young man. Blinking his pink eyelids and pursing his fleshy little lips he watched the baron and Madame Bobbie as they disappeared into an alley closed to wheeled traffic by a worn metal post in the middle.

"Did he tell you he was a baron?" The plump young man's manner was intimate to the point of coyness.

"It came out in the course of the conversation."

He turned round and leaned with his forearms on the back of the seat, his face rather too close to mine. He had been eating sardines.

"If I was a baron I wouldn't have that old *chipie* kicking me around, would you?"

No.

"I don't have her kicking around me as it is. But she's a tough old *sorcière*. She's a foreigner. Mind you, she thinks she's as good as he is, and better. She's always telling the tale. Her people were rich, lousy with *pognon*. Until the crash." He laughed. His mouth was like a gross cherub's. "Foreigners always tell you that. Nobody can prove nothing. But she can put on the *marquise* all right when she wants to."

Why doesn't he clear out?"

He decided to join me on the seat. He was careful about the creases in his trousers.

"You're asking me something there. They were in Peru during the occupation. She got the old *gaga* into a black market combination. Naturally he didn't make two sous for himself. And naturally he got caught. Lucky he didn't end up with a bullet in his hide. He went straight back to her when he got out."

He's not married to her or anything like that?"

Married to her! He's twenty or thirty years older than she is." He laughed again, a surprising baritone laugh quite different from his speaking voice which was rather plummy. "He's as much married to her as an old yard dog would be married to her. He's a sort of old yard dog crossed with an odd-job man."

He started to offer me a cigarette and found to his annoyance that he had run out. He accepted one of mine. Before lighting it he examined it and expressed regret that it was not cork-tipped.

"He couldn't be a relative of hers, I suppose?"

"I tell you she's a foreigner." He tapped his cigarette elegantly with his forefinger. "She's Hungarian. Her old man was Hungarian—nice horse owner. Her mother was French, though." He laughed. "A famous French actress, she says. But she wouldn't be related to a baron, would she? Mark you, the old *chipie* might be a princess the way he treats her."

He interrupted himself, pointing at someone across the square.

"There's Bo Belle. *Ah, la jolie garce!* She's owed me five hundred francs for four weeks now. Don't go. Back in a minute."

He crossed the square fattily briskly. A small slender blonde with her hair done in a horse's tail was looking into a pork shop window. He caught her arm. She started, then laughed, patting his round cheek soothingly.

I withdrew. It was time for lunch in any case. And during lunch I promised myself the pleasure of thinking a number of disobliging and cynical things about the vagaries of love. Providing the girl with the red-gold hair wasn't lunching with her aunt at the next table again. If she was it might become a little difficult to concentrate on other things. ★

The Sentinel of the Peaks

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

through his glasses three nannies and their youngsters feeding half a mile above him. One of the nannies was detached from the others, the kid a few feet distant from its mother. Montana Pete was unaware of the eagle until it swooped and fastened its talons on the back of the kid and actually lifted it off the rocks. The kid, born only a few weeks before, would weigh no more than eight or nine pounds. It struggled and as its mother ran to its defense fell free. Montana Pete told me that he saw tufts of wool, torn out by the eagle's claws, drift away on the wind. When the eagle, after a wide circle, returned the kid had taken shelter under its mother. As the great bird came close she looked at it with her horns rising off her fore feet to reveal her young one, crouched low for protection.

The eagle soared away screaming. The nanny frightened at the smell of blood bleated and licked her kid's lacerated back. Then she turned back to her feeding, the kid hugging close to her side. The other two nannies nearby had taken no notice of the encounter.

An eagle is no threat to a full grown goat. His natural enemies — wolf, grizzly and cougar are from below. And it was down into the valley, whence these might come, that the goat on the Seven Sisters was looking as I poked my head out above him. Down there the trees were like blades of grass, the lake a pitch of green jade and in the railroad town of Lucerne on its farther shore, steam curled from the roundhouse and a few people, small as insects, moved on the town's single street. Far to the south were the glittering icefields at the head of the Athabaska. This was a goat's-eye view of the world and I envied none of my neighbors crawling in the valley bottom.

Then the Ghost Blinked

I clucked my tongue and on the ledge below he stopped the slow ruminative motion of his jaw. His round yellow eyes, with no movement of his head, stared up at me and blinked. For four or five seconds he did not stir his beard ruffled by the wind as if he were meditating upon my intrusion. Through the slow centuries he had climbed to this rocky refuge from the lowlands of India and Burma and still he had found no peace.

Deliberately he got up, raising his hindquarters first, kneeling himself up on his forefeet. He held his head low, under the massive hump of his shoulders, chin pressed to his chest, the almost-straight black horns pointing up at me, in his shaggy white coat with the mat billowing below, he was like a fast ghostly remnant of life in a world that had dissolved about him —and he seemed to me so old as time.

Yet he was probably no more than middle-aged, seven or eight years old. His horns were about eight inches long. The North American, or world, record head for Rocky Mountain goat, according to the British Columbia Game Commission, measures just under twelve inches with a base circumference of four and three-quarters inches. It was taken in the Cassiar in 1907 by Wilson Potter.

The horns are hollow, ringed above the base and unlike the antlers of deer and moose are not shed. Roughly an inch of growth represents a year



PHOTO BY KARSH

"Sorry...this table's taken!"

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When the wounded goat was trapped he chose suicide and leaped to his death

of the rarer animals are. The horns of the female are comparatively smaller and more curved than her mate's. At the root of his is a pair of scent glands. During the November-December rutting season, battles between bucks with his fellows, he grades baubles and timber-fine trees and, through the glands, leaves a perfumed token of his ardor.

A good sized billy stands three feet at the withers and measures half as much again from the tip of his black muzzle to his stubby tail. Three hundred pounds is not an unusual weight. With that behind them, the dagger-like horns become formidable weapons. Victor H. Cahalane in his Mammals of North America writes that black and even grizzly bear have died from punctures due to thrusts from the horns of the mountain goat.

Jimmy Lamb, a former guide out of Jasper, once approached a wounded and dying goat. The goat rose and tried to break him. Lamb grabbed him by the horns. Luckily goat and man were on a sheer slope and when they had rolled together to the bottom the goat was dead.

I had no wish nor chance to come to closer quarters with the goat on the Seven Sisters. We were fifteen feet apart and below him was the precipice. He also felt that we had seen enough of each other. He might have continued down the ledge on which he was standing and down which he had come for his siesta, but to do so would have brought him directly under me. Besides, to descend at such a time was against his tradition.

As his ledge was too narrow for him to turn around, he began to back up. It very slowly, not looking around, but feeling carefully with his hind feet for a toe-step would have been fatal. His right hoofs were black and shone like patent leather. After he had gone a few yards, he reached a depression in the rock face. Here he reared up on his hind legs, facing into the wall and, giving me a final baleful glance, turned around and in a stiff-legged gallop departed upward. His hindquarters so much lower than his withers that it seemed as if another, smaller creature were pushing him. As I climbed back to find another way down the mountain, a few pebbles fell over my head. The billy was already well above me.

A frightened goat always flees upward. On the other hand, hunters have contended that one that is wounded will leap from a cliff in an act of suicide. Ten years ago Mundi Martin, now of Cobble Hill, Vancouver Island, was hunting with Erling Nygaard of Tête Jaune Cache. They wounded a yearling goat on a bluff above Sand Creek below Mount Robson. Goats are notorious for the amount of lead they can carry. The yearling had taken seven bits in his chest and shoulders from a .25-20 a light but high-powered rifle and was still river when they got to him. So much alive that he tried to throw himself off the bluff and into the creek, hundreds of feet below. Of course the goat was seeking any possible escape from his captors.

Just after World War I, Ted Abram, who today lives at Westview, B.C., was working a mineral claim behind Mount Resplendent on the head of Horna Creek, also in the Mount Robson country. He shot a billy goat which seemed to leap off the precipice and fell two hundred feet to the rocks below.

Many similar instances are on record of goats which, when wounded, seem to plunge voluntarily to their death. It is likely, however, that the semi-blasé of suicide comes from the sudden tensing and relaxing of muscles upon the impact of the bullet.

The goat's small hoofs are concave and act as suction cups to hold him to the rocks. With this assurance, and lacking man's imagination, he has no fear of high places. Also the edges of the hoofs are sharp. On the north slope of the Seven Sisters a flock of half a dozen goats run from mount full gallop across a stretch of steep wind-hardened snow. Coming after them, I had to kick steps with my heels to keep from sliding down the mountain side. Yet they had crossed, leaving barely a trace behind them because the edges of their hoofs cut into the snow.

At least sixty to seventy goats were living on the Seven Sisters thirty years ago and probably as many are living there today in country that is typical of their habitat from Alaska south to Washington and Montana. The range extends some ten miles from east to west. The valley floor is thirty-five hundred feet above sea level; the mountain a vertical mile above it. The mountain, however, is set back from the lake and a direct approach to its top is about two miles in a straight line. This gives an area of twenty square miles. Adding the other or northern slope it makes an approximate total of forty square miles, or a bit more than half a square mile for each goat.

He's a Fighter to a Corner

Of course, the goats did not use all of this territory, but they covered a surprising amount of it. Mainly they fed high up on the moss, bitter, sparse grass and stunted bushes growing on the rocks and in the meadows just below. Yet they frequently came down through the forest in the early morning to Yellowhead Lake, not far west of which there was plenty above but to a salt lick near the lakeshore.

It is in such journeys as this, or in crossing a valley from one range to another, better feed—that the mountain goat, especially his young ones, is vulnerable to attack by cougar, grizzly bear or wolves which rarely venture up onto the rocks where their quarry has every advantage. If attacked and unable to escape, the goat will defend himself.

Old MacNamara, a trapper who lived across the lake from Luvern, saw in the snow behind the Seven Sisters rear half where a big timber wolf had followed a flock of five or six goats. Several times a billy at the rear of the procession had turned and confronted the pursuer. Each time he did so the wolf stopped or retreated a few steps.

Strangely however, a predator and his natural prey do not always meet on enemies. Frank Bone, an eccentric of the wilderness who with his string of white horses ranged through the mountains as far north as the Peace and south to the Big Bend of the Columbia, had a cabin on the Goat River above the Big Bend. Near it one summer day he saw a lone billy standing by a creek. The goat stared across the creek, stamped his forefeet and shook his head in a threatening manner. Across the creek half-hidden in the willows, a cougar crouched. As big-eared as a snarl. Bone was without his rifle and froze. The two animals, their gaze transfixed, faced one another

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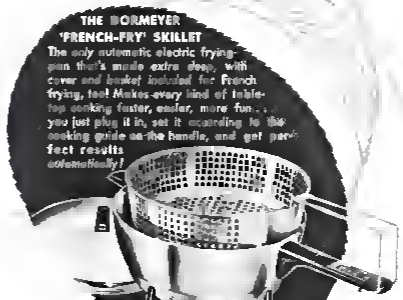


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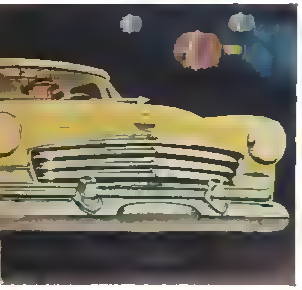


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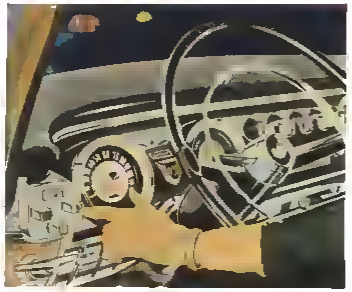
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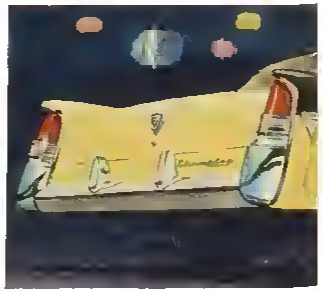
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for a full minute not more than forty feet apart, a distance the cougar could have covered in a couple of bounds.

Instead, the long, sleek cat—at a probable one hundred and fifty pounds, he was likely outweighed by the goat—opened his mouth, as if to yawn, showing his yellow fangs. His muscles eased and from his throat came what Bone described as a purr. The goat seemed to accept this as a friendly overture. He ceased his stamping, drew back his head and scratched his ear with a hind hoof. When Bone looked again, the cougar had faded into the forest.

The goat trail from the Seven Sisters down to Yellowhead Lake ran a distance of three or four miles. It had been in use for decades and in places it was worn a foot deep into the black soil. No trailsman could have plotted it better. It followed the contours, avoiding every unnecessary rise and fall, as it wound through the forest. Wool clung to its twigs and low branches, brushed off by the goats in their passing, and in some of the open meadows near timberline it hung thick and heavy upon the willows as if a sudden snow had fallen.

The native hunter of the western coastal and inland tribes knew of these permanent goat trails long before he had heard the white man's rifle. Goat wool was important in the Indian's economy. It is unlikely that these hunters ranged high on the rocks to obtain it. Their skin footwear would soon be torn and the arrows of their crude bows if they touched the goat at all, would wound but hardly kill him.

Instead, the Indians harvested the wool. They followed trails, like those below the Seven Sisters, and from the meadows, particularly in the late spring when the animals were shedding, gathered it in great bushels.

The wool, carried back to the village in baskets, was shredded into yarn by the women who rubbed it between greased palm and thigh. Weaving it with the inner bark of the cedar tree—the wool was the woof, the bark was the warp—they made it into blankets, knee length garments and ceremonial robes. These last were of an intricate, totemic design and many of them today are housed in the world's museums as remnants of the lost culture of the Tsimshian, Thingits and Salish peoples. The Chilcotins of the interior still use goat wool for blankets.

As there were no goats on what is now Vancouver Island, the wool became an article of commerce transported by dugout between the island and the mainland. A vestige of the traffic remains in the Cowichan sweater, prized by Pacific coast outdoorsmen for its warmth and water repellant qualities. These days the Cowichan Indians raise sheep to provide wool for what has become a family industry. There is little doubt that before domestic sheep were introduced more than a hundred years ago, the prototype of the Cowichan sweater with its knitted designs, was being made from the wool of the mountain goat.

However, the Rocky Mountain goat has not entirely left the field of commerce. In later years he has been working for the Great Northern Railway which uses his bearded form on an official emblem on freight cars, timetables and tourist folders.

At birth the goat weighs about seven pounds and stands a foot high. Ernest Thompson Seton, the well known naturalist and writer, records the birth of a kid in the Bronx Zoo on May 30, 1908, after a gestation period of 178 days, or almost six months. The earliest record of a kid being born is February 27. This was in Montana in 1935. Most young are probably born between the end of April and early June.

To have her young one—sometimes she has twins—the mother leaves the herd and retires to a cave or a sheltered recess under a rock. It is possible that the nannies have well-established lying in places. Jurgen Embreus, a young guide at Chilco Lake, Lodge, B.C., was taken last year by an old Chilcotin Indian and shown a goat house. The house, near timberline, was sheltered by a rocky overhang and on its floor were innumerable branches of balsam, new branches having been brought in to cover the old ones which had shed their needles. This provision against the elements would indicate that the goat has more intelligence than is usually credited to him.

Within half an hour after birth the kid, like other newly born wild ruminants such as the deer and moose, is able to take milk from its mother and follow her. Born in a protected spot, it will spend the rest of its days in a draught because in the high country where it forages the wind blows ceaselessly and except for the two or three summer months sleet and snow will be the young goat's portion.

After a few days of seclusion, the nanny and her kid rejoin the herd and mix with others like themselves; perhaps twenty or thirty mothers and their young with a few nearly grown males. The old billies as a rule stay apart, moving singly or in small groups until the rutting season approaches with November.

Death Strikes From Above

During these first few weeks the nanny will keep her kid close to her on guard against predators, especially against the swift-swooping golden eagle. Later, more able to take care of himself, the kid will butt and play with his fellows to a stiff legged dance.

His chances of living from eight to twelve years and dying a natural death are good. Compared to their numbers, few of his kind fall prey to the predators, including man. W. T. Ward, warden of the B.C. Game Commission after estimating that the goat count in the province would be in the thousands," gives an average of fifty mountain goats checked through Carbis Creek during each of the last nine years. Carbis Creek is the B.C. Game Commission checking station in the Cariboo, principal big game hunting area in the province. A herd of only one thousand could easily sustain a yearly loss of fifty to hunters.

The young goat, grown to maturity, is more apt to die of pneumonia, stomach ulcers or infestations of worms. All of his life, he will be plagued by ticks which may completely clog his ears. It is unlikely that his body will be found by man, or even by others of his kind. He will breathe his last after crawling into a remote crevice in the rocks, sheltered from the wind as was the place where he was born. Seldom in the mountains or the forest does man come upon the skeleton much less the body of an animal dead from natural causes.

Besides predators and disease, the mountain goat has one other enemy from which neither sure footedness nor health and strength will save him. Giants, whole and dead, have been found in the path of an avalanche. Doubtless many more are buried than are found.

Because he is so constantly preoccupied with what may be below him, the goat has little or no warning of an avalanche. A man traveling a mountainside in the spring, the time of slides, looks up at the snow cornices above him because he will see them break well before he hears their sound. The goat with an ear-to-ground instinct is crushed and smothered.

Though life for the mountain goat is hard and has its perils, he is immune from the three mass afflictions of most other game. Fire, floods and starvation pass on their way below him. His range with its meagre fodder remains virtually unchanged from year to year except by the shift of the seasons.

Storms affect him only insofar as the snow may cover the short grass, moss and lichen which he crops or the stunted willows which he browses. His four inches of soft wool, under the long guard hairs insulate him from wind and cold and he will lie in below zero weather on an exposed ridge, chewing his cud with the snow boiling up around him.

Goats are weather prophets and apparently carry a built in barometer. The people of Lorraine, for instance, always had advance notice of the equinoctial storm with the season's first snow in September by watching the high slopes of the Seven Sisters.

Forty eight hours before the storm began, the goats would begin to come over the mountain from their favored summer range on the northern slope in the late spring into early summer, when they are shedding their coats, wear a yellowish tinge. The late Jack Brewster, western guide and mountain man, compared them at this season to old men shuffling about in their winter underwear.

In the late summer and fall however, the mountain goat is a glistening white. So white, that in September, when the whole flock crossed the Seven Sisters, they were like streamers of snow whose messengers they were, drifting down the dark gullies of the mountain. The goats were not fleeing from the storm, as such. It was simply that, for their feeding, they preferred the southern slope where the year's first snow would be less deep than on the northern side.

In the winter it was impossible to see the goats against the snow, but it is likely that they crossed and recrossed the mountain with the shift of wind seeking ridges that were blown clear.

In these migrations it is probably an old nanny, and not a billy who takes the lead. This is certainly so if an analogy with other herd game, such as elk holds true. I once watched a nanny lead a group of eight up a bluff on the Seven Sisters. She was well in advance and was having trouble. The others waited below while for fifteen minutes she tried to pull herself up. Finally by standing on her hind legs, she got her front hoofs planted on a ledge and pulled herself up. The goat's low kneejoint giving her a short, powerful arm, made this possible. I was so close down wind and above that I heard her grunt. The others, having studied her performance, decided against copying it and, taking off in the wake of another nanny, went back down the mountain and climbed up it by a different route. Here in this refusal to follow their leader into her difficulty is further evidence that the goat is not a stupid animal.

His manner of life and bodily construction are tributes to an exacting environment. In that environment which none disputes with him through the ages he has held himself aloof from the movement of evolution in the world below. But the Rocky Mountain goat in more than mortal man cannot escape the world from which he flees. And today the shadow of a great mushroom cloud falls upon mountain peak and alpine meadow as surely as it does upon the cities and the towns that man has built below them. In the atomic age the mountain goat's survival is one with that of humanity itself. ★

When the Dogribs Get Their Treaty Money

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

of Citizenship and Immigration.

"It's probably too hot for them," he said dryly. "I won't try to pay them now. We'll leave it until evening and make our tour of inspection first."

With that he, his assistant, Styrs, and Plomp, a tall paramilitary Mountie from Lethbridge, Alta., strolled through the settlement. Kirkby found little change from previous years. There were the same odors of wood smoke, moose hide and unwashed flesh; the same elderly squaws puffing on pipes; the same solemn eyed papooses scrambling in the dirt; the same jerkfish drying on long poles in the sun.

There were a few respectable log huts and a good many grubby tents with six or eight people crowded together in squalor. The usual packs of savage, mangy Huskies were chained to stakes around the tents, where they spend the summer. During the winter the Dogribs feed the animals regularly on fish, since dog sled is their chief means of transportation. But all summer they treat the dogs shabbily, feeding and watering them only when they think of it.

"Once the lake rose three feet up shore and one place it came up to the dogs' chins," said Ken Plomp. They were churned down, of course, and the owners didn't bother to move them. They were pretty far gone and half crazy when we found them so we shot

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But Kirkby in his chats with Plomp, Douglas Stevens of the Hudson's Bay post and with the Indian interpreters, soon discovered one difference from previous seasons. It explained why no Indians had put the boat. The Dogribs had more money than they could spend.

It had been a rare, fur-bearing year. During the winter the band had caught thirty-five thousand muskrats which were at the peak of their reproductive cycle. It was about double the usual catch. The pelts averaged ninety cents apiece. The Hudson's Bay Company swamped by an unprecedented demand, was almost out of supplies. A trickle of goods was arriving by air but until the annual Boy Scout boat arrived the Dogribs had money to spare. The prospect of treaty money didn't excite them. Their stomachs were full. The thought of stockpiling such cash for the future was beyond their comprehension.

Kirkby also learned that the chief seventy-three-year-old Jimmy Hreeeau and one of his followers were in trouble with the game warden. The unwritten tribesmen had shot a beaver without a hunting license. The chief had been caught with the pelt. The case was not settled and, although Kirkby didn't know it, this was to have a profound effect on the treaty payment.

Through an interpreter, Kirkby announced that "council"—a sort of pre-payment bell session—would be held at five o'clock. Then he retired to the RCMP barracks. Kirkby is a conscientious official, absorbed in his work, and the conversation inevitably turned to the Dogribs. As he talked it became apparent that the white man's help hasn't benefited the Dogribs.

A man likes to feel he's accomplishing something at his job, but that's nearly impossible here," he said. "The more help the Dogribs get, the less they'll do for themselves. They've lost all initiative and thrift. They could live fairly comfortably with our help, plus a bit of extra effort of their own. They get free hospitalization, free dental care, free eye examinations, free X-rays, but they live in filth. They get treaty money and the family allowance, but they gamble both away or buy tailor-made cigarettes and hard candy before they buy staple foods and clothing.

"We give them free fishing nets and rifle shells. So they use a few shells and gamble the rest away. They say the fishing is no good around Rae and they're right. But they won't bother to go fifteen or twenty miles down lake to some of the best whitefish water in the world."

Meanwhile, in the settlement the Indians were rousing themselves from afternoon naps to attend council. A fairly typical Dogrib was Pierre Judas, a short, happy-go-lucky man of forty-five with protruding front teeth and his band's distinctive Asiatic features. Like their neighbors, Judas, his wife, Madeleine, and their sons, Pierre and Joseph, had camped a few dozen miles north of Rae through the winter, hunting for caribou and muskrat and returning periodically to collect their family-allowance cheque. He left Rae they returned for a prolonged summer holiday.

Judas' tent, a new one purchased with meagre money, was cleaner than most, with a carpet of green pine needles on the earth floor, but it was far from luxurious. Already it reeked of fish drying from the ridgepole. The furnishings were sparse: bedrolls spread over a tarpaulin; two aluminum pots; a blackened tea kettle; a frying pan containing the remnants of a caribou and lard lunch.

Judas rose from his bedroll, stretched, donned a pair of sunglasses and was ready for council. He wore moccasins, rumpled blue slacks, long underwear, one soiled white shirt and, over it, a blue shirt. He was bareheaded and his coarse black hair continually tumbled in his eyes.

He joined the rows of muttering men crowded into desks in the schoolhouse. Others clustered three deep outside the open windows. Most were dressed like Judas. One or two looked strangely out of place in ties and jackets.

In the front row, chief Jimmy Bruneau sat, pipe fueled diligently, his black pipe hot on square amidships. A four-inch hair-line showed around the collar of his candy-stripe shirt. He gave recent issue navy blue suit decorated with gold braid at collar and cuffs. A coronation medal dangled from the lapel. His shrunken, triangular face was inscrutable, like most of the faces around him.

Interpreter Michel Boevlar, a grizzled Dogrib of sixty-four with feeding eyesight, let a booming voice greedily took his place between the Indians and Kirkby. Styra and the scarlet-coated Plomp. Council was on.

Hard Luck is Good Business

Kirkby invited the band to air its grievances. The chief spoke rapidly in a dry reedy voice.

The old chief he say: "We pretty hard up this winter, sometimes we don't have nothing but we live just the same," translated Boevlar.

Kirkby nodded blandly. No matter how prosperous the year, the Dogribs consider it good business to open treaty talks with a hard luck story.

"The old chief he say: 'I hear I not going to get treaty this year.'"

Kirkby raised an eyebrow.

"If the chief is worried about the beaver pelt he was found with, tell him that is a matter for the law. It has nothing to do with treaty. He is still entitled to his money."

"He say he don't think he take treaty till he get the beaver case settled."

"It has nothing to do with treaty," Kirkby repeated. "If the case goes to court the chief will get a fair trial."

"Oh, chief say he didn't never do nothin' wrong before."

"He'll have a chance to tell his story at the trial. Now let's get on with the council."

"He say: 'Why you not have trial right now?'"

"Because I'm not a law officer," Kirkby said patiently. "This has nothing to do with me or with treaty."

The chief became fearful.

"He say you like the chief of *all* the Indians. Up to you to take care of them."

"It's out of my hands, Michel. You know that."

"Ole chief say he not take treaty money."

"How about the others, Michel? How about that fellow need that net and that one?"

A messenger ran through the room.

"They say they do what ole chief do."

Kirkby's patience was wearing thin.

"I know the chief doesn't care about the money. I know he gets the old age pension and his son is on relief. But if he doesn't want treaty he shouldn't prevent the others from getting it."

"Ole chief say he never do nothin' wrong before. He been a good man all his life."

"Tell them if we leave here without paying we won't come back again this year," Kirkby said angrily.

The Dogribs were enjoying the argument. They realized that, for some reason, Kirkby was anxious to give away treaty money. Since they didn't need it at the moment, it seemed a good





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bargaining point. The possibility of losing the money for the year didn't alarm them. The future would take care of itself. They would not accept payment. They said, until the chief's case was settled.

"That's all," said Kirkby abruptly and closed his cashbox. The Dogribs adjourned to a large, flat rock outside the school. Lit pipes, smiled again and chuckled over the way the chief had called the white man's bluff. Kirkby strode away. His treaty plane is gone.

"You wouldn't find another situation like this in years," he said gloomily. "If it weren't for all that unmarked money and the shortage of Hudson Bay they wouldn't dare risk having treaty. I'd be glad to go home and mail their money if I weren't for the doctor and the X-ray boys. But they've made a long way to make their tests and they'll never get the Indians together if we don't pay. Maybe I can get the magistrate in here Monday to hold court for the chief."

That night he sent a message by passing aircraft to Yellowknife police magistrate C. H. Phinney. Later every tent gathered at Dr. Jarman's house. The talk turned to life at Fort Rae, how the wind howls all winter and the dogs howl all summer, how tough Christmas is. Protestants and Catholics, whites and Indians gather at the church for midnight Mass, how last New Year's Day Frank Jarman and Ken Plumb blackened their faces, took their harps to the hospital and entertained the Indian children with a minstrel show, how on New Year's Eve Dr. Jarman and his wife hold open house with candy and cigarettes for the Indians and how the visiting agnews all demanded cigars.

After a year at Rae, Jane Jarman, a slender brunette from Ottawa, is still sometimes shocked at Dogrib habits. Once she gave an Indian child two nightgowns expecting the mother to change them regularly. A month later the child was admitted to hospital. She was wearing both nightgowns and had been since the day they were given to her.

"Practically all the Indian pupils at the school are in grade one, no matter how old they are," said Mrs. Jarman. "That's because they attend school only when it's convenient. The rest of the time they wander on the tundra with their parents."

Residential schools the answer, said Kirkby. "It keeps them at their education all through the school year. Education, and her education is the only way we'll lick this Indian problem. Even then it'll be a long slow process."

He was still pondering the problem when Plumb and Jarman tuned their banjos and put an end to Dogrib talk for that night.

The Roman Catholic church bell tolled Mass at seven and ten o'clock the next morning. Many Dogribs attended. The services were presented in English, French and Dogrib for Rae's Oblate priests have mastered the native tongue.

The Oblates (others have been in the Rae area since 1872, Father Nicholas Lagarrigue of the present mission has been at Rae since 1911, Father Superior Gabriel Dichinnaeis came from France eight years ago) followed six years later by tall bearded Father Jean Amoreux.

After services that Sunday Father Dinhamious, a smiling middle-aged man stood in the brilliant sunshine outside his church while his parishioners squatted and gossiped on the rocks.

"They attend Mass every Sunday, sometimes every day, too," he told me in his soft French accent, but with them it is [illegible] he seem bed for the correct English word [illegible] it is a very exterior religion. They still have their medicine men. If the medicine does not work," he chuckled wryly, "they come to the priest. They keep the old superstitions. If one of them dies they burn all his clothing to drive out evil spirits. They will not eat the bear because they say bears eat people and so to eat bear meat is a form of cannibalism."

The churchgoers were still lounging on the rocks an hour later when a plane from Yellowknife flew the treaty party to Lac la Martre, fifty miles northwest of Rae where one hundred Dogribs live apart from the main band. Kirkby planned to use his Sunday paying them.

At Lac la Martre the situation was normal. Crowds of gleaming Indians met the plane. Chief Jimmy Fig, a wizened little man of seventy-five with a cloth cap pulled over his ears, was happy to receive the treaty. Constable Garvin, a stanky Mountie from Cruck Sask., raised the flag and doors Slyrs set table and chairs out in the sunshine, mosquitoes and horseflies. Michel Bouvier swaggered forward in interpreter and the treaty payment went off without a hitch.

"Take Your Dogs And Go"

Although each Dogrib family is numbered and names and numbers are also indexed in Kirkby's files, treaty pay is a slow task. Many families have identical surnames. Others adopt the father's Christian name for their surname, for example Paul Goosenecks's son might call himself Johnny Paul. But eventually all the names were sorted. The money paid and the inevitable problems ironed.

Elsa Kotchin, a stooped woman of seventy-six, wanted spectacles. Kirkby persuaded him to pay for them out of his treaty money while she still had it. Firmin Panu, sixty-four, wanted the old age pension. Kirkby pointed out he wasn't eligible until 1956. (People with no other means of support get the old age pension at sixty-five.)

A woman of forty-six claimed her twenty-five-year old husband had deserted her. Ethel Jimmy Fig spoke up.

"Oh, that's easy. Husband didn't leave her, she leave him," Bouvier chuckled. "He say she leave three husbands already."

"What does the husband say?"

"He say, 'She threw my blankets out of the tent. I took 'em back in. She threw 'em out. I took 'em in again. She threw 'em out again. Then she told me to take my dog and go.'"

In that case I'd advise him to take his dogs and go," Kirkby said phlegmatically. "Next!"

A squaw drew Kirkby and Garvin aside. Her unmarried daughter was pregnant. What could the white man do? Kirkby said he was sorry but it was really a matter for a rival court. Who was the father? The daughter wasn't sure. It might be one of several men. After some altercation, translating Kirkby and Garvin narrowed the suspects down to one and promised to talk to him.

Treaty payment was over by evening. The Dogribs sat chatting and grinning with apparently no intention of going to bed. They were still up to see me off at 1:30 a.m. Interpreter Bouvier boarded the plane with several bundles of silver rabbit fish pressed upon him by admirers and managed to spoil our take on the return trip.

On Monday magistrate Phinney, a crown attorney and court reporter flew in from Yellowknife by chartered plane to settle the matter of one dead beaver pelt and incidentally whether Fort Rae would get treaty money.

The schoolroom became a court. The young Indian man was charged with un-



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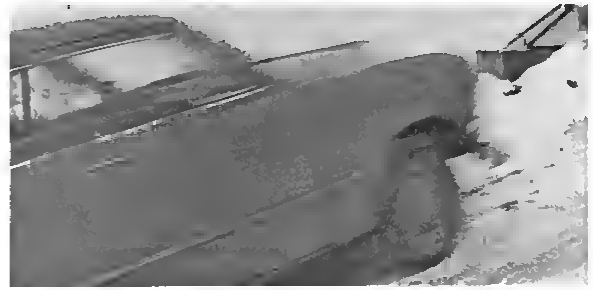


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1 "On the way to Sudbury," the letter accompanying these pictures said, "we hit stretches of bare pavement. Even at quite high speeds, the Suburbanite tires rolled smoothly and quite quietly. What a change from the jarring and rumbling that you get with chains or heavy legged snow tires."



2 They're working on the roads up there, and this is one of the detours we hit. It was slippery, slimy gumbo with lots of ruts and holes, but our Suburbanites took us through without any trouble at all."



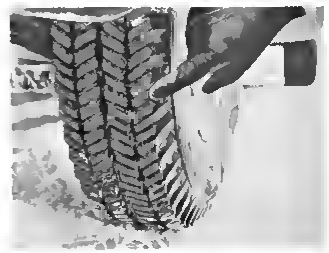
3 Here's Bloor St. hill in Sudbury that nobody likes to drive up, especially after a fresh snowfall. Look at the way our Suburbanites whizzed us to the top. Our wheels didn't skid or slip sideways once, just kept pushing us along smoothly without effort right to the top.



4 We called on a friend in Sudbury whose driveway was one of the steepest we've ever seen. He couldn't make it in his car, but with our Suburbanites we had no trouble, even though we had to come to almost a complete stop when we turned into the driveway off the road.



5 "On the way back we ran into freezing rain. The road was pretty glassy and slippery, but our Suburbanites kept us moving along safely, even on the corners. This trip and many others like it proved to our complete satisfaction that there's no equal to Suburbanites for winter driving anywhere."



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lawfully hunting game The chief was to be charged with unlawfully having e pelt The case lugged through the afternoon

Some onlookers suspected that the chief had shot the beaver himself und now to borrow a gengster phrase was letting his pal take the rap But there was no evidence to that effect and finally it appeared possible as the chief claimed that gene wurds o Oscar Pinson's integrator had not properly explained the game laws to the two culprits prior to the offense Phinney gave the young Dogrib a two months suspended sentence The charge against the chief was dropped

With that the Rae Indians promptly accepted their money They came in droves grinning and jostling eighty-three year old Neomie Murphy whose husband signed the first treaty Anna Teilhone and his family of five Reuteau Apples and his three Sammy Football and his seven Francois Yet longa small blind man with an apologetic smile Pant Little a scowling man of seventy with a soup bowl hair cut

Behind a blanketed-off area X ray technician Bob Gardner shouted through his interpreter Don t move, dammit don t even *breathe*" while Dr Poole repeated over and over es he applied needles for the tapeworm skin test Tell them it won t hurt Tell them it yest feels like a mosquito bite"

At a desk a happier Kirkby dealt five and dollar bills to e sleepy looking Dogrib smoking a cigarette in a plastic holder

"A an old friend of ours," Kirkby said ironically to nobody in particular We see him around Yel lowknife for months at a time just sitting Must have earned that nice new cigarette holder in a poker game. Well we ll give him five dollars as he can get back in the game"

Twenty eight year old Elizabeth Chocolate appeared with her four children

"Where s her husband?" Kirkby asked "Where s David?"

She say he out visiting"

Why in hell can't they all come together like they re supposed to!" Kirkby said "Well we ll pay her but wait ll that David shows up!"

A husband wife and skinny little boy were next in line

"This guy is mean and shiftless," said Ken Plamp Did you hear about the time he took after me with an ax!"

And as Kirkby paid the man, Plamp, who is normally good-natured with the Dogribs, snapped You take that money over to the Bay tomorrow and buy little Johnny some oatmeal Yae hear me! You start taking care of that little boy

The man stared insolently at Plamp but held his tongue

The tardy David Chocolate appeared received his money and rushed if Indein Affairs would help him build e house

"Aren t you the fellow who wouldn t help the Mounties unload a mtion boat last year when they asked you!" said Kirkby Well sometimes we don t feel like helping either!"

Chocolate shuffled his feet and shifted his chewing gum. The police didn t offer to pay him that time he said pluntively

"You like to get free help but you don t work for free is that it!" Kirkby inquired

Chocolate fidgeted unhappily An appreciative crowd gathered to witness his discomfiture. After man hageling Chocolate reluctantly agreed to onload the next boat free of cherge in return for financial aid for his house. Kirkby Styrn and Plamp exchanged triumphant glances and closed their files for the night

Outside on its stony hilltop some Dogribs were already gambling their money away at the stick guessing game. The Indians play Chinese checkers, poker and blackjack but the stick game—sometimes called "shortstick" is their favorite

It began with four players to a side squatted facing one another. Each player on one team had a small stick in one clenched fist and crossed his arms. Then the team swayed in unison eyes half-closed, uttering a rhythmic whisper oh cha chachacha oh cha cha chacha Suddenly, with a shout a rival player guessed right hand" For each opponent who hild the stick in that hand the guesser collected a wooden chip, worth twenty five cents.

The chanting swaying and guessing continued The teams grew to five a side Then the whisper changed to a murmur then to a full throated cry oh la lalale oh le lalala Noel Testchia a blind man gambled furiously hiding his hands under his black hat. Joe Beaulieu, a natural clown with bushy black hair and baggy trousers tied up with string elbowed into the game and drew roars of laughter from both sides

The onlookers crowded closer Children started small naks believe stick games on the side The players now twelve to a side were lost in the rhythm and beat of the game The chant gave way to skin drums pieces of caribou hide stretched taut on wooden frames and the drums throbbed long into the night until the players fell back exhausted

Tuesday the final day of treaty dawned hot and with an undercurrent of excitement. This was feast and tea-dance day At noon Pierre Judas and several neighbors whisked their canoes downstream to the government freezer locker where Indian Affairs lets the Dogribs store caribou free of charge over the summer

"This Judas is a character," Ken Plamp told me as he passed out frozen caribou I've taught him a few words of English slang and he likes to use them I know a few words of Dogrib, things like ezee which means good and nezee mezee bad and Pierre and I have a lot of fun. Just listen.

He tossed Judas a slab of caribou and cried, You like this stuff Pierre! *Nezee? Nezeele?* Eh?"

Judas chuckled obligingly

Nezee nezee! he shouted "Oh boy! Hot dog!"

An hour later the Dogrib women were *cooking* bannock—a sort of hard tack of flour water salt and baking powder—in frying pans, boiling rice and roasting caribou Some of the men were acquiring the festive spirit by drinking "twenty four" a mild home brew of raisins and yeast so-called because the Dogribs haven t the patience to let it mature more than twenty four hours.

The children like children anywhere were excited at the prospect of a party Eleven year-old Therese Gon ran to the Catholic mission clutching a new one-dollar bill

I have a dollar Father she cried breathlessly "Can you help me buy a dress for the feast!"

Father Amoreux smiled gave back her dollar rummaged around the hospital and found her a sleeveless lavender print dress.

By evening the treaty payment was over While Kirkby sighed with relief chief Jimmy Bruneau fired three shots from his rifle, signifying that the feast or tea" was on The Dog ribs organize their own feast and normally the Hudson's Bay post donates flour tea and rice as a goodwill gesture Since the Bay was low on supplies, Kirkby drew the food gift from his emergency relief rations at Rat

Men women and children trooped over the rocks and rickety bridges each shouldering a small sack of utensils, tin plate cup or plastic tumbler a spoon or fork if they owned one

They squatted cross legged under three tents pitched in a row with the side flaps tied up While the tents were full the latecomers spilled out into the open on tarpaulins Therese Gon wore her new dress Pierre Judas was resplendent in a buckskin jacket and green scarf A chubby forty nine year-old Indian named Johnny Simpson—known to the Dogribs as Johnny the-Fat—commandeered six young men and spread pieces of oilcloth over the tarpaulin for table linen Then they brought buckets of steaming rice tea and caribou pails of jam and honey, dishpans and boxes full of bannock

Kelah! shouted Johnny the Fat which means, approximately "Let s go!"

And the feast began. Those without spoons scooped up rice with chunks of bannock Suddenly a hush fell over the crowd The chief was making a speech

"The other day I was in a little trouble" he said in Dogrib "But now I think the good Lord with a pious glance at Father Duchaussois who was looking on everything is all right Now we have a good feast good dance everything all right thank the Lord!"

The priest smiled and blessed the feast in Dogrib The Indians devoutly crossed themselves and went back to the bannock When they were finished the old squaws lit their pipes and the younger women heaped leftovers on plates to take home for breakfast.

Then Johnny the-Fat, relieved of his official duties performed a little caper and sprinted to a huge flat rock

Kaleh! he shouted again shoved his hands deep in his pockets and began the tea dance a measured shuffling side step Instantly Pierre Judas and a dozen other men were beside him forming a circle shoulder to shoulder shuffling slowly clockwise and chanting a tuneless hey hey hey hey ha haha hey"

The chant grew louder Twenty then thirty dancers elbowed into the circle Suddenly Father Amoreux towered among them in his moccasins, black cassock and beret, gravely shuffling to the rhythm. The Dogribs chortled with glee

The chief and the squaws joined in until there were seventy dancers. Children pranced happily in a dance of their own A new chant echoed through the settlement hey la hey la hey lalala hey hi hihi hihi ho The Huskies joined in with mournful howls People trudged into the circle or dropped out perspiring but the dance went on and on in the eerie perpetual twilight of the northern night

The Dogribs were still dancing and chanting in the rosy dawn when the Peter Pond dipped out onto Great Slave Lake at two a m It was a gay aimless dance with no particular meaning or objective, much like the lives of the dancers. The Dogribs were happy Their stomache were full They had money to spend

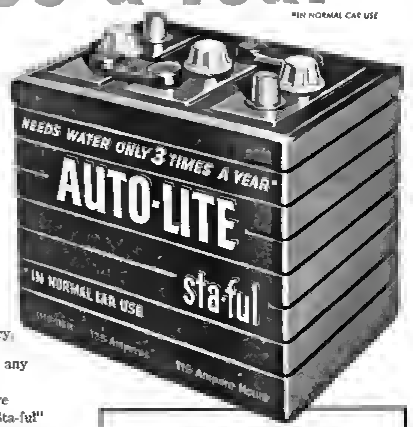
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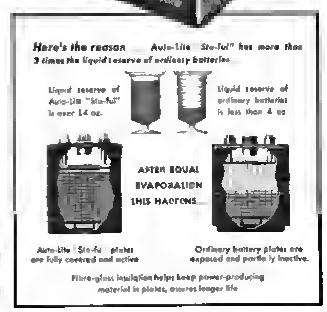


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WHERE SUNSHINE SPENDS THE WINTER

Why Rawhide Went Back to the Maritimes

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

from Halifax." People in radio and TV keep asking me why I voluntarily left the stimulating atmosphere and abundant opportunities of Toronto. The answer is simple. Like Andrew Downes, I'd been bewitched by the Maritimes.

It wasn't a case of love at first sight. When I arrived in Halifax in 1946, ninety nine years after Downes started his garden, the charm of the Bluenose seaport escaped me. It looked a bit grim with its buildings clinging to steep, rocky slopes, and like all seaports, it looked a bit grimy.

I was twenty two and had recently emerged from the University of Western Ontario where I majored in English and French. I'd intended to be a language teacher but changed my mind and decided to try radio. I was fond of literature, music and art and I suffered from a form of intellectual snobbishness that often afflicts young college graduates. When my first CBC assignment at Halifax turned out to be introducing cowboy ditties I didn't want my friends to know I was the disc jockey of such a program.

So on an impulse I assumed a rusty voice I hoped would pass for that of a seventy year old cowhand and stumbled myself on the air not as Max Ferguson but as Rawhide—a pseudonym that struck me as having an authentic western ring.

I expected to be fired but Rawhide, born of cynicism and embarrassment, appealed to many Maritimers. I was instructed to keep him alive—Rawhide was to be a regular feature.

Rawhide brought me close to Maritime listeners in their shuttered valleys, Maritime lumberjacks dwelling on the fringe of the forests and fishermen in lonely hamlets with the Atlantic pounding on their doors and the wind screeching over their rooftops.

They sent me small presents and wrote me letters, and a score of the letters were laboriously penciled on cheap paper and filled with misspelled words. They were also filled with the warmth and kindliness of Maritimers. The toughest one I had to answer was from an elderly widow in a Newfoundland outport. She said it wasn't shame that a poor old man like Rawhide should still have to work. She said that while she wasn't wealthy she could afford to feed the two of us. She urged Rawhide to spend the twilight of his life with her and she enclosed a fuzzy snapshot of herself with her arm around a sheep.

I wrestled for a week with my reply and left like a heel and teased to my sleep for how do you explain a deception that prompts such an offer of hospitality? In the end I said all there was to say—that I was genuinely sorry I had misled her and that I was only twenty two. My love affair with the Maritimes and Maritimers was slowly beginning and the well meaning Newfoundland widow taught me a lesson. From then on Rawhide never quite so flip out from my standpoint quite such a joke. If I preferred Bach and Beethoven played by great orchestras and concert artists I realized now that cowboy ballads sung by the Will Curlers and the Rink Shows thumbed the heartstrings of decent simple folks who didn't share my enthusiasm for the classics. I selected my Carter and Snow records with more care and more respect for my listeners.

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MISSING FROM THE *Christening*



Aluminum was named by a man who never saw it. In 1807 the great scientist Sir Humphrey Davy decided that silicon and a metallic base but failed to find a way to extract the metal. But he went ahead anyway and christened the unseen metal "aluminum". Later he changed his mind and re named it aluminium. Both versions are still used.

Wonder if the English scientist ever dreamed of the day when, to far-off Canada, millions of hydro-electric horsepower would unlock the riches of aluminum to produce more than 500,000 tons of aluminum a year?

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Occasionally I put on a record calculated to appeal to a more sophisticated audience. A few of Rawhide's fans complained but the complaints weren't serious. Rawhide had been receiving a stream of white mitts and white knitted caps and heavy white socks from the wives of fishermen in Newfoundland where white is regarded as lucky. Usually there were notes with the socks, saying they should be worn over Rawhide's shoes to prevent the shoes wearing out. My experiment in mixing fairly sophisticated pieces with cowboy and hillbilly pieces didn't dry up the stream of mitts, caps and socks. Gifts of apples and cider continued to be addressed to Rawhide from Nova Scotia's Annapolis Valley, and gifts of lobsters and oysters still came from New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island.

Heartened by this I resolved, for my own entertainment, to embark on another experiment. I injected into my show imaginary characters like Granny Mervin Mellobell, Mary Walleston, craft, who is named for an early suffragette leader, Sir Cedric, who is an arch imperialist, Peter Lorre and a raucous type never identified by name on the air but who is known around the studios as "Araprior" because that's the Ottawa valley town he is supposed to come from. Through Araprior I express thoughts I wouldn't dare express in my own voice. All these characters emanated from my own larynx. I wrote satirical skits with my imaginary characters as the actors. By mimicking Sir Winston Churchill, John Fisher, the CBC's wandering reporter and James Barrarman, the CBC's current commentator, I brought them into the act, too.

"Insult" After Devotions

There were, of course, some protests to the effect that I should stick to cowboy music and keep them funny fellers off the air. Yet it developed that the ordinary Maritimer—lumberjack—has his own dry sense of humor and a keen appreciation of satire. If a political situation or an all in contest or a ritual movement has a ridiculous aspect no one spots it more quickly than a Maritimer, whether he be laborer or scholar, so my skits brought a lively response.

Through humor and satire I now met another segment of the population of the Maritimes, that which produced North America's first humorist, old Thomas Chandler-Haliburton who wrote Sam Slick, and from which came a prodigious host of poets, authors, inventors, statesmen, industrialists and bank robbers, university presidents. More and more, as time went on, I reached out to educated intellectual Maritimers, but I strove to do this without losing the original and squarely admirable part of my audience, the plain people who enjoy cowboy songs.

I was fortunate. The popularity of the show increased and in 1949 the CBC transferred me to Toronto.

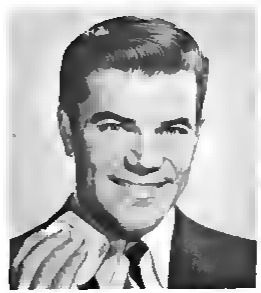
I departed from Halifax in high spirits over my promotion, but they were due to be shattered for my Toronto debut was marked by a temperament in a House of Commons debate. Ontario hadn't heard me before and now an MP rose and asked the Speaker whether he was aware that the provincially controlled radio system was sponsoring meaningless ravings and tripe disguised in the poorest possible English—and this right after a marginal devotional period too. Rawhide returned the MP, who, an insult to Hurking Canadians." My nature had obviously gone over his head and I thought the roof had fallen in on mine. A dry or



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so later the Ottawa Journal published a letter from a clergyman who said my show was "sacrilegious" and fit only for "Godless Soviet Russia."

The MP and the clergyman were ardently supported by some imperialists in Ontario who were accustomed to shaving to the martial rhythms of Musical Morch Past, a program of band music that Rawhide replaced. They couldn't adjust their razor strokes to the different rhythm of Rawhide's melodies. They gashed their chins and were furious.

The whose heaped on me turned out to be wonderful publicity but it didn't seem so wonderful then. When Lorne Greene the actor and announcer telephoned and congratulated me I had a suspicion that he was being snide. He wasn't.

In the midst of the controversy, members of the House of Commons Press Gallery invited me to their annual dinner. They had me conceal myself and through a microphone deliver an address in Churchill's voice. I said in Churchill's voice, but without Churchill's modesty, that wherever English is spoken I will be remembered as a master of the English language. Having said this, I stepped out in front of the gathering and revealed myself as Rawhide, the subject of the parliamentary storm. The story of my appearance was wired from coast to coast.

Knight in a Ten-Gallon Hat

Meanwhile, I was finding out how loyal Maritimers could be. Students of Dalhousie University in Halifax, where I had sometimes helped mark English essay papers rallied to my defence. Each half hour through a whole day they had broadcast a paid endorsement of Rawhide on an independent Halifax radio station CJCH. And Dr. Barns Martin of the English faculty of King's College, which is affiliated with Dalhousie, informed the press that if I was illiterate I had undoubtedly acquired my illiteracy while reading the essays of students.

At Mount Allison University in Sackville, N.B., one editio of the student newspaper had a special cover on my behalf. Its front page had a cartoon depicting MPs as midget Indians shooting arrows at a noble figure in Rawhide dressed in shining armor but sporting a tan gallon western hat, and leveling a lance at his attackers.

There were letters, too, from the Maritimes—hundreds of them. They came from the farmers and lumbermen and fishermen and from the lawyers and doctors and professors. And there were phone calls. The wife of a navy chaplain telephoned from Halifax to Toronto to say that, while her husband was a minister who violently disagreed with the preacher who laminated my program in the Ottawa Journal.

All this helped me right out of a coma in my career. If I hadn't been in love with the Maritimes before, I would have been now.

But I was already in love with the Maritimes. They had given me my start. They had also given me my wife, Norma Fraser, otherwise known as Ginger. Ginger was at Acadia University in Wolfville, N.S., when I did a broadcast from Wolfville on the Annapolis Valley Blossom Festival. Through a mutual friend I arranged a blind date with her sister Pat, who was told merely that I was a member of the CBC staff at Halifax. At the last minute she had learned that her date was old Rawhide and the prospect of having to spend the evening with a septuagenarian threw her into tears.

Pat was crying when I rang the doorbell. Since I wasn't as old as I sounded on radio she dried her eyes and introduced me to Ginger—and Ginger and I have three children today. Scott, who is five; Nancy Joan, three; and Melanie Anne, one. Ginger shares my affection for the Maritimes. While we were in Toronto a small jar of Maritime soil always stood in our living room—except when Ginger was in hospital having a baby. Then it was under her hospital bed. This may have been a silly nostalgic gesture but it's how we felt about the provinces down by the sea—we wanted our youngsters to be born on Maritime soil. Now we want to bring them up in the Maritimes.

All the time we were in Toronto we were homesick. I hadn't believed that I could long for the smell of fish wafting up from the wharves on a wet day, or the sight of a drunken sailor propped against a post, or the dismal mainstone of a foghorn braying through the darkness, or the pungent taste of drizzle. Yet long for them I did and there were other facets of the Maritimes I missed even more.

I missed the green ocean and the boom of surf and the rolling hills and the crystal streams and lakes. I missed the privilege of stretching out on a mile of sandy beach—a mile of beach with nobody on it but me and Ginger and the kids.

I missed the timelessness of the Maritimes and their sense of history. I can't pass that Halifax landmark the Citadel without expecting to see redcoats patrolling the ramparts. I can't pass the Navy Yard without imagining press gangs fanning out to prowl through the taverns and round up unwilling hands for the King's ships. I can't look out over Halifax Harbor without visualizing a great ghostly procession—battleships that fought in the wars of two centuries, privateers triumphantly bringing in their prizes, mutineers being hanged from yardarms, unhappy tars being flogged around the fleet, grey convoys setting forth on dangerous journeys. I can't drive out along Bedford Basin without thinking of Jube St. Laurent, the lovely but furlorn mistress of Queen Victoria's father, the Duke of Kent, who commanded the Halifax garrison for years. A fragment of her mansion is still there—her curious round music room—and there's a winding bridle path that spells out her name.

Central Canada has history, too, plenty of it, but it's hidden by superhighways and sprawling factories and mushrooming cities and suburbs. It's distant, remote, not felt the way history is felt in the Maritimes.

But what I missed most in the years my Rawhide show was broadcast from Toronto was a special quality that Maritimers have.

I don't know how to explain this quality but I have a theory that the sea shapes the character of the Maritimer as surely as it shapes his shoreline and tempers his weather. His life is geared to the ebb and flow of the tide and the slow turn of the seasons and he has a fatalism which accepts the fact that a fisherman won't always fill his net and a vessel may not always return to port.

You can count on him if you're in trouble and he's a genial companion to sit with by an open fire. He has the friendliness and humor of a good shipmate. So does his wife. When you broadcast to Maritimers you feel this friendliness and humor. It comes out in neighborly gestures from people you may never have seen and probably never will see.

As an example of what I mean, in one program I had Harold, a non-existent spider, beaten by the rest of my non-existent cast. He was taken off to a non-existent hospital and ramseking the voice of Lionel Barrymore playing Dr. Gillespie, I issued daily bulletins on his condition.

Until he recovered my mail was filled with parcels for Harold—chocolates, little knitted suits to keep him warm in hospital, and strange bags for him to eat if he, as a spider, didn't care for ordinary hospital food. For a week Harold received from Maritimers an average of sixty "get well" cards a day.

This type of audience participation in radio fun isn't general in Canada. It's peculiar to the Maritimes.

And there are other traits. Last winter when the lock of my car trunk froze a mechanic worked an hour and a half to open it. He used three kinds of oil and a wire probe. When he finally succeeded he told me he should have been able to do the job in five minutes and refused to take more than twenty-five cents. Things like this may happen in other regions, too, but they only seem to happen to me in the Maritimes.

And only in the Maritimes have Ginger and I been able to enjoy ourselves so much and so quickly. There are no nightclubs here but there are terrific spots for corn boils and wiener roasts and there are stretches of coast where the children can discover starfish and sea urchins, with all the delight and excitement of prospectors discovering uranium. There are clubs where they can learn to swim and skate and ride horseback—clubs we couldn't afford in a big city like Toronto. For three or four hundred dollars we can buy a boat and sail whenever the mood hits us. If our spring comes a bit late so does our winter. I've gone bathing in October in Halifax.

Happiness in a Bread Pan

Then there is the food—the lobsters, the oysters, the halibut, the haddock, the flounders and mackerel and cod, all fresh from the sea. There is that old Maritime institution the Saturday night supper of baked beans and steamed brown bread. And there is that other old Maritime institution—home-made white bread, eaten warm with lots of country butter. Nobody can bake bread like Maritimers, and I speak with authority for when I returned to the Maritimes I resolved to do as the Maritimers do. I'm the baker for the Ferguson family now. I'm a happy man pattering around with my bake pans and kneading my dough.

That's the sort of hubby you are likely to take up in the peaceful unhurried home-loving Maritimes that end just listening to the sound of the surf which is the most soothing sound in the world.

Recently I had to borrow my wife's scissors to cut my fingernails. While I wasn't conscious of biting them in the past I knew that I must have, for they were always short and I couldn't remember cutting them in years. Now I had to start cutting them again.

That's what the Maritimes do for you—the beautiful relaxed Maritimes. It's great to be back. ★

All the time Rawhide was in Toronto he was homesick for the smell of the sea

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Niagara Falls was a Hell Raising Town

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

stands, taverns, refreshment booths and a forest of Indian tepees. In the middle of the Front stood Colonel Thomas Barnett's Museum, a costly ($750,000) ornamental stone building filled with everything from Egyptian mummies to Mohawk arrowheads. In a park surrounding the museum were buffalo, rare flowers, rattlesnakes and raccoons, among other attractions.

At toll houses guarding the roads to the Front along the escarpment sightseers were charged a fee first to enter the curious Gulch and inside they were boldly robbed and cheated on almost every side. Barkers dressed like Mississippi gamblers in checkered waistcoats, tight pants and carrying yellow Malacca canes marched along the Front in raucous hordes, shouting the merits of this or that hotel or tavern, trying to lead visitors to tepees where Irish Indians in feather headdress and beaded leggings sold cheap and often spurious handicraft for what ever they could extract from their customers.

There were barkers for the rattlesnakes, the Egyptian mummies, Indian antiquities and Niagara spray; barkers for the brewster in the barn, for the falls, fireworks sold at Burning Spring and for the battlegrounds of the War of 1812, just a few hundred yards from the Front. Other barkers lured the curious or the witless to see the Whirlpool and the Lower Niagara Rapids from Termination Rock at the base of the Falls, where guides charged you nothing to go down but made you pay a "ransom" to get up again. And through the dust and din of the whole Front, hackies drove visitors to the hotels and taverns or other stopping places, where they later collected a percentage of any money solicited or stolen from their passengers.

After a visit to the Front in 1871 Henry James, the American author, wrote in disgust: "The spectacle you have come so far to see is choked with horribly vulgar shops, booths and catch - penny artifices which have pushed and elbowed to within the very spray of the Falls. The inopportunities one suffers here amid the central din of the cataract from hackmen, photographers and vendors of gimcracks is simply hideous and infamous. Their cries at times drown out the thunder of the cataracts.

Often the cries of the victims were even louder. Some were beaten when they refused to pay a ransom to get out of the Front's more infamous establishments. The Table Rock House, a cheap shop and hotel operated by Old Sol Davis and his several sons and daughters, was openly described as "the den of forty thieves" by the Hamilton Evening Times. Davis sued the Times for libel and at the trial several visitors to the Front, including women, testified that they had been threatened or beaten or forced to pay ransoms in Davis' place.

The Front, with its cupidity and crookedness, could not have survived in a more sophisticated era, but in the Canada of 1825 it would have been surprising if it had not flourished. For the hayseed with straw in his hair was not only a literal reality but with the rube and the hick he represented the average Canadian. It was an age of which P. T. Barnum later said: "There is a sucker born every minute, and two to take him." Upper Canada had only 130,000 people. Kingston was the biggest town (2,336). London had

CANADIANECDOTE



The Day Niagara Falls Stopped

FOR two years now, man, in the shape of the Ontario Hydro-Electric Power Commission, has been taking a hand in the flow of Niagara. By December 1957 the force of the river and falls will have been diverted many times as a vast repair project is completed to decrease erosion and enhance the beauty of the Horseshoe Falls. And the changes in flow, the excavations and buildings are well publicized by a stream of newsstories.

Such was not the case on the night of March 29, 1848. That was the night Niagara Falls stopped completely, unheralded, unsuasted and unbelievably. As the rapids dwindled and the falls disappeared, silence flooded the surrounding countryside as overwhelmingly that it wakened sleeping people and brought them to their doors, frightened by a phenomenon they couldn't identify. As the realization came that the falls had stopped, they snatched up clothing and ran to the river. There, the flare of torches showed stretches of mud and boulders gleaming palely between scattered pools of black water. There was no river. The roar of Niagara had subsided to a moan.

By the next afternoon spectators lined the river banks exploring the exposed river bed and turning up ancient tomahawks and other implements of Indian warfare. For the first time in history a detachment of cavalry rode the river bed, and people walked dry shod from shore to shore.

Their ears accustomed to hearing the everlasting rumble and boom of the falls, those who lived beside the river couldn't get used to the silence. While the matter-of-fact looked for a scientific explanation for the phenomenon, the superstitious regarded it as an ominous portent. Nightfall found most of the churches jammed with people praying or talking in frightened voices about the end of the world. Fear began to assume the proportions of panic.

And then from up the river bed came a low growling, spreading out and reaching forward until the earth and air seemed to tremble and vibrate. In an unbroken wall of water, the torrent of Niagara surged forward to crash over the brink of the falls. Again the familiar roar of Niagara filled the air, and faces that had been white and strained softened, and fingers clenched in fear relaxed. People returned to their homes.

The explanation for the awful silence came later. During the day of March 29 a heavy wind had started the ice field in motion and tons of ice jammed at the river's entrance near Buffalo, damming the river for almost thirty hours till the ice shifted and the dam broke up.

Such a dam would never have a chance to form now. The Falls are under constant surveillance because of their vital importance as a source of power and as a tourist attraction. An ice jam would be spotted and broken before it blocked the river. But in 1848 the Falls did stop and held people in suspense and fear for nine silent days. — Edgar D. Smith

For little known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past, Maclean's will pay $50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

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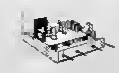
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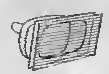
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DECEMBER 10

Farmer William Forsyth had a recipe f... riches: he simply fenced off the Fa...

not yet been founded and Ottawa was still called Bytown. The U. S. frontier had just reached the Mississippi and the midwest still belonged to the Indians. Buffalo was booming with the opening of De Witt Clinton's Erie Canal to Albany in 1825, but Chicago was just a fur trading post.

In such a wilderness most of the social pleasures were improvised. A barn raising, a wedding, an auction or a revival meeting was the occasion for a celebration. These affairs were usually accompanied by rough square dancing as fiddlers scraped out such tunes as Money Musk, Old Dan Tucker and Pop Goes the Weasel. Whisky was twenty-five cents a gallon and fighting, gambling and drunkenness went with almost every public gathering.

Any excuse for a holiday from farm work or land clearing was seized eagerly as when the enterprising tavern keepers and storekeepers at the Front began to stage their streets thousandth anniversary over muddy roads through the bush by Lake Ontario schooners and by flatboats up the Erie Canal to join the fun.

By 1850 on both sides of the border the frontiers were being pushed back. But in Canada and the northern U. S. it was still an age of gullibility and flamboyancy. Magicians called themselves such improbable names as the Grand Thaumaturgic Psychostanteum. Circuses were Hippozoanomdons and trick riders were Athletolympaniantheums, the native public would have it no other way. Midgets such as Tom Thumb, Commodore Nutt, and Miss Elbin Minnie Warren were the wonders of the age.

The Front at Niagara Falls was a product and quite logically a part of such an age. The frontier was not yet tamed and it was often lawless. Cultured comfort and respectability hadn't had time to catch up with the pioneer. Until they arrived he was ready for almost any diversion and for more than fifty years the Front was able to provide it—at a price. And what better place to divert the public than Niagara Falls—already hailed as the seventh wonder of the world!

The first man to appreciate the commercial possibilities of the Front was a farmer named William Forsyth. He owned land above the escarpment and in 1817 he built a hotel on it and ran a fence down to Table Rock, overlooking the Horseshoe Falls. Only guests at the hotel were permitted inside the fence to view the Falls from this superior vantage point.

Forsyth was either oblivious or disdainful of the fact that the land below the escarpment didn't belong to him but was a military reserve. When Sir Peregrine Maitland, the lieutenant-governor of Upper Canada, ordered him to remove the fence he refused. Maitland sent a squad of soldiers and they tore it down. Forsyth promptly sued for damages.

The suit dragged on and Forsyth, running short of money, sold his hotel and the property above the escarpment to Samuel Street, a wealthy and politically influential neighbor. Street, a later lieutenant-governor... Sir John Colborne, Street got a license to occupy the military reserve. The government kept only a sixty-six foot wide strip along the back of the Gorge for a public road, but Street was told he could not place any obstruction along the Front.

Street's answer was to call together a group of businessmen and propose a City of the Falls. They built a railway to bring Americans down the Canadian side of the Niagara River from Buffalo and they began putting up baths, hotels, souvenir stands, taverns and a museum. When Colborne heard about it he ordered the army to halt the work. The officer in charge, remembering the Forsyth suit, had his men remove only one stone from a fence. Street sued the government for trespassing and was awarded five hundred pounds, got a deed to the whole Front and the government was left with only its road.

That was the start of a wild, tawdry seventy years on the Front, when a visitor was often entertained, invariably swindled, and sometimes risked his life to see the sights.

In addition to the cataract itself, the first big attractions at Niagara were the battlefields of the War of 1812. Nine hundred men had been killed at Lundy's Lane, about a mile from the Falls, and Street and his friends provided guides for visitors. Street also built a pagoda, a towerlike affair from which his patrons could view the countryside without walking or riding in a carriage. To attract customers to the pagoda he circulated handbills which enquired poetically:

Would ye gain stout a glance o'er life's dark sea,
And gaze though trembling on eternity?
Would ye look out look down, where God hath set
His mighty signet? Come — come higher yet,
To the Pagoda's utmost height ascend
And see earth, air and sky in one slembie blend!

But the lure of the battlefields soon wore thin and the promoters on the Front groped for a new attraction. In the summer of 1827, in towns and villages on both sides of the border, handbills appeared with a startling notice: "The pirate ship Michigan on the eighth day of September will sail down the deep and furious rapids of the Niagara and over the precipice and into the abyss below with a cargo of furious animals."

The Bears Jumped Overboard

There is no exact record of how many people came to see the slaughter but the Canadian bank of the Gorge and the rapids was black with sight seers. The excitement mounted as word swept down their ranks that the Michigan had been cast loose. On board were stuffed effigies of several notables, a buffalo, three bears, two foxes, a raccoon, dog, cat and four geese. All except the buffalo were loose on the deck.

Then the Michigan came in sight on the broad sweep of water above the rapids. On her bowsprit was the American ensign and at her stern was the British Jack. People with field glasses could see the foxes running around the deck in terror, the two bears climbed a mast, didn't like it there and jumped overboard. The crowds cheered as they struggled to reach shore and shouted to glee as they finally climbed up the bank and vanished into the forest.

Then the Michigan, her sails billowing, struck the rapids. She pitched and shook—and broke into pieces. A cry of disappointment went up from the bank. All that could be seen going over the Falls were bits of wreckage. These were later salvaged and sold as souvenirs.

Among those who witnessed the Michigan's last trip was Sam Patch of Rochester, N.Y., who had made a local reputation by jumping off bridges and other high places into rivers. Patch announced he would jump off a hundred foot ladder into the river below the Falls. The merchants on the Front quickly rushed out another handbill:

From the shipmasts he would jump in sport
And spring from highest factory walls.
And proclamation soon was made
That he would leap Niagara Falls.

But when thousands gathered on the Front for the scheduled leap they wanted in vain. Finally the merchants announced that Sam had broken his leg. By that time it was too late for many to go home and they had to stay overnight in the expensive hotels and inns. The next day Sam appeared, sound of limb, and made his leap. But the Front had wrung two days' lodging and food out of thousands and many angry visitors cried "Hoax!"

It was one of the first, but far from the last, swindles worked on tourists at the Front. One guide showing a visitor around the base of the Falls picked up a white stone one day.

"What is that?" asked the tourist.

"Why," said the guide, suddenly inspired, "it's congealed mist. Very rare."

The tourist bought the stone for three dollars, and the Niagara Spray racket soon became one of the most popular and profitable at the Falls. When the guides could no longer find this variety of white stone souvenir dealers found there were mountains of it in Derbyshire, England, and began importing it.

One souvenir dealer with a slow moving supply of medallions and paintings of Indian maidens hatched the idea of building a coyth around them. The maiden, he told customers, was a princess sent over the Falls as a bride for a god who lived there. Although North American Indians never have sacrificed humans to their gods, the gullible public liked the story and romantic women took it to their hearts.

Soon honeymooners began coming to the Falls. The astute merchants encouraged the legend and named the square of mist on the cataract The Bridal Veil. In 1846, when the first little boat sailed around the bottom of the Falls, it was named the Maid of the

JASPER — **By Simpkins**



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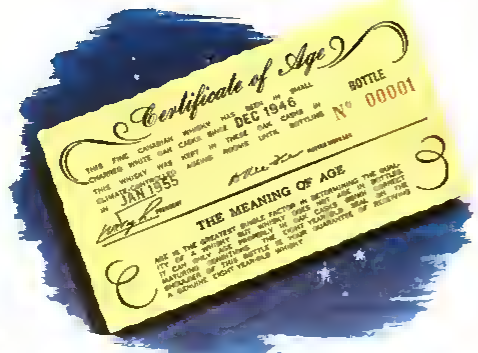
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Must and so were all its successors. Oscar Wilde visited the Falls in 1883, observed the honeymooners and then the cataract and wrote pointedly: "This must be the second major disappointment of American married life." The Falls would be more impressive, if they ran backwards, he said.

Many of these smaller hotels were in good location and it is almost certain the public helped throughout the 1930's to some extent, as people do today at carnivals. But organized robbery, extortion and swindling often helped by hoodlums and strong-arm boys was a different thing. It became the rule on the Front, brought the whole resort into ill repute and finally helped to kill it.

The key man in the skin game was the fork driver, usually a loquacious creature who picked up visitors on their arrival by train and offered to show them the sights for a small fee. He drove them to the Whirlpool and the Lower Gorge and finally landed them at Table Rock House, the headquarters of "Old Sol" Davis and his clan. From there stairs led to Termination Rock nearby were Burning Spring and Colonel Barnett's Museum.

Barnett, enterprising and honest, charged a straight fifty-cents admission but at all the other places sightseers were told there was no fee. Inside, however, tawdry salesmen sold worthless knickknacks at forty prices, and visitors had to pay pug-ugly doormen anything from fifty cents to two dollars to get out again. From the onward of these pieces the hackles collected fifty percent of the money extorted from customers and when the ride was over they charged their passengers whatever the traffic would bear.

At the systematic swindle centered through the Fifties tourists became more and more wary of the Front and the racehauls began to look for new lures. In 1859 they found a prize one in Jean François Gravelet, known as Blondin, a tightrope artist who did incredible things on his rope above the Gorge. He ran, turned somersaults, lay down, put beaker to his feet while a shredded thousand people gasped and hundreds of gentlewomen fainted.

Blondin started a new goldmine for the Front. Other tightrope experts and daredevils followed, though none was as expert as Blondin. Railway excursions came to the Falls from the American midwest and from New York. The merchants prospered and the crooks got even richer.

In 1867 the Front's reputation was blacker than ever. In the New York legislature a resolution was passed protesting to Canadian authorities the outrages on American citizens at Niagara Falls. The Toronto Telegram countered that the worst outrages were perpetrated by a Yankee and a Newfoundland Sad Davis.

Then the Hamilton Evening Times referred to the robbers at Niagara the cave of the forty thieves, otherwise known as the Table Rock House and kept by the notorious Sol Davis and his progeny. It was a dangerous locality for strangers, said the Times.

Old Sol promptly sued and now for the first time the ruthlessness and reality of the swindles and extortions on the Front began to come to light. At the trial witnesses came forward and told how they had been robbed and threatened and sometimes beaten if they refused to pay a ransom to get out of the Davis establishment.

Enter Colonel Barnett. They had been told by an old individual when they went to

Then

Dr. E. P. Miller, New York City, said he refused to pay four dollars for going to Termination Rock and he was caught by the whiskers by one man, the throat by another, pushed out of the door and thrown to the ground. His injuries were so extensive that he was in bed for six weeks. His brother Jonathan Miller, a farmer at Nunda, Livingston County, N.Y., was so frightened when threatened that he hastily paid.

S. I. Kilbourne, a lawyer from Lansing, Mich., had to pay $4.50 for a photograph worth fifty cents. He thought it was a joke but when Sol Davis gave a whistle and two large Kiltiganns and two equally large Irishmen charged into the room he changed his mind and paid.

John Crist, from Lockport, N.Y., when told he had to pay five dollars, made a dash for the door but was caught and flung back.

"Here is one dollar in my purse," he wailed. "It is all I have except a quarter. I'll give you it, I swear."

"You're a damned pretty fellow to come all the way to the Falls with only a dollar in your pocket," cried Davis. "You'd stay here until you pay."

Is there no law in Canada that will give me redress?" cried Crist.

One of Davis' sons shook his fist in Crist's face and cried, "That's the law in Canada, and we're the officers to carry it out."

Another of the Davis clan suggested, "Perhaps the ladies you are with can help you out."

One did, and Crist was allowed to leave.

Jean Wright, a farmer near Peterborough, Ont., refused to pay forty dollars red was threatened by Davis who said, "Damn you, I have something here that will put a window through you."

Another Davis cursed him and said

An Indian burial ceremony was too tame for the sensation seekers at the Falls

"If you don't pay your bill I'll smash you."

Weir asked how if he was big enough. The man replied, "I'll take your damned life if you don't pay."

Wright's wife started to cry. Wright paid.

Even the American consul at Niagara Falls was a victim. W. Martin Jones told how he had gone to the Falls with his wife and a secretary of the Department of State in Washington. A man named Jess Burton opened their carriage door at the Table Rock House and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, please step out. All is free."

Jones told him to close the door as he knew the character of the house. Burton then "commenced to use language I would not like to repeat and threatened to throw me over the bank into the Gorge." He went away and returned with Edward Davis, son of the proprietor, who also threatened to throw me over the bank."

The jury took only three minutes to decide that the Times was not guilty of maligning Davis' reputation.

Ridicule Stopped the Swindles

As a result of the trial the Canadian government which owned the entrance from the road, canceled Davis' license to guide tourists to Termination Rock. Davis then made plans to blow off part of the rock so he could build a staircase outside the government property. He had the dynamite ready when Colonel Barnett tipped off the authorities. Enraged, Davis sued Barnett for perjury but lost again in the courts.

Now like a disgraced and jaded rake, the Front became the butt of wits and rhymers—the last stop before oblivion. John Lauderbach, a vaudeville comedian, wowed his audiences with a monologue that went like this.

Der first place vhat ve stopped at vas dot long pridge vhat goes dot river ofer und a man comes out und says dot it must give him vaun dollar. Den ve vent on, der Britisher, skipper, where a man comes out und takes me to a vagon und der drost, ding dot, I knowed it vas down der river pank.

Den a man comes up and says dot he must have fifty dollars. So ve needle while he comes out, says dot he vouldt have five dollars. I says for vhat? He says for dem horses. So I gifs him fifty dollars and I vait not seen dem yet. Den I get in dot vagon again und a pay he vants fifty cents. So I gifs him fifty cents.

But den I vas purse off as vell. For dey vhere dry room und say pay dis and pay dot for to take home for mine Fetsey. So I bought some leedle things und dey cost me two dollars. Den I shlided for der vagon but one voman she says Stop! you must fifty cents pay I say vhat for? So she says for coming in dot vagon up. So I pay.

Joke by joke Lauderbach and others were killing the Front. By 1870 many tourists were afraid to go three. Tightrope walkers had lost their appeal. In rare guidebook Theodore G. Hulett advised his readers that he had placed barbered guide boards at various points of interest around the Falls so that tourists could find their way around. But he announced in his next issue that the boards had been destroyed "by a nocturnal visitation" because the Front couldn't stand to see visitors get anything free.

As their profits dwindled the Front's merchants searched with increasing desperation for another Blondin to keep the businesses—need rockets—alive. Colonel Barnett thought he saw the solution in an Indian burial ceremony to attract sight-seers to his museum. He imported Indians togged out in ceremonial dress and painted to the eyebrows and he displayed a coffin reported to contain the ashes of twenty Indians unearthed from a mound near Queenston where they had lain for a thousand years.

The Hamilton Evening Journal sent a special correspondent to the ceremony. He wrote that he took a wrong turn on the way and got mixed up with an Indian selling rumber ale, lemonade and firewater, but finally he found the museum and the ceremony.

The Indians formed themselves into two parallel rows, suggestive of the witches in Macbeth (he reported) while the Chief of the Six Nations Seneca Johnson went through a dreary monologue in the Indian tongue. The other Indians at intervals keeping up a dirgelike chant occasionally tapping their feet on the ground and patting their hands together. The ceremony took about two hours. The undertaker then formed about two drop took up the coffin and marched the pyramidal vault in the museum grade. An interpreter thusly spoke: "Under brick pagoda we now leave our brother where they will turn to dust and leave all in the hands of the Great Spirit. That's all we got to say."

It was pretty tame fare for tourists accustomed to beatings of luscious animals and death-defying stuntmen and what was supposed to have been a serious ritual was greeted with whimsical good humor by a small crowd. Barnett admitted the venture was a flop and looked around for something more exciting.

The great buffalo hunts of the western plains had excited public imagination in the U.S. Barnett got the idea of staging a buffalo hunt at Niagara Falls with a noted Texan to command proceedings and Texas cattle and Mexican cowbreeds as added attractions. He sent his son Sydney Barnett, west to hunt buffalo and hire some performers.

Sydney reached the North Platte River in Nebraska where he met a hunter named John Omohundro better known as Texas Jack, and together they engaged Major Frank Fawnes braves to capture buffalo. Then he told Texas Jack and the braves to head for Niagara Falls with a handful of buffalo. But in captivity most of the animals sulked and died and Washington suddenly sent orders to North Platte that the dangerous Pawnees could not be allowed to leave their reservation.

These difficulties twice compelled Colonel Barnett to postpone the hunt each time to cries of "Hoax!" from the Front's detractors, who by now far exceeded its supporters in numbers. In the Hamilton Journal of July 3 1872, Sol Davis was quoted as saying that he was consulting a lawyer to sue Barnett because he had been put to needless expense in buying two bears and a large quantity of gingerbread to entertain the large crowds expected for the buffalo hunt. Barnett advised his rival in the sort days edition that the thing to do was to feed the gingerbread to the bears.

Sydney Barnett meanwhile had pressed farther west in his hunt for



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buffalo and he helped stimulate public interest by writing newspaper articles from there on his adventures. In Kansas City he met Wild Bill Hickok and engaged him to manage the show. He also hired some Sac and Fox Indians and Mexican cowboys.

When Wild Bill arrived at the Front Blondin was forgotten. The frontiersman with his long blond hair, broad shoulders, handsome features and his amazing record of gun victories, was quickly made a hero. He soon met a show-off but one day he walked into a bar, saw a friend asleep in a chair and fired between his feet with a derringer. When his friend didn't bat an eye Wild Bill roared with laughter and the incident became the talk of the town.

On Aug. 28 about three thousand people gathered to see the Great Buffalo Hunt. The arena was an enclosure of about eighty acres above the Horseshoe Falls fenced with ten foot high boards. In the centre two buffalo bulls grazed peacefully. In a far corner of the enclosure were four Texas steers.

Cheers went up as Wild Bill dressed in buckskin fringed frontier costume rode into the arena followed by four Mexican vaqueros and three Indians. After saluting the crowd, the little band rode out to do battle. The buffalo turned docilely and watched the new boys riding about hallooing. Finally one stepped defiantly toward his adversaries. With his huge head and beard he seemed of enormous proportions in contrast to the prairie ponies.

For a while he charged the cowboys as the crowd gasped. Then a vaquero lassoed one of his feet. At that moment a second Mexican and his pony were knocked over by the enraged animal and it seemed to the horrified spectators as if the buffalo was only stopped from killing both rider and pony by the lasso held by several straining cowboys. Another lasso was thrown over his horns and the struggle ended.

The other buffalo was lassoed in the same way but broke the rope. Indians approached him on foot and on horseback shooting burnt arrows. For a time the buffalo pursued one of the vaqueros, but the sport degenerated into a farce when it became evident that he was driven by a motley crowd of Indians, white men and boys. At last he was left in his ignominy on the grounds.

The Great Buffalo Hunt received a bad press. One correspondent wrote that it was a mere sham. "Many of the Indian chiefs had to take a buffalo by the horns to make him run. Wild Bill managed by the aid of his satellites to secure a cow, which had to be goaded into desperation before it would run. The chase after the Texan cattle was also a farce, since the Indians were evidently chasing a cow that had been roaming about for the last two years in the pastures of some peaceful agriculturist."

Even correspondents who liked the hunt got in a dig at the Front. The Cleveland Commercial Review reported that "visitors to Niagara are impressed with the idea that a swindle awaits them at every corner."

A second hunt was held two days later but the effect was no better. Four buffalo were turned loose but they had to be goaded to gallop. Three at turned out, were from Colonel Burnett's museum herd. Artistically and financially the whole venture was a flop. Burnett was forced into bankruptcy and his museum sold to his old enemy, Sol Davis.

For the whole Front, the Great Buffalo Hunt was also the end. The public felt it had been cheated once too often and refused to go back. In 1888 the Ontario government expropriated the Front and created a public park. Souvenir stands, hotels, taverns, tepees —all were torn down and flowers and grass planted in their place.

In 1901 Mrs. Anna Edson Taylor went over the Falls in a barrel and lived and there was a slight remixed flurry of excitement but it didn't last. For years she sat on a street in Niagara signing autographs for peanuts, and eventually she died in a poorhouse. Four others, Bobby Leach in 1911, Charles Stephens in 1920, Jean Lussier in 1928 and William (Red) Hill Jr. in 1951, went over the Falls and Stephens and Hill died in the attempt. In each case the old memories of Blondin and Wild Bill were revived, but only for a day.

Today the raucous roistering Front is scarcely recognizable in quiet Queen Victoria Park with its green lawns and colorful flowers where even on Eagle Scout isn't permitted to sell an apple on Boy Scout Day... But in a nearby souvenir shop you can buy a little white stone for a dollar. It's really imported from England but ask the salesgirl what it is and she'll tell you. It's congealed mist from the Falls. ★

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

That day Saturday October 16, was the most successful in Etcheverry's history in this country. He completed twenty six passes in thirty-six attempts for an all-professional record of 585 yards gained by a passer in a single game. That represented ninety six yards more than the Western Conference record. 489 yards set by Lindy Berry of Edmonton in 1950 — and thirty two yards more than the National Professional Football League record in the United States —554 yards set by Norm Van Brocklin of the Los Angeles Rams in 1951. Sparked by Etcheverry's early surprise pass to Patterson, the Alouettes romped to a 46 11 victory.

As a gambling quarterback he is equally capable of the unexpected when time is running out and the score is close. Just last October in a game against the Toronto Argonauts the Alouettes carried a 30-26 lead into the last three minutes, and the Alouettes had been pushed back to their own ten yard line. Standard procedure in such circumstances is for the leading team to play it safe and to keep possession of the ball so long as possible, so that the rival team will have neither time nor the possibility of a fumble or an intercepted pass working for it.

Second-Guessing—Good-by Job

But Etcheverry the gambler didn't figure it that way. Realizing the Argonaut defendum would not be looking for a pass he threw out to his flying wing, Joey Pal, which carried the Alouettes to their own forty yard line and far from the danger of their own goal line. When the Argonauts finally did get the ball they were deep in their own end and there was not time enough to muster a final threat.

The thought that a pass interception could cost his team the game at security a moment had occurred to Etcheverry, but it was outweighed by my conviction the Argos wouldn't be looking for it," he later explained. "If you start worrying about what *could* go wrong, you'd second guess yourself right out of a job." And although he's been throwing daring passes from inside his own five-yard line almost three the moment he arrived in Canada, Etcheverry has been discreet enough in calling the play that only one has been intercepted in that situation in four seasons. Dink Brown of the Hamilton Tiger Cats grabbed one and ran for a touchdown in a 1953 game.

Sam, in fact, has been doing the unpredictable in the Big Four since he arrived in Montreal in 1952 from Denver University Colorado an unknown with little more to recommend him than a glossy print in a football record book. The picture was used to illustrate a section in the Skyline Conference in the southwestern section of the United States which pointed out that Etcheverry had set a running and passing record of 1,168 yards gained. The picture and then the statistic, caught the eye of the Montreal coach Douglas (Peahead) Walker.

"I'd never heard of him," Walker confesses, "but there was *something* about that picture. I liked his looks and his trim build and his features."

This was Walker's first year with the Alouettes, and the quarterback position was a delicate one in Montreal. George Ratterman had lasted just one year at that position in the 1951 season and he had turned out to be a widely publicized highly paid colossal bust. Walker happened to know the coach at Denver University, Johnny Baker, and he phoned to enquire about the man in the picture.

Baker supplemented what I'd been able to pick up out of that book," Walker relates. "He said Sam was a fine competitor clean living and not susceptible to injury.

It was a fortuitous phone call. Even in his first year Etcheverry was crowded by grass-box occupants to be shoulder pads and helmet above a woeful band of Alouettes who won only two league games all year, and he was named on the Big Four's alternate all star team. In 1953 he was the unanimous pick for first team honors and last year he was named as the most valuable player in the league winning thereby the Jeff Russel Memorial Trophy and as the outstanding football player in the country in a national poll of broadcasters and newspaper reporters an annual award worth a thousand dollars.

No one least of all Etcheverry would suggest that in a game as combative as football any player can earn all of these honors single handed. There are many reasons for any quarterback's success, not the least of which are linemen who are big enough and aggressive enough to keep people off his back while he's wading up to throw and ends who are deceptive enough and sure-handed enough to get the ball and hold it. He needs adept and/or bruising runners, too, so that he can attack with diversity. Etcheverry has all of these accessories, as have most quarterbacks in Canada where teams have won more games than they've lost. The one thing that sets Etcheverry apart is that he is unpredictable, a quality that often brings inspiration to his teammates at moments when those with less imaginative quarterbacks might feel they'd picked up enough lumps for one day.

"We come from behind in a lot of our games," says Trx Coulter the mammoth Montreal tackle because we don't let down when we get behind. We figure Sam will think of something. You get a kind of zest out of hearing him call a daring play like a bunch of kids playing. Follow the leader, and you want to help him make it go."

Bruce (Bones) Coulter no relation to Tex, who is Etcheverry's understudy, as well as a defensive halfback, has detected another quality. "I've seen him smeared and roughed up on a play three or four times when two or three big guys break through our line but that doesn't faze Sam. If he figures the play is the right one he'll call it again and count on our passe defense to hold up this time. The boys respect that kind of confidence."

Sometimes, in defying standard procedure, Etcheverry raises goose bumps on his own coach the scout white haired Walker. One of the oldest tenets of quarterbacking, even predating the one about never passing from inside your own ten-yard line, is our that says a passer should "eat the ball"—that is keep it and be thrown for a loss—if he's trapped by onrushing linemen and can't find a receiver. The principle here is that it's better to lose ten or fifteen yards and retain possession of the ball than throw blindly and risk the interception that would put the opposition in control. In his first year when the Alouettes had far less material than now and Etcheverry was called upon to do just about everything except manage his own bruises, he often was trapped and thrown for huge losses. The customers booted his maneuvering ineptitude and there were often



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cruise of "flying bank Rattenbury". In just such circumstances in 1953, when the Alouettes started to become a power in Canadian football, there was a game against the Ottawa Rough Riders in which Sam invented the "submarine".

He was being assailed on all sides by Ottawa players and as he ran for his life one of his pursuers was so close that Sam couldn't raise his arm to throw. Faced with a big loss as he backpedaled, the quarterback swung his arm behind his back waist-high as he was grabbed about the shoulders, and he flung the ball underhand in a long high arc downfield. Astonished Ottawa defensive backs stared in awe as the ball floated over their heads, and Joey Paul, a Montreal halfback, was galvanized into action almost in time to complete an astounding pass. He made a belated lunge for the ball and it just tipped off his fingers.

However preposterous, the incomplete pass prevented Sam from taking a large loss and it brought cries of delight from the customers, the antithesis of the groans and abuse that had been heaped on him—and in fact, had always emanate from grandstands anywhere when the hometown quarterback correctly elects to eat the ball.

The combination of Etcheverry's inventiveness—he tried his submarine three or four more times in '53 and neither completed it nor had it intercepted—and the growing strength of the Alouettes got the fans off his back. Sam soon found he has become the most popular football player in Montreal history. He is rarely called anything but "Sam" and the vast majority of football fans in Montreal know who Sam is in any conversation without the necessity of the surname. Montreal broadcaster Doug Smith, in fact, has not used the name Etcheverry in a broadcast since early in 1953, even when he is giving the pre-game line ups. Abbruzzi and Hunsinger may be the halfbacks, but the quarterback is just plain Sam.

Just recently Smith was doing one of his play-by-play broadcasts of an Alouette game when he was handed a telegram from a fan in Granby, Que. "Doug," it said, "what's Sam's last name?" It was signed "Alex". Smith has no idea who Alex is.

On the field Etcheverry moves with the faintest suggestion of a swagger from the huddle where he calls his plays to the line of scrimmage where the ball is put into play. He seems unruffled and unhurried and nonchalant but these mannerisms are a façade, for beneath them Etcheverry is usually seething with nervous energy. He is seldom able to eat on the day of a game, or, if he does nibble at the scrambled eggs and bacon that are put before the players as they eat together in a hotel dining room, he is unable to keep the food in his stomach. Just before the game starts he becomes physically ill and occasionally during the course of play he has paused for a moment, stooped down on one knee and been sick at his stomach. When the team is playing at home in Montreal he refuses to touch any food and the night before a game he tosses fitfully in bed. According to his wife Nita he broods almost over every defeat, prowling restlessly around the Etcheverrys' two-bedroom apartment in the west end of Montreal, drinking an occasional bottle of beer and mentally replaying parts of the game where the tide turned against the Alouettes.

The Etcheverrys live there from July to December with their son Steve, who is three and Mike, eighteen months. Mrs. Etcheverry, a quiet pretty girl from Albuquerque, New Mexico, is expecting a third child. They spend the off-season in Albuquerque where Nita's father, Harold Malcaky, has a wholesale sporting goods business for which Sam is a salesman covering New Mexico and Colorado.

Etcheverry is a French Basque whose father, Jean Baptiste Etcheverry, was born and grew up near the village of Urepel in the French Pyrenees, where his father was a sheep rancher. Jean Baptiste emigrated to the United States when he was nineteen and joined two older brothers who had found jobs on a sheep ranch near Carlsbad, New Mexico, where Sam was born May 29, 1930. He has two younger sisters and an older brother Jim, who is a cowboy near El Paso, Texas. Sam probably would have been a cowboy too had he not been adept at football. When the Carlsbad high school with Etcheverry as quarterback, won the state championship in 1946 when he was sixteen, he was offered an athletic scholarship at Denver University. In his junior year he set a Skyline Conference record for running and passing of 1,107 yards gained and in his final year he broke that mark by sixty-one yards to get his picture into the football guide through which Coach Walker was leafing in the summer of 1962.

Etcheverry says he had heard of Canadian football before receiving a letter from Walker from friends at Colorado College in Colorado Springs, near Denver, where numerous Canadian hockey players receive athletic scholarships. It was largely on their reports that he decided to give it a whirl, plus the fact that he was offered six thousand dollars by the Alouettes. Walker recalls that the first time he saw Etcheverry on the field in Montreal he could tell he had great possibilities. "For one thing, he'd listen; he was no wise guy," says the coach. "When he made mistakes he admitted them; he didn't go around blaming a halfback for not getting a signal. He didn't alibi; he still doesn't."

No Strings on the Quarterback

Walker does not pamper Etcheverry—or any of the Alouettes, for that matter. "They all have a tremendous respect for the Old Man," says Fred Roberts, football writer for the Montreal Herald, "and they're all afraid to death of him. His word is *law*." The method is to Etcheverry's liking. "Sure, Walker eats me out," he says, "but he plays no favorites, and he doesn't shout you a line."

Many coaches use their quarterbacks as puppets and in effect call the signals themselves from the bench. But once a game is under way Walker leaves Etcheverry on his own which Sam says has built his confidence. Walker confesses "it can be nerve wrenching" when Sam tries an unorthodox play, but adds that he sees no reason to send instructions onto the field to his quarterback, as long as he keeps on winning. The coach and quarterback spend many hours together before and after practices through the week studying the scouting reports by Walker's assistant Jimmy Dunn, on each Saturday's opponent. On a recent Saturday while the Alouettes played in Ottawa Dunn journeyed to Hamilton to watch the Tiger-Cats play Toronto. Since Hamilton was the Alouette opponent on the following Saturday, Dunn returned with notes and diagrams of Hamilton's most effective plays and possible defensive weaknesses. These were studied carefully along with movies of the last Alouette-Hamilton game by Walker who then called Etcheverry into conference. In practice that week Walker deployed half his squad into the Hamilton formations and had Etcheverry jog the other Alouette unit through the

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plays that Walker felt would best exploit Hamilton's defensive formations.

Football is something like the infantry," says the coach. "One general's trying to figure out in advance what the other general's up to. So it doesn't hurt us any to have an unpredictable boy at the wheel."

Sam was never so unpredictable however as on the night of last Jan. 7 long after the Grey Cup game when he sheepishly confirmed from his home in New Mexico that he had signed *two* contracts to play football in 1955: one with the Chicago Cardinals of the National Football League and one with the Alouettes.

There are conflicting reports as to how this remarkable situation arose. Vic Obeck, the Alouette general manager, claims that he and Etcheverry shook hands in agreement on a 1955 salary figure before Sam left for his home last December. "We were in perfect agreement," says Obeck. "We didn't sign because I wanted Walker to be present when we did and he'd gone home."

Sam doesn't remember it this way. He says he was not satisfied with the raise he had been offered over his 1954 salary of about eight thousand dollars. He says that four U. S. National Football League teams had contacted him last fall, one of them the Chicago Cardinals. After he got home he was constantly prodded by the Cardinal coach, Joe Stydahar.

"It was a brain washing," says Obeck. "They telephoned him every hour on the hour."

Finally Etcheverry agreed to fly to Chicago at the Cardinals' expense to talk to team officials. They reportedly offered him a two thousand dollar bonus for signing, a fifteen thousand salary for one year, and agreed to give him a five thousand advance if he'd sign.

It wasn't that much," Sam says now, "but it was a heap more than I was getting. I signed."

He immediately telephoned Obeck, he says, to tell him he'd decided to play for Chicago. Frantically Obeck then set up a meeting in New York among the Alouette owner, Ted Workman, Etcheverry, Coach Walker and himself.

"The boy realized he'd made a mistake," says Obeck. "He signed with us." He declines to reveal the salary, as does Etcheverry, but it is known to be for two years and is believed to call for twenty two thousand dollars for the two seasons.

When word reached the Cardinals that Etcheverry had signed with Montreal, the team's owner, Walter Wolfner, threatened to sue the Alouettes for two hundred thousand dollars for breach of contract. When contacted by telephone recently, Wolfner claimed the Alouettes had threatened Etcheverry with a dire number of suits and forced him to sign. He has not yet pressed his breach-of-contract suit against the Alouettes "but I haven't dropped it either." He claimed that the Cardinals had offered Etcheverry a fifteen thousand-dollar contract and that they'd given him a five-thousand advance "which the player returned."

There seems to be little question why Etcheverry returned to the Alouettes: in two words it was Penhead Walker. When he sat down to talk to the quarterback in New York, it was a case of Etcheverry listening to a man he had learned to trust. He pointed out that I'd have a longer career in Canada," Sam says. He told me a few other things. The coach doesn't shoot a line."

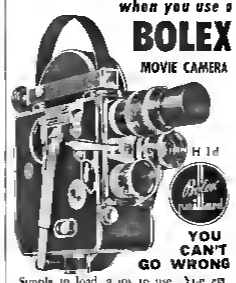
For the white-haired Walker it was just another turbulent chapter in his life with unpredictable Sam. "A football player," he drawled, "is a lot like a woman: a little flattery turns his head. That's what happened to Sam with the Cardinals."

With Sam back at the controls this year, the Alouettes picked up just about where they left off last: the best-balanced club in the east, the most colorful to watch and all fumbles and injuries being equal, the team most likely to be in Vancouver toward the end of this month to face the Western Conference champion in the Grey Cup game. If they are, the largest crowd in Grey Cup history, upwards of thirty thousand in Vancouver's Empire Stadium, will get a full measure of entertainment from the country's most versatile quarterback. Part of the entertainment this time will not be located in the newspapers. Sam promises as it was last year under his signature in the Toronto Telegram. On that occasion an indiscreet observation made to the newspaper's Bob Fresco who ghosted a daily series for him helped contribute to Edmonton's upset victory.

On the play in which Edmonton's Jackie Parker ran ninety three yards with an Alouette fumble to turn the tide in the Eskimos favor, there was only one man on the field who had a chance to head off Parker after he picked up the loose ball. That man was Etcheverry, who was in position to angle across the field and cut off Parker's course straight down the sideline.

"I didn't know whether to try to outrun him or to slow down and try to take him," Parker said later. "Then I remembered a story I'd seen in the paper which said he wasn't a very fast runner. I figured the piece had to be authoritative because it was written by a fellow named Sam Etcheverry. So I just put my head down and ran." ★

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My Day with the Head Shrinkers

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

negligent tick next to "false" and prepared to run through the paper in at most a minute and a half. I was going great until I came up against question twelve which read: "There is only one place on the earth's surface from which the only direction is south. Is it the north pole, equator, north pole or the Greenwich meridian?" I read the statement at least five times, wasting a precious minute, before I ticked off the wrong answer. Before I had a chance to change my mind the bell rang and Miss Todd picked up the papers. There were still a dozen unanswered questions on my paper.

The next paper was titled "Idea Fluency" and was supposed to be a cinch for those who spark ideas and show originality. I could hardly wait to begin it. The time limit was six minutes, and the examination consisted of two almost blank pages, each headed by the opening sentences of a short story which were to be completed. "Story No. 1 began: "Mary Thompson walked out of the supermarket forgetting her purse, which she had left lying on the shelf holding the tinned peas—" "Ha!" I said to myself, a trick beginning. How could Mary Thompson—or Hattie Carnegie for that matter—have paid for her purse if she'd left it at the cash desk? Her purse was still on the tinned pea shelf! The thing worried me and I tried to figure out if Mary had suddenly heard the baby crying outside in its go-cart or if she had left her basketful of dog food and cream cheese at the checking counter while she ran home to look for her lost purse in the cutlery drawer in the kitchen? Over to the right of me I could see the car salesman and the finance company branch manager scribbling away like court reporters. I congratulated myself that I was the only one who had spotted the trick in the opening sentence.

I read the beginning of the second story: "Oliver Townsend came home from the office one evening to find that his wife Angela had left a note propped against the western plant, telling him she had gone to the Martens for dinner—" I have a theory that if a writer uses characters called Oliver and Angela Townsend the story is bound to be bad. I turned back to Mary Thompson just in time to hear the bell ring, ending the test.

I looked over at my fellow testees and noticed with consternation that both of them had almost filled their blank pages, while mine were still pure as snow. Miss Todd collected the papers, glanced at the spot where I had placed "Writer" as my occupation, gave an audible snort, and went back to her desk.

The third test was titled "Discriminative Judgment." The first question read: "You are walking down the street and notice a house on fire. number consecutively the order in which you would do the following: ring an alarm, enter the house to effect a rescue, stand by and watch it burn, ignore it." Well, actually I can't resist a good fire and I know I'd never be able to find an alarm box never being able to find even a mail box when I need one. Entering a burning house to rescue the occupants is a thing I've toyed with in my Walter Mitty moments, but in reality I'm too cowardly for that. I decided that I would first run to find an alarm box, knowing that by the time I returned the house would be burning good.

Back to the Gas Meters

The next two papers were called "Recognition Vocabulary" and "Verbal Facility," and I supposed them with the egotism of the expert. After all, you can't have made a living as a writer for years without knowing something about words. I did great when it came to matching up "inevitable" with "sceptre" and "trophy" with "citation" and "prudence" with "discretion," but when it came to listing antonyms for "digress," "fearsome," "luxury" and "misunderstand," I was lost. It was about this time that I began to realize I might flunk the tests and I got a little panicky.

The next test was called the "Number Facility Test," and I gave myself a big X no. This one even before I started. Staring at me were a series of figures, into which I had to insert those that were missing. Other questions consisted of long rows of figures, which had to be copied correctly. Still others had to be copied *backwards*. I looked accusingly at the automobile salesman, and noticed with alarm that he was not only half way down page one, but had managed to light a cigarette something I had been unsuccessful in doing since the examiner began. The finance company manager, who had probably been trained for years by subtracting twenty bucks a month from my non-diminishing account, was racing ahead like an I.B.M. machine. I took my tongue between my teeth and set out to decipher that almost incomprehensible row of figures. I was doing fine by the time the gong went, and I just had time to sneak in the last two figures of question 14.

We broke off then for lunch. I leaned back in my chair and said, "Well, I guess it's back to reading gas meters for

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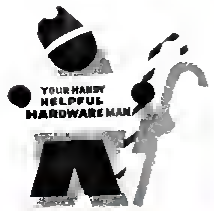
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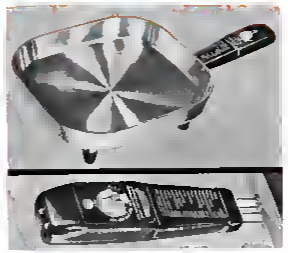
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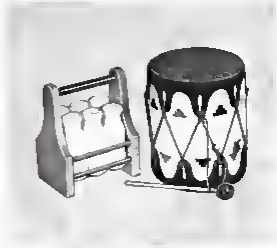
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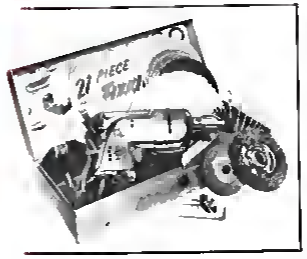
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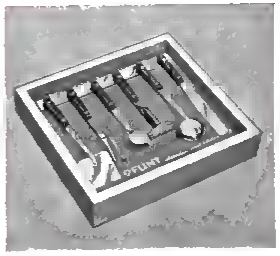
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Paradise Cocktail
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½ Dry Gin
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Don't tell me Byron never got seasick

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll;
Ten thousand tourists ride thy waves in pain,
With stomachs frequently beyond control,
Tycoon and dowager, who once were vain,
Are humbled now before thy rolling reign
And long for motion of a type they've known
Or, better still, from which they can obtain
Upon thy depths, they struggle and they moan
And wish to God that they'd be left alone

TOM TALMAN

me!" ending with a careless little laugh. The automobile salesman gave me a friendly though distant grin, but the finance company guy looked down at me with a look that showed me he thought that was where I belonged.

During lunch I plotted my campaign against the remaining papers. I decided that this type of examination required speed and native cunning.

My two fellow testees were already in their chairs when I returned, and they had been joined by a third, a middle-aged man who looked like the field representative for a string of pin ball machines. The two original examinees glanced significantly at their watches, but the pinball representative gave me a beery conspiratorial wink from across the table. I was drawn to him as one always is to a fellow failure to an employer.

Miss Todd told us that the next test was on "Sales Judgment" and that there was no time limit. Question No. 1 dealt with the selling points that a salesman would give to a prospective customer for a mattress. I breezed through this one, setting them down as cheapness, wearability, springiness and color, leaving out such obvious traps as its guarantee, foam rubber cushioning, light weight, and "contour construction" whatever that is. The next question dealt with placating a customer who ordered you from his office. Apparently the salesman in a *contretemps* such as this has a choice: he can apologize for bothering the man, can drop him a friendly note, can beg him for an appointment at another time, can leave his card with the man's secretary, or can telephone him later.

None of these things seemed to fit the hypothetical case as I saw it, and I crossed them all out and wrote in "I'd invite him to fight it out on the sidewalk." I realized that I was still suspicious of the tricks behind the questions, but after proving my honesty all morning I couldn't let myself down in the afternoon. Up to then I had always figured that if this writing paper ever fluttered out I could always find a job selling something, even if it was only scratch sheets outside the local race tracks. I changed my mind, even before the result of the test changed it for me. (Needless to say, I received the lowest marks for this paper in the history of the Aptitude Testing Service. The only correct thing on the paper was my name, and I believe the customers were even suspicious of that.)

The next test was an anti-climax called Arithmetic Reasoning. There they were, the same old bugbears that haunted my schooldays. There was the one about John having 26 apples and Jim having four fifths more than John, and those two old roommates of mine, one of whom bought 500 shares of stock at 93½ cents and the other who bought 350 shares at 12 cents, and how many more shares then the first one could the second have bought with another $1,250.

I skipped the algebra questions, those dealing with the division of fractions, and every one containing a decimal point. This left me free to concentrate on the one question involving long division because *long* division is the way I do it. I managed to get *that* question right but only by filling the back of the test paper with columns of figures that marched clockwise up and down the sheet like the stock quotations in a Chinese newspaper. Miss Todd gave a derisive sniff when she glanced at the front page of the test, but I said: "It's all on the back." She twittered nervously then, just as her namesake had done when I questioned the laws of gravity.

The next paper was called "Inductive Reasoning" and it consisted of groups of drawings, four or five of them to a panel. The object was to cross out the drawings that didn't belong with the others. I was going along swimmingly until I came to a panel holding drawings of an apple, strawberry, a banana, and what looked like an orange. Obviously they were all fruit, so what could you cross out? I first decided that the orange was not an orange at all but a tomato, before I remembered vaguely that a tomato is a fruit too. This was another of those trick questions but they weren't going to catch me! To show my superiority to such trickery I crossed out every one of them. In fact as I got towards the end of the test I crossed out nearly every thing in sight. Later on, too late to do me any good, I realized that apples, oranges and bananas grow on trees, but strawberries grow on the ground.

The last test of all consisted of tracing lines with both hands, while blindfolded. By this time I was a mental and emotional wreck no more capable of tracing lines than of tracing the plot in a comic strip. From behind me I could hear the superior chuckles of the floor company manager and the car salesman. When it came the finance manager's turn I guffawed in his ear, making his pencil veer from the line at an angle of ninety degrees. This was my only real victory of the day.

About a week later I had a heart-to-heart talk with my boss, and he convinced me that my talents lay in direction almost diametrically opposed to those of the firm. He let me read the Psychological Audit which he had received from the testing bureau. If I had not known it was mine I would have thought it belonged to Rudolph Hess or King Kong. We parted amiably enough but as I was leaving his office I heard him breathe a long sigh of relief.

Since leaving the firm I have been looking for employment where my unorthodox talents can best be put to use. My post-employment observations have led me to believe that I can serve best in a tavern, rock up ballpin a pool room or wave cars in and out of a parking lot. There may be other jobs I could do but the aptitude tests failed to show them. ★

The Knife

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

to the sea on both sides drew together like the narrowing walls of a great corridor.

They soon came to the ancient hard cliffs which formed the sea, and they knew that a few miles beyond lay the steep gorge that opened into the great ice. There were remains of ancient villages at the foot of these cliffs, broken piles of stone which had been the houses of people who had lived at the foot of the cliffs in some distant age, but who had long since disappeared.

Miksak ran back to warn Ikyak to stay near the edge of the river of ice.

"The ice will become more dangerous as we go up toward the top," he said. "There are great cracks where an entire sled may drop and be lost in the snow that will pour down upon it."

Ikyak had round face, a small grinning blob in the white frame of his hood, nodded vigorously.

"The dogs know where to go," he said. "I cannot drive them out on the ice."

Miksak went back to beating the trail. The snow was packed hard on the surface of the glacier and it was difficult to tell how strong the crust would be three only safety lay in hugging the edge of the glacier. Miksak remembered the remains of the giant bear the great hunter Karangak had killed at the foot of the glacier near the crimson cliffs, and he watched the white surface closely.

The boys planned to lay their fox traps along the edge of the great ice river: the cleft of the valley where the glacier poured out. It would be necessary to build a shelter of skins, which they had brought for this purpose, to protect them from the fierce winds that blew across the icecap. Within the shelter they would throw their clothing and food in the warmth of a seal-oil fire. For this purpose they had brought several bags of blubber to use as fuel for the lamp for thawing and drying their clothes and also for drying fox skins in the spring. They did not bring much food, relying upon the meat of the foxes they would trap, as well as ptarmigan and caribou and also ravens and owls which were the only creatures to be found out on the ice plains.

It was several days after they had left Agpat that the boys reached a point just below the edge of the icecap. Here they planned to set up their shelter of it at least for a time and perhaps for the winter.

Beyond this was the steep rim of the icecap. That vast desolate expanse of unbroken whiteness that had lain upon a continent more human time began. Beneath these immense ice plains was the sunken earth, part of it below the level of the sea outside. The formation of rock or packed vegetable matter, the skeletons of several animals that lay in that frozen depth of ice must remain one of the dark secrets of time. Perhaps in future centuries an explosion of searing flame hot enough to melt the earth might reduce the mighty icecap to a radiance of boiling seas or an eruption of molten slime from the earth beneath the seas.

But for the two boys scaling the last steep slope of the glacier the icecap was not a kind of mystery. It was a place where foxes ran along the shallow slopes that ringed the ice plains retreating into this frozen hideaway during the long, starving months of the winter night.

THERE were several methods of catching foxes, but the simplest was to dig a pit and lay stone slabs over it. These slabs were propped up with sticks cleverly balanced so that the prop would be dislodged by a prowling fox the slab would fall over the pit imprisoning the intruder.

There was a certain amount of psychology involved in this method of fox trapping. At first the bait had to be exposed and the stick wedged firmly in place so that it would not be dislodged. The foxes would snatch the meat and after several such thefts would lose all fear of the trap.

Then the traps would be covered with the slabs to keep the hungry animals out and after a time their cunning would drive them to scratch and dig for the meat. When marks of digging were observed the trappers would then lift the slabs off the pits, arranging the props so that they would be dislodged easily. The furnished foxes would break into the trap and in their violence they would quickly spring it.

The boys first made a shelter of skins banked with blocks of packed snow facing toward the northeast where the rim of the ice plains rose above them, so that the Negnark world, hank the snow around the sides of the shelter and leave a pile of drifted snow in front.

For a time the north wind blew clearing the clouds from the sky so that the moon gave them light to work by. The boys laid many traps during these weeks hoping but not setting them so that the foxes would know where to find food when the deep cold settled upon the ice plains and hunger drove them to madness.

As the Negnark blew with increasing fury the light snow which did not be

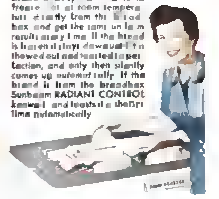
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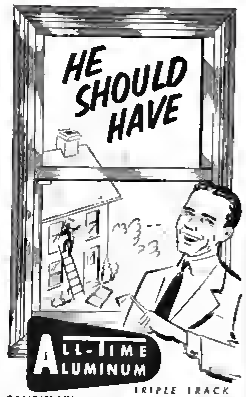
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long upon the ground, sifted across the ice crust so that in the moonlight the vast plain looked like the sea with ceaselessly moving tides and waves. These ripples of snow often brought a kind of hypnotic trance to the observer, one night crouch for hours staring in silent fascination at the sliding surface. Thus was the "ice madness" that caused hunters to freeze to death on the ice cap.

Soon the bitter cold settled over the lonely icecap and Meksuk and Ikyak spent much of the time building a firm wall of snow around the skin shelter. There was little heat in the interior of the shelter except the heat of their bodies. They had only a small amount of seal blubber for burning and when the fire went out it could be started again only by rubbing wood against wood.

During the periods when the full fury of the wind howled through the gorge and over the edge of the ice plain, the boys stayed behind the barricade of snow packed skins. But when the wind died down and the snow was sufficiently frozen to form blocks, they packed these into a solid wall around the shelter so that the air between the snow blocks and the skins retained inside the shelter the warmth of their bodies and of the stone lamp.

This shelter served as a protection against intense cold but it offered few other comforts. Outside the dogs were tethered, their fretful whines mingling with the dreary sound of the wind. This subdued roar kept the icy silence alive with constant overtones of vague and restless noises.

Time and space filled the air with a glittering whiteness when the "winter moon" rose over the vast ice plains, shortly after the two boys reached the cleft high up in the rocky gorge where they established their shelter. There was an advance warning of the intense cold that was to come, and Meksuk complained to Ikyak that they must complete the snow wall around the shelter before the first of the great winter storms struck the icecap.

Ikyak was vaguely troubled at the severity of his older cousin's manner. It seemed to him that Meksuk had lost his cheerfulness and no longer laughed as he worked. He watched Meksuk a face as they worked hard to finish the wall of snow blocks, and finally he said: "Why is the Great Knife something you must have, Meksuk?"

Meksuk turned and looked at his cousin. His face framed in the round circle of white fur glistened from the covering of grease. His good eye looked at Ikyak through the half-closed slit of his eyelids.

For a time he did not reply but continued to stare at his cousin. Then he said: "We must have enough fox skins to make a gift to the hundred white men. Until we have these it is useless to travel south."

But if you do not need to have a Great Knife you do not need the skins," Ikyak said impatiently. "We can go back to the village and sleep in the warmth of our own huts!"

Meksuk thought a moment and then said: "Get on with the work, Ikyak. The Negerrk will blow again before we have finished the shelter and we will freeze along with the dogs."

IN SPITE of his resolution, Meksuk felt the thought of the warm hut back at Appet with the stone lamp and the glow of warmth, and the smell of rotting meat, warm and savory under the seal blubber which sealed it from the air. There was no meat except fox bait on the icecap and at times it seemed necessary to stifle the angry protests of a starving stomach by beating himself in the belly.

As he lay under a covering of caribou skins while the wind blew outside, he thought also of Krilee, with her row of white teeth that flashed like tiny white shells when she smiled. Krilee's waist and legs were getting fatter and she was becoming more desirable as a wife. Meksuk decided that after he and Ikyak returned with a Great Knife he would throw his old kamiks at the girl and, when she took them, he would slap her a bit as a reminder not to refuse. Then he would drag her into his hut. All the people in the village would see him and old women would cackle and then it would be known to every one—including Rupanuk—that Meksuk had taken himself a wife.

Meksuk was awakened from his dreaming by a hand pushing against his shoulder. He looked up and in the dim light he saw Ikyak crouching in front of the shelter. He could hear the low sharp whine of the dogs and thought for a moment a fox might have strayed into the place where they had camped.

"The Negerrk!"

Ikyak was pointing toward the coast line dimly outlined in the darkness below. The glacier in the valley of Arnaluark Nuna below, pouring out through the crack in the rim of the icecap spread like a white tail and the vague shapes of shadowy clouds rose from the pallor of the rainfield into the sky.

Meksuk pulled himself out of the shelter and stared at the rising shadows. The moon had dropped toward the edge of the clouds, rimming them with a faint glow.

"It will last three turns of the moon," he said. "We must stretch a cover across the front of our shelter for the dogs. Go and give them some food, Ikyak—we may not be able to reach them for some time."

IKYAK sat about following instructions. He had learned much in the summer hunting and had killed walrus as well as seal—so that he was now a man yet he accepted Meksuk's leadership without question.

There was a confused rush of sound to the valley below, among the stones of the ancient village—an undercurrent of sound, like a hollow moan in the air suddenly sucked in. The rise of the wind came more like a premonition than an actual sound. At first there was silence then a rushing noise and quick blasts of air sweeping up through the cleft in the valley roaring among the broken remnants of stone houses and the sharp jutting rocks.

By the time the impact of the wind struck the slope where Meksuk and Ikyak had erected the shelter they had stretched a skin cover over the shed and drawn the dogs together, quieting them as they snarled at the sudden interruption.

The shadow of the clouds by this time had completely obscured the dying moon. They rose like an immense blanket against the already darkened sky. Soon the last vestige of light was gone and the great ice plateau was in utter blackness and the wind rose to a howling fury.

The shelter was solidly built, partly in the lee of an outcropping of rock, so that the wind, roaring through the canyon and out over the mountainous slopes of the icecap did not strike the snow walls with full force. However as the strength of the wind increased, its rolling echoes rose in a crescendo of tormented sound and the shelter quivered under the impact. Meksuk wondered whether anything could stand the blast of the Negerrk.

The boys crawled back into the shelter, pulling over them two heavy bear skins. All that could be done had been done. There was no power that could stop the force of the gale. Meksuk and Ikyak closed their eyes and huddled together, as close to each other as possible in the cheerless shelter, waiting for the galloping fury of the wind to ride itself into exhaustion.

For hours the wind howled through the cleft at the top of the valley above the ledge where the shelter had been built, until the noise drowned out all thinking and feeling. Now and then Meksuk could hear the sharp whine of a dog, rising in sharper and sharper cries amid the shrieking of the wind, and he wondered vaguely if they were well tied in their harness. Then as the sound of the dogs died out, he tried to shut the sounds from his mind by closing his eyes.

Once he heard a slight move from Ikyak and he rolled over toward his cousin and rallied out to him above the howl of the wind.

"Are you sick?"

In the darkness Ikyak probed his hand against Meksuk's chest. The hand was frozen solid and Meksuk realized that it must have become warm from the pressure of Ikyak's body and then thrust through the flap into the freezing outside. Anything warm and damp, when exposed to the air would freeze instantly.

He forced Ikyak, who seemed numb and unable to move, to shift into a sitting position and felt of the hand. It was cold and hard as a rock.

"There is only one place that is warm," he muttered to his cousin, although he knew Ikyak did not hear him. "Stay here!" He drew the bear skin around the boy and, after allowing himself to be exposed slowly to the freezing air, to avoid a quick chill, he began to crawl across the few feet separating the shelter from the sled.

If I had the Great Knife this would not be difficult, he thought, but I have no such knife.

THE DOGS were huddled together and he separated one of them, dragging the half-stiff animal toward the shelter. Once he had pulled the dog out of the wind he grabbed the snout, caked with ice and thrust the head back until he could hear the neck crack.

The dog whimpered and died, and Meksuk shook his head.

"Somebody hates to do this old dog but we have other dogs and Ikyak has only two hands."

With the new tooth knife he managed to cut open the belly and as the warm blood spread over the dog's chest, he grabbed Ikyak's hand and plunged it into the dog's belly.

This grim treatment soon took effect. In the warmth of the dog's body Ikyak began to feel the sharp pains of returning life in his hand.

After that Meksuk took Ikyak's hand and thoroughly rubbed and massaged it.

"It will hurt," Meksuk said, "but it is not frozen."

The winter moon rose over the mass of clouds, and Meksuk knew that the worst of the storm was over. In a few hours it was calm enough for him to crawl out and look at the dogs.

Ikyak his hands swollen and still painful, treated with stoical indifference to gathering blubber in the stone pan and began to make a fire with the fire sticks. Neither of the boys had eaten for two days, yet Ikyak made no effort to eat until Meksuk returned from the dogs.

"They are all alive," Meksuk said, shaking the snow from his mittens. "Let's not eat anything and then we'll look at the fox traps. They will be filled with snow."

The boys ate without talking, gulping great mouthfuls of the meat which had been soaked in blubber and was hardly frozen in spite of the cold. When they left the shelter the wind had gone down and only a steady moaning remained from the unleashed fury of the storm of a few hours before. In the dim light of the moon which shed again into a clear sky they could see the glistening edge of the icecap stretching upward toward the east.

"We'll go in two directions," Meksuk said. "You take the lower traps. Don't go too far or you will not be able to find your way back."

Behind the boys, in the darkness below, nothing was clearly discernible in the great blanket of blackness vaguely outlined by the moon. Ahead was the limitless expanse of unbroken ice.

"The Negerrk often comes like twins," Meksuk said as a final warning. "Do not go too far."

Ikyak nodded. Although his hand hurt painfully, he knew it was necessary to clear the snow from the traps or the rising temperature might cause it to soften and when the cold returned again it would freeze into solid ice. This would make useless all the hard work they had accomplished and they would lose their meat as well since it would be frozen into the ice.

The snow had blown off the rocks, and they could follow the trail up the valley in the dim moonlight. The boys separated at the trap lines at the head of the gorge. Meksuk found the first trap easily, and cleaned out the snow. The second one was more difficult to locate, since the snow had piled in small drifts that covered every rock, and it was difficult to discern which were rocks and which were the traps.

BY THE time Meksuk had reached his third trap some distance away the blanket of clouds to the southwest had climbed high in the sky. The wind was blowing harder and colder.

There is another storm coming, he thought, but perhaps I can reach two or three more traps.

The fourth trap was almost on the edge of the great ice. Meksuk plunged on across the rocky slope. He had increasing difficulty finding his way in the faint light of the moon. At the rate at which the blanket of clouds was mounting in the sky, he knew he must work fast. Suddenly he stopped.

If a new storm comes, he thought, it will surely bring more snow into the traps—and if the snow is already frozen I can do nothing about it anyway. Therefore it would be foolish to go on.

Meksuk wondered if Ikyak would come to the same conclusion. He hoped he would, because otherwise he would have to follow his cousin's trail across the lower trap line. He knew Ikyak was strong enough to stand up under the buffeting force of the storm, but he might become lost in the furious confusion of the howling wind which destroyed all sense of direction.

The fox traps were spaced along the edge of the ice where it spilled over the top of the mountain into the valley below, but three was no shelter on these barren plains. The great ice extended eastward in ghostly undulations like irregular ground swells, with no sharp

Beatty
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contours or sheltering outcroppings of rock behind which one might find refuge from the wind.

The snow driven by the rising wind crawled across the surface in shallow waves, making the earth seem alive and it also seemed to Meksak as he lowered his face and plunged against the sudden force of the wind that the entire world had now become a demon howling its rage against him.

If the full force of the storm strikes before Ikyek and I am back in the shelter, it will destroy us, he thought, and he bent closer to the ground, driving his shirt-clerdy legs against the slippery surface of the snow-swept rocks.

Meksak stumbled through the milky darkness until he could see the outline of the gap leading down to the shelter. There was no light below and he wondered if it had blown out.

There was no one in the shelter when he reached it. He looked at the dogs and saw that they were the same as when he left, huddled close together and whimpering. With a pounding heart he started back toward the trap line, letting the force of the wind drive him forward at a rapid pace. He stopped several times to shout, but the rising wind, which came up through the gorge drowned out the sound of his voice.

Once he thought he heard no answering shout, but the wind was blowing toward the fox traps, and he knew he could not hear from that direction.

Meksak reached the first trap on the lower line and here he found marks where Ikyak had cleared the snow from the pit. Then the storm struck with full fury.

THIS time the wind came without preliminaries, driving gusts of snow through the valley and over the rim of the icecap. Meksak pushed stubbornly ahead, but he could see nothing. If Ikyak had not turned back and reached the trail into the valley, Meksak was sure he would be unable to find his way back in the maelstrom of fury.

The terrible Nrgark! He muttered and was startled to find that he was talking, for although he could not have heard his own voice if he had shouted.

He almost stumbled over the second trap, which was at the foot of the cliffs that fringed the ice plain. Knowing that it was useless to go on, he crouched down in the lee of the heavy stone slab where the stiff drift of snow had piled up. It was difficult to see any tracks in the snow, but he reached into the trap and found that the snow had been partly cleaned out. Ikyak had been there, also.

Now the wind was sweeping with an redoubled fury across the barren expanse of the icecap, surking up the lightly drifted snow and driving it with new violence like torn veils sweeping across the plain. Meksak knew he could not face the force of the wind. It would drive snow into his face where it would freeze, and it would suck his breath away.

He crouched behind the rocks, clearing away an area of the drifted snow as he could. Then he huddled against the side of the stone slab. The snow began to pile up around him. That is good, Meksak thought. The snow will keep me warm.

In a short time the wind seemed to lessen, and he thought the storm is stopping! But he soon realized that this was only momentary. Each lull was followed by increasing fury until it seemed the wind would not be content until it had destroyed every moving thing on the surface of the ice plain.

If Ikyak has not reached the shelter now, Meksak thought, he may never reach it. He tried to remember where it was he had heard the sound of someone calling, but the roaring of the wind now seemed to blot out his thoughts as well as all noise.

Suddenly Meksak realized that he was no longer as cold as he had been at first, and he knew the war the beginning of the "cold madness" that seized men before they became frozen as solid as the ice itself. He began to beat his arms against his sides and then against the rock behind him, to keep the blood moving in his body.

If Ikyak is not on the trap line, he must be dying now, Meksak thought.

"I will be dead, too," he said aloud, and again he was startled to hear his own voice in the fury of the wind. If I die, he thought, I can never have a Great Knife.

This thought struck him with a spasm of pain that was more physical than the coldness in his body and the shock of realizing that if he died he would never have the Great Knife received him. He began to beat again on the rock behind him, thinking that the spirits might know that he wanted to live and would prevent the Negark from destroying him.

Meksak thought he was beating furiously with his arms, but he was barely lifting them, and finally he stopped, utterly oppressed by the weight of his arms.

THE SNOW meanwhile had piled around him, encasing his body like a cocoon. He had not opened his eye for some time, because of the blinding force of the particles of snow and sleet that swirled past him, but now he realized that the wind was much less severe. The snow was like a buffer or a heavy coat that shut out the force of the storm.

The snow is good, he thought, it is like a *tornadek*—the spirit of good—and it will keep the wind away from me.

By this time Meksak had identified the Negark in his thoughts as the *tupilek*, no evil charm created to do stray him, and he huddled in the snow believing that it would protect him.

Meksak realized that he was becoming less cold. He twisted his body to get his blood moving again, and now he found he could turn partly around inside the ball of snow that covered him without breaking the crust. The heat of his body like lamps burning within a snow house had melted the snow and it had frozen, making a small snow house for him. And as the heat gathered in the ball like shelter, his mind seemed to become clear again.

He thrust a mittened hand into the wall of snow and found the snow was crusted thickly. It would be necessary to make a hole in order to let in some air. He was able finally to jab a small hole, no bigger than the size of his hand, through the crust of freezing snow.

The thought came to him that if the snow froze around him he would be buried in the ice. And if Ikyak had died in the storm there would be no one to break through the snow house to free him. Meksak turned this over in his mind for some time but could think of no solution.

By this time exhaustion after the battle against the storm, had begun to weight down his body with a creeping paralysis. He found himself dozing in spite of the cramped position of his body.

I must be careful not to remain still very long, he thought. Otherwise the blood will stop moving and my body will freeze! He had been cold before—even colder than he was now—but always he had been able to move around. Now if the bitter cold should enter any part of his body, as it had Ikyak's hand nothing could be done.

Meksak closed his eyes. Thinking. This is a bad way to die.....

THE SOUND of the wind was muffled by the snow that had formed like a giant beehive around him. Only the constant drone of the wind could be heard through the air hole. It was better to be here, Meksak thought, than to go out into the storm again. He finally stopped thinking and dropped off into a kind of semiconsciousness in which he knew he was encased in the ice but he did not seem to care any more.

Meksak did not know how long he dozed but suddenly he awakened. He tried to move and found he was imprisoned. He had become almost warm in his snow cocoon, but he had not turned around sufficiently to create enough room and he found his position cramped. The inside surface had become solid ice. He tried to break it by pressing his back against it on side but the drift had packed snow around it and the inner walls were frozen to a thickness of a man's hand due to the penetrating warmth of his body.

Quite suddenly Meksak thought, I've been foolish! The snow around him was no more soft of the fox trap. Snow drifted on the side away from the wind and the other side would be clear!

He managed to twist his shoulders so that he could wedge his upper body into the space under the slab of stone. The snow was not caked or frozen and he found he could push it away easily.

Meksak began pushing back the snow in the fox trap. He quickly forced his body halfway through the space under the slab. By turning he would be able to push himself backward through the hole where the meat had been tied.

By the time he had removed enough snow to realize that the wind was still blowing furiously outside. He wondered whether he should push himself through against the force of the wind or lie under the stone slab until the wind died down. His body pounded out with heavy clubbes, barely fitted into the hollow space under the frozen snow and he could hardly move. Sure there a storm such as this, coming after the first storm was known to last as long as twelve days. He might have to lie under the slab of stone all that time and meanwhile the snow in the trap might freeze to his body.

Meksak knew that he had to get out of the fox trap and with a mighty effort he pushed through. Immediately he felt the wind in his face. By twisting his body, he managed to turn over on his belly.

If I can get my shoulders through, he thought, I can drag myself out. He pushed his feet, dried in heavy kamiks, against the wall of the trap hole. Before he realized it he was out of the trap crawling across the frozen ground into the face of the gale.

Meksak continued to crawl across the open ice, unconsciously turning away from the force of the wind. His heavy kamiks pushed against the frozen surface; his legs driving mechanically, thrusting his body forward until finally by fact down on the ice, he dug his eye against the blinding snow.

MEKSAK did not know how long he lay that way. When he aroused himself his mind was almost as numb as his arms and legs. He looked back into the force of the wind and suddenly realized he had been crawling away from the edge of the ice rim driven by the wind.

This is the way hunters die on the great ice, he thought and fear made strength flow back into his limbs.

He rose slowly to his feet, drawing his short legs under him so he could get to his knees, and then stand. The wind was blowing in such fierce gusts across the barren plains that he gasped for breath and now and then there was a lull in which the real force of the wind seemed to have passed overhead, whistling off into the inland fastness where there were no living things and not even the shelter of a rock ledge to break the force of the storm.

Meksak knew he must fight his way back to the rim of cliffs and find the gap leading down to his ramp. He bent down, partly to shield his face from the wind and partly to give his body leverage as his legs drove forward, step by step into the bitter lash of the storm. The exposed part of his face was rimmed with crusted snow and his body was so cold that he no longer had any feeling except the constant pressure of the wind against him as he struggled forward.

Meksak knew that the Negark blew shallow ripples across the ice and he thought by following the direction of these ripples he would be moving parallel to the edge of the ice plain. This would bring him to the cliff where the rocky ridge of the mountain broke away and the glacier spilled down into the valley.

This was all he could remember in each hour, and so he began to follow the ripples across the ice. Somewhere ahead were the cliffs below which lay the shelter he and Ikyak had built.

Many times he slipped and plunged sprawling on the ice but he no longer felt any shock or pain when he struck the frozen surface. Each time he climbed back to his feet, turning sideways against the force of the gale and continued to drive forward.

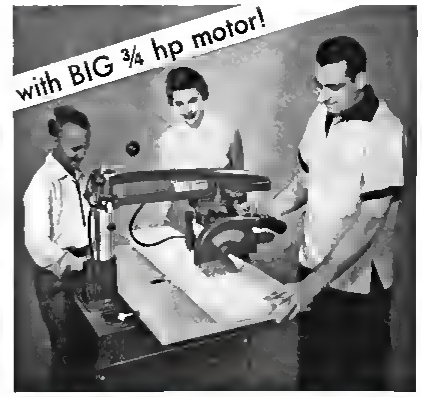
Finally he no longer tried to get to his feet, but continued to crawl forward on his head every few feet, the wind and gasping for breath. Each time he sucked the icy air into his lungs the shock revived him and he pushed on.

He could not tell how long or how far he had crawled. At times he lay on the ground, beating his fists against the hard surface to get the blood moving again.

IKYAK must be dead, he thought, and this entire worked through his numbed brain like a nightmare. Ikyak must be dead. Ikyak must be dead. He wanted to lie down and go to sleep but some fierce, deeper thrust his own consciousness drove his legs again and again against the ice as he crawled slowly along the ripples of shifting snow.

For a time he would be on the ground, blinded by the wind and snow until the white drifts began to build up against him and then each time he would pull himself to his knees and drive forward until he was out of the trap crawling across the frozen ground into the face of the gale.

Meksak continued to crawl across the open ice, unconsciously turning away from the force of the wind. His heavy kamiks pushed against the frozen surface; his legs driving mechanically, thrusting his body forward until finally by fact down on the ice, he dug his eye against the blinding snow.



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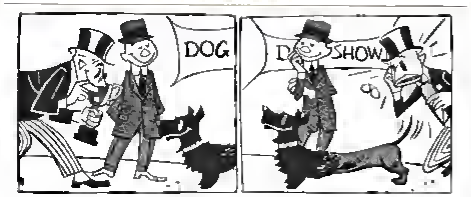
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an evil spirit stayed with him. This was a personal thing that he could understand. And so he fought it personally, struggling against it as he would have struggled against a maddened bear.

He remembered that it was possible to scare off the spirits by shouting a name. This sort of thing would work if the spirit was in the shape of a dog, and it might work when the spirit was a shrieking storm. So Meksak raised his head and screamed back at the wind.

"Ikyak! ... Ikyak!"

Then he remembered that Ikyak probably was dead, the Negark had destroyed him. So he muffled his face against the brittle surface of his coat and called "Kulee!"

The sound of his own voice calling her name seemed to revive him. Kulee was down there in the black valley, in the warm hut below the bird cliffs, and Meksak knew that if he could reach the cleft in the rim of the teeup he could make his way down the valley and across the frozen sea to the warm hut, where a seal-oil lamp burned with a flickering flame.

Then he remembered Ikyak. He must wait until the storm died, and go back and find Ikyak. Perhaps he had crawled into a fox trap, where his own warmth would keep him alive. Meksak did not think there was much chance of this, and his way of thinking—like that of all his people who lived on the ice—did not allow for self-deception. Nevertheless, he could not leave the teeup until he knew whether Ikyak was alive.

QUITE suddenly Meksak knew from the sinking of the ice that he was near the rim. Somewhere in the black wind was the shelter. However as he came near the place where the ice flowed down into the valley the wind struck even harder. The storm sweeping up from the rocky rhasm, hurtled through this gap with even greater force, leaping across the thin protection of the mountain rim and roaring off into the limitless expanse of the ice plains.

The force of the wind here was greater than anything Meksak had ever known, and he cringed down against the barrier, holding his arms in front of his face and trying to suck short gasps of freezing air into his lungs. For several moments it was impossible for him to go forward, and once when the wind struck with increasing fury, he was thrown backwards, rolling over and over until his body was caught by a sharp outcropping of rock along the edge of the ice, left bare on the side from which the wind blew.

Meksak held to this slippery outcropping and managed to push back toward the place where the ice sank away. He knew that nothing in all his experience had been like this. The trips he had made with his father, and across the frozen sea during the early break of spring when the wind swept in from the west, had not been like this. The wind had become a relentless demon, and only the blind force of life deep within the boy kept him moving forward when all nature seemed to have panted its rage upon him.

When he thought of Ikyak now it was with a pain in his chest, and it these moments when the bedlam of the wind rushing out of the valley rose in howling fury, he lost all notion of what lay ahead and struggled blindly and senselessly against the battering gale.

He had long since lost any feeling of pain. The numbness in his body was like an opiate, and he cured legs drove mechanically against the icy surface, whether he was staggering forward on foot or crawling. There were times when the full force of the wind seemed to converge upon the place where he crawled, as if it would grind him into the very ice pulverizing fine as it pulverized the clouds of snow that were driven in towering firmness across the teeup.

When he was driven against the ice or swept back in a tumbling ball of helpless life, caught in the vortex of nature's primitive fury, he lost all sense of bearings or purpose, battered and bruised in the reckless fluteh of the storm. Each time however he gathered the resources of his draining strength and probed forward again into the face of the storm.

The cold was so intense that finally he was about to lie down in complete exhaustion when unexpectedly he felt the ground drop away. He reached out with his hands, pushing himself forward foot by foot. He suddenly realized that he had reached the place where the ice poured over the rim. He struggled to his feet and staggered forward. He now knew, with the instinct of those who live on the ice that he had reached the top of the valley where the shelter was built.

His weight and momentum carried him down the steep slant of smooth surface and he had no thought except the need of keeping his feet moving as fast as his body. The surface was open and bare and while he seemed to be plunging downward he actually stumbled along slowly, his short legs barely driving him against the wind.

He started to fall, then struck violently against something. He heard a voice calling his name and sank into oblivion.

He had tripped and sprawled on the ground. That was all he remembered until he saw the strong face of Ikyak above him. His first thought was that they were both dead, but his reason kept slapping his face until his senses returned and he understood that he was in the shelter.

There was a faint glow of the seal-oil lamp, throwing flickering shadows against the skins that lined the walls. Finally he heard through the roaring in his ears the voice of his cousin.

"You are alive again!" Ikyak exclaimed. "Ha still! I'll get some more snow."

IKYAK came back in a few seconds with a pile of hard frosted snow cupped in his hands. He dropped this beside Meksak and began to rub the snow against his frozen face, chafing it with fine needle-like prickling.

Meksak closed his eyes and felt his mind swimming back into the void from which it had just emerged.

After Ikyak had rubbed Meksak's face with snow and then smeared it with blubber, Meksak became sufficiently awake to listen. Ikyak told his cousin what had happened. He had turned back at the second trap, knowing the new storm was coming, and had lost his way coming down the valley in the darkness.

Once he heard Meksak's voice and he had called back. The two boys apparently had passed close together but neither had seen the other. Ikyak had found the shelter and waited for many hours, thinking his cousin was still out on the upper traps.

Meksak had a lively imagination but it did not dwell on the drama of danger.

His thoughts were on foxes. He understood from what Ikyak had told him that the moon had come and gone twice in the sky since they had started out to clear the snow around the fox traps. The reform the wind would blow itself out in perhaps another turn of the moon—unless it was one of the long Negarks.



"When the Negark dies, the sky will be clear," Meksak said. "Then we must hurry to dig the snow out of the fox traps again. The foxes will be coming out looking for food. We will need some fresh meat for the traps."

It was decided that Ikyak would take the dogs down through the valley where the meat caches were located, and bring back enough meat to rebait the traps. Then the frozen meat in the traps would be brought back and thawed for use in the early spring after the traps had been closed and the foxes were ravenous again.

By the time the next moon was up the storm had blown itself out and the sky was clear. Meksak made the circuit of the traps digging out the snow and bringing back the frozen meat. By this time the winter gale had howled its last, and the gentler Arsunark—the south wind—was beginning to blow up from warmer waters.

When the next full moon comes, the foxes will begin to come out for the mark," Meksak said to his cousin. "By the time the sun returns we will have many frozen foxes to skin."

Ikyak looked at his cousin.

"Why do we have to stay here, Meksak?" he asked. "The storms will come again, and we will be destroyed if we stay here. What is the use of dying this way—without a chance to kill a seal or a walrus?"

MEKSAK knew that all hunters preferred to die properly, out hunting foxes, which were small animals, unable to fight off the attacks of man, but in great hunts for walrus and white bear. A man could be killed in such a battle and his spirit would go on its way rejoicing at such a fine end to his life.

He understood Ikyak's words more than the new understood that if Ikyak remained on the great ice he might be destroyed by Karangak's *tupilek*.

"If you want to go back," he said slowly, "I'll go back with you."

And we can stay until the sun comes up again, and then come back for the foxes?" Ikyak's eyes were eager.

Meksak shook his head.

"I can't stay with you," he said solemnly. "If I don't come back now we will not get all the fox skins ... and if we have nothing to give to the white men, the Oqpernailleet, they won't give us a Great Knife."

Ikyak was as close as he ever came to outright disagreement with his cousin.

"Why do we have to have a Great Knife, Meksak? We have enough small stones from Savikau to make another knife. We can make one sharper than the one you have, and you can have the new one."

Meksak shook his head again. Then he told about Amerok, the old man the hunter Kanangek had killed.

"If we don't get another Great Knife, the spirit of the old man will become sick and may even grow angry at us."

"If the old man dead," Ikyak asked.

Meksak nodded.

"You must not speak of this. The old man was killed because he had a Knife—not a Great Knife like Karangak's, but a much smaller one. It belonged to Kretlek, who was the leader of our people when we were very young."

"Who killed the old man?" Ikyak asked, avoiding the use of Amerok's name.

"Karangak killed him," Meksak said. "His face was beaten with a rock. Nothing like this has ever happened before. A man may be killed for many reasons, but not for having a Knife that is of no use to anyone."

Ikyak looked at his cousin, his eyes contracted in puzzled frown.

"Did you see the old man—after he was killed?"

"I found him," Meksak said. "I put some food into his mouth, so that he would have a good journey to the place of the spirits."

"How do you know Karangak killed him?"

"He was angry at the old man because he had the Knife of Kretlek. Maybe the spirit of Kretlek's Knife was stronger than his—and he was afraid of it. He knew about the Knife of Kretlek, because he spoke to me about it."

Meksak stopped talking. He had recalled how it was that Karangak knew of the Knife of Kretlek.

"Don't say anything about this to anyone," he finally advised his cousin. "Particularly to my woman." And by way of explanation, he added: "A woman who has nothing to do is always chattering like an auk."

MEKSAK had not been able to explain—even to himself—exactly why he wanted a Great Knife so badly. He had thought many times of the things Amerok had told him, that the evil was not in the Great Knife itself but in the man who possessed it.

Yet the spirit of Karangak's Great Knife had once bitten him. And it was quite apparent that either the spirit of the Great Knife or Karangak or perhaps both—had sought to destroy Ikyak and himself with the fury of the Negark.



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"Why will the spirit of the old man become sick?" Ikyak asked curiously.

Because the old man knows that there must be more than one Great Knife. I doc I know how he knows this, Ikyek. There are many things that an old man knows." Meksak stepped spenkieg. When these ideas were put into words they meda very little sense.

Ikyak looked at his ceesin wueder ingly. His round cheerful face seldom lost its expression of good humor, even when he was puzzeled, and now he was trying to entertaen Meksak's words. Finally he shrugged and tugged his white hood over the straggling map of black hair.

"We'll go hunt foxes then," he said. "If the old man said we should get nnother Great Knife like Knrangak's — then we'd better get it."

Meksak frowned and there was as much puzzlement in his angle eye as there was in both his ceusse's.

"The old man said there are many eech Knives," he said finally. "If Kerangak is the only hunter who has such a Knife it will be bad, but if there are many other hueters with Knives, it will be good. I don't know why that is true — any more than you do, Ikyak. But that is what the old man said."

Ikyuk thought a long time and then smiled. "I will stay hect with you, Meksak."

BACK at Agpat there were conflicting stories about the boys. No ew knr w eeu.ly who they had gone or what they were doieg. Rupanuk told everyeee that they had gone like wild nea to the ieecap to trap foxes, but no one believed this. It seemed preposterous to trap foeea in the winter, when there were no foves, they could be trapped in the spring when they were hungry and came down from the high mupelunas.

A few of the hunters thought perhaps the boys had taken girls and gone into the velley somewhere to be alone during the winter night. Inet sieee practically all the girls in the village were accounted for in one way or another this notion was given little credence.

Kulee said nothieg because she was now sure she would be a wife in the spring when Meksak came back. When the second winter moon came up she looked toward the distant mountains, glittering under scales of crusted souw and once when great clouds of an ava lanche rolled down the valley of Arnaluark Nena she watched enxiously, knowing that these slides of snow which broke off the rim and poured down the steee gerges would carry everything before them.

Most of the time she sat in her fnther's hut and chewed soukins until they were soft and pliable since she would heve the grave responsibility of making new kamike and leying the grass properly in the soles of the boots when Meksak came back in the spring.

Oet on the ieecap Meksak and Ikyak watched their fox traps. Before the ice broke up in the spring the boys had piled thor sted high with blue fox skins, and then they cnese down from the rim of the ieecap. Meksak counted his fingers ten times in each hued eed knew that there were more shees than the people of the village trapped in a season — and if three were not enough, he aed Ikyuk could return for eors.

They drove their dogs, spreading fanwise as they came down across the Arnaluark glacier out upon the rough ice but they did not turn across the sea to Agpat. Instead they headed southtoward the crimson cliffs when they had gone the summer before to look for the giant umiak of the Oogeenadleet.

This time, however, they continued beyond the red cliffs when a great cape lay like a massive paw on the teebound sea. Stretching away to the southwest was a curving coastline with jagged ledges of ice oetending into the waters of the sea, where the winter ice was already breaking up.

MEKSAK knew from what old Amarok had told him that giant umiaks sometimes came up when the spring thaw was beginning in order to hunt the first whales moving northward for summer feeding. There was no way of telling when the whale hunting Oogeenadleet would come north so there was nothing to do but wait. But Meksak and Ikyak were of a race of hunters and patience is the virtue of a hunter.

They built a skin shelter on the edge of a cliff overlooking the ice ledge close to the white cliffs of the cape and waited. There were many kinds of food since the spring had broken and the auks were coming in to nest. Along the cliffs they hunted for bird eggs lying on the ledges and dropping loops of string made of strips of soft sealskin over the heads of the birds. At times they traveled inland among the snow filled ravines, crouched above the rocks where tender shoots of wildflowers sprang up and hung the same loops trapped rabbits.

In this way they were busy and happy for many weeks during which they scraped the fox skins and softened them by chewing, which was a woman's work, but there was no woman around to help them, or to laugh with them. The boys laughed at each other but they continued to soften the skins, because the finer they were the better gifts they would make for the bearded men with the Great Knives.

The old men saw these Oogeenadleet and talked with them." Meksak explained to his cousin one day as they waited on the cliff overlooking the sea. "They are not ashamed to take another man's skins if he wants one — and since they have many Great Knives, they often throw one away. If they do this he sure to pick it up."

Ikyak thought about this. He still believed the Great Knife was the gift of the spirits of Kernegnik but perhaps the Oogeenadleet had some thing to do with the spirits. This was apparent from the things old Amarok had said to Meksak.

The chelf of the rock upon which the two boys had set up their shelter faced the west. South of them was the jetting land of the white cliffs and beyond these cliffs was the island of Saviksu, when they had chipped the stones for their knives. As the ice broke away from the shore the great bay stretching to the south beyond the white cliffs became a vast expanse of shifting ice floes, and it was across this sea that the boys gazed day after day, waiting for the giant umiak that never came.

The ice along the shore was still solid and the snow fever the winter winds was crested on the ground but Meksak began to fear the enows would melt and leave them isolated with the oldest sled dogs if the umiak did not come soon.

IKYAK who was greatly puzzled by the strange circumstances surrounding these Knives and particularly the Knife of Kretlek which caused Kuranguk to kill the old man, asked his cousin: "What did this Knife of Kretlek look like? Was it a Great Knife?"

Meksak shrugged his shoulders. He did not like to talk too much about it.

"It was an old Knife." he finally said. "Besides the old man is dead."

Ikyak looked at his cousin trying to understand from his face what he was thinking. He knew Meksak loved the old man and he also knew that Amarok had spoken only to Meksak about the Great Knives of the Oogeenadleet. Ikyak was about to ask further questions about the death of Amarok when Meksak pointed to the sea.

"Look! A great umiak!"

It was true. A sailing ship had appeared almost as if by magic, off the end of the ice and was slowly rounding the point. It was several hundred yeeds offshore but was moving toward the ice cave where the boys were standing.

"Roll up the sealskin shelter!" Meksak commanded. "It would be bad if the bearded men knew we had been waiting for them."

Ikyak quickly pulled down the seal skin shelter rolled it and stowed it on the sled beside the piles of fox skins. He kicked snow over other evidences of their encampment, and stowed everything he could find room for on the sled.

Meanwhile Meksak had quickly harnessed the dogs and now they went back to the edge of the cliff above the ice ledge to watch the whaler. It had come around inside the shelter of the jutting ledge which had hidden it from their view and the sails were lowered.

It is the Oogeenadleet!" Meksak exclaimed. He had seen a bearded man standing at the rail and looking toward the shore. In a short while a boat had been lowered over the side and several men got in and rowed to the edge of the ice ledge. They took long poles from the boat and began to spear the ice, cutting away large slabs to provide mooring space.

"They are making a hole for the umiak," Meksak said almost in a whisper — although they could have shouted and not been heard.

By this time the figures of the boys, standing on the ice ledge perhaps a half mile away, seemed to have been observed. Three of the men moved away from the ledge where the whaler was being berthed in the slot cut in the ice ledge. They were coming toward the two boys.

"What will they do, Meksak?"

Meksak found himself trembling inwardly. This was the time. He closed his eye and asked the spirit of Amarok to see to it that the bearded white men offered them a gift of a Great Knife!

THE three figures moved slowly across the ice ledge picking their way carefully, and finally came to the foot of the cliff.

"Hallo mates! Got nay water?"

Meksak understanding nothing, said nothing. In a short while the two found a ravine that cut through the side of the cliff and twisted to the chelf of rock where the boys were. They stood a moment, looking at the sled and its contents and then at the boys.

The tallest of the three, Meksak noted with restrained ecstasy, wore a red beard. All had white faces. The other two were whisk..less but he supposed it was required that only one Oogeenadleet wear a beard. The tall man suddenly pulled something from his belt that looked like a short club and it made a seal ne the head. The man held it by the knob end, suddenly there was a cracking sound like the sharp breaking of ice followed by a whining zang. Someone below shouted, and the bearded man waved his hand.

"That's just to give you an idea, mates — so you won't start anything."

Meksak, having no previous knowledge of a pistol fired the notion of what this was all about. The big men continued to grin as he walked toward the boys.

Meksak observed that the men were dressed queerly with black hoods pulled over their heads and jackets, which were certainly not the skin of any animal he had ever seen drawn about them and hanging in a ridiculous way almost to their knees. Instead of being tucked into their pants. They had hard shiny kamaks that came only partway to the knees.

"We're looking for water mates." The bearded man held his hands like a scoop, put them to his mouth and threw his head back. Meksak watched with interest, thinking it was perhaps a way of greeting. The Oogeenadleet seemed to be friendly and since there was no halfway between great danger and no danger at Meksak's experience, he ceased to have any fear. If they had intended to kill Ikyak and himself they would already have done so therefore he gave this possibility no further thought.

One of the smaller men who had been prowling around the sled let out a yell.

"Great jumpin' Jehashaphat!"

He was pointing to the pile of fox skins. The bearded man walked over and the third one followed.

"Look at 'em Mr Murdock! It's a fortune in fox furs!"

The bearded man whistled.

"Sweet Sister Sue!" he exclaimed. He turned to the two boys, both of whom were regarding the men with stoical indifference, grinning only when they were spoken to. "Do you want to sell these?"

Meksak still having no understanding of what was said, continued to grin.

"Sell 'em — hell!" the small man cried. "Wot do you think these people do with money up here Mr Murdock — eat it?"

"Shut up!" Mr Murdock turned to the other man. "Jones, go on the double and bring the skipper. This is too important for me to handle."

THE man called Jones touched his finger to his forehead and started back down the ravine through which they had climbed to the top of the cliff. Mr Murdock walked over to Meksak apparently recognizing that he was the leader of the two.

"I don't know how I can make you understand but by the Great Dipper I'm going to! Whatever you trade for up here — we've got it! You can have the whole damned ship's stores for these fox furs, mates!"

Meksak continued to grin his face rapidly stiffening into an expression of perpetual good humor. Then he walked to the sled pulled several skins from the pile and tossed them on the snow.

"They are worthless," he said "but perhaps somebody can use them to wipe the snow from his kamike. The foxes were old and had not eaten for many moons."

The chattering sounds of course meant nothing to Mr Murdock. But the fox skins did. He grabbed them from the ground tenderly shook off the snow and folded them.

Meksak to whom the exchange of gifts was regarded as a bilateral affair, e custom having a similarity, had he but known it to more widely known much ods of trading, familiar to other parts of the world — waited calmly for the bearded man to produce a Great Knife.

He saw a leather case fastened to the bearded man's belt, which he was sure contained a Great Knife, yet he knew he must wait until the Oogeenadleet should throw it on the ground indicating that it was worthless, before he or Ikyak could pick it up.

Meksak would have thrown more worthless hides on the snow In such an exchange each man knows exactly what he has to give and what the other has to give and the perfect exchange is one in which each giver is thoroughly satisfied with what he gets and no one has been shamed by the disclosure that he needs something



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Meksak was quite sure what gift would satisfy him, but he had no way of knowing how satisfying the gift of fox skins would be to the Oopernadleet. In order to determine this it was necessary to make an exploratory gesture, so he went over to the sled and pulled off another dozen fox skins, tossing them to the ground and linking them code as an indication of their worthlessness.

"Holy Mary!" the small man muttered in a faint voice. "He's giving 'em away."

Mr. Murdock gravely marched down and picked up the skins, shaking off the snow. He had no idea how long this kind of thing would go on or what the custom might be which prompted the action. But he knew what fox furs were worth and had no desire to discourage the business.

"You can have anything we got, son," he said. "Anything."

BY THIS time the man called Jones had returned, with several more men, many of whom Meksak observed to his great delight were hour oil over their faces. One man, apparently the leader, stepped forward. He was shorter than Mr. Murdock, with blue eyes and a bristling red beard.

He looked at the fox furs, and turned quickly.

"Bring some swag—quick! Biscuits—belly beef—anything you find! Might bring some slickers an' boots. Looks like they got a lot to trade." He leaned forward and inspected the pile of fox furs on the sled while Mr. Murdock spoke to him in a low voice.

"Those is knives want to trade, all right, capt'n. Must be ten thousand dollars worth on that sled!" He turned toward Meksak, whose stoical restraint had given way to some extent to curiosity. He was busying avidly at the leather case on Mr. Murdock's belt. Mr. Murdock looked down and decided Meksak wanted his belt. He unbuckled the belt, pulling off the knife sheath and thrusting it into his pocket.

"You can have that as a starter, son," he said, and handed Meksak the belt.

Meksak's fixed grin did not change. He took the belt, held it in his hands for a minute and then handed it back. Then he went over and pulled off another bundle of fox furs. Mr. Murdock scratched his ear.

"I don't know what in hell he wants now, capt'n. He seemed to like the belt at first—but maybe they don't wear 'em up here."

The captain signaled to Mr. Murdock, who went to the edge of the cliff and bellowed down to the men who were bringing up a bundle of goods.

"Bring some more junk—bring every thing you can find in the ship's locker."

A large box had been dragged up the side of the ravine and across the snow. Meksak watched, saying nothing. It now occurred to him from the way the Oopernadleet were talking among themselves, that perhaps the fox skins were not good enough as gifts, or maybe there were not enough skins. He watched closely through the slit of his one good eye to catch any sign of dissatisfaction.

Mr. Murdock looked through the box.

"There's not much that's worth anything to these people, capt'n," he said. He pulled out a slab of bacon and looked around for a knife. One of the sailors handed him a long knife—exactly like the one he had shoved in his pocket. He cut off two thick slices and handed them to the boys, sticking the knife in his belt.

Meksak was almost in tears as he watched the Great Knife disappear. He took the pieces of meat handed one to Ikyak, and started to chew on the other, believing now that the gift of fox skins was not enough for the bearded man.

"They'll like that, skipper," the short man said. "Anything that's got fat on it."

Meksak almost choked, and the tears actually came to his eyes this time as he bit into the bacon. It was salty! He wiped away the tears quickly with his fist, although it was not cold enough to freeze his eye, for he feared to offend the Oopernadleet in any way.

It was impossible, however, to eat the stuff. The bearded white men must soak everything in the sea, he thought. He stole a glance at Ikyak and found that his cousin—shiniest of any offense it might give—had spit out the bacon, almost retching as he did so.

MEKSAK was now fearful that any further delay might cause the bearded men to leave—and with them would go the last hope of getting a Great Knife. He could see the others looking at the skins and his heart died within him when he saw the man who was the leader lift one of the fox skins and examine it.

"Worth a hundred dollars apiece in Boston," the captain muttered.

Mr. Murdock was at his wits' end. He had tried boxes of sea biscuit, rum, hats, rubber boots. Meksak had looked at each article as it was laid out, but since it had not been tossed away he knew it would be impolite to show interest, so he handed each article back to the first mate. Otherwise, these men would believe he had nothing worth while of his own. And so he made no effort to inspect the objects in detail, although several interested him, particularly the boots. They shone like melting ice, and were some thing hard.

"I'm damned if I know what they want, capt'n," Mr. Murdock said finally. "The big fellow with one eye seemed to like the belt—and since he threw off the pelts I guess we can keep 'em and I'll give him my belt when we go."

He instructed the men to pile the skins Meksak had pulled off the sled onto the box with other equipment and return to the ship. Meanwhile he kept a sidelong glance on Meksak to see if he reacted to this procedure.

"We want to be fair and square, capt'n," he told the skipper. "We can't trade with these fellows unless they want to trade—the government won't allow it. But how in hell can you trade if they won't trade anything?"

The captain shrugged.

"Take what furs we have, Mr. Murdock—and leave the rest," he said, gazing regretfully at the piles of fox skins still stacked on the sled. Then he turned and followed the men down the ravine. Mr. Murdock had stopped for a last look at the load of fox skins, and observed Meksak staring intently at the knife which he had thrust in his belt. He pulled it out.

"Take that too, mate," he said, tossing it handle first. Meksak made no effort to catch it, and the knife fell to the ground.

NOW they are making a gift—in the proper way, Meksak thought. He stooped to pick up the knife. Then he quickly walked over to the sled and tossed off an armful of skins.

"My God!" Mr. Murdock yelled, enlightenment suddenly flooding his mind. "Get some knives!" he roared after the retreating sailors, who were dragging the box down the ravine.

He turned to Meksak. "Stay here, mates—I'll be back!" He started running after the others, still calling out, "Get some knives! Get some knives!"

"They are angry," Meksak said to his cousin. "Let's leave quickly—or they will come and take back the gift of the Great Knife."

The shining knife was wrapped tenderly in a sealskin and put quickly into the sled pack.

"We must leave the skins, or the spirits of the Oopernadleet will take back the Great Knife or perhaps make it useless," Meksak said. They dumped the fox skins into the snow, and Meksak shouted at the dogs.

Mr. Murdock was peering over the edge of the ravine at a dead run, his coat flapping about his knees, as Meksak got the dogs started. The runners broke free and soon the sled was skimming across the snow, heading inland away from the coast.

The last the boys saw of the Oopernadleet was the bearded man standing beside the pile of fox skins, and waving at them. Mr. Murdock held up a handful of knives, but the boys never saw them.

"It was well that we left as we did, Ikyak," he said to his cousin. "The Oopernadleet were angry because the skins were not good. Perhaps they will find enough good skins among the ones we left and will accept them as a gift." ★

This story will be included in the book The Knife by Theon Wright, to be published later by Julian Messner, Inc., New York.



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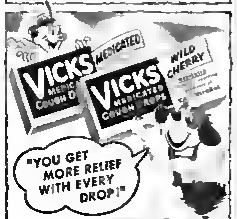
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What You Don't Know About Your Blood

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

sometimes crosses over from the mother's circulatory system to the baby's, where they begin destroying the vital red corpuscles of the baby's own blood. The remedy is to give a massive exchange transfusion immediately after birth in which almost all of the baby's blood is withdrawn and replaced by blood of the mother a type that won't be destroyed by the maternal antibodies.

Luckily for the Robertsons Red Cross doctors had year earlier discovered that twenty-one unknown possessors of the rare blood type the Robertson baby needed. All are métis living near Edmonton, and all are closely related. The long chain of heredity that produced the unusual blood stretches back to the chance migration of a single Iroquois west from Montreal to the west. Thus, plus the other ancestors of history and fate left to a unique mingling of Iroquois, Cree, French and Scottish blood which in the twenty-one cases so far discovered corresponded in the two of the mysterious, hereditarily determined *Rh* antigens found in the blood of nearly everyone else in the world.

The complicated last rites of giving it—and the gift of life for a little girl—are only two of the latest triumphs by researchers. Three branches of science which really began to make progress barely fifty years ago reached spectacular broth through with the identification of the *Rh* factor in the early 1940s. This has enabled physicians to save thousands of infant and adult lives. It has prevented uncounted cases of cerebral palsy which transforms a child into an almost helpless invalid. It has given normal growth to children who otherwise might have been doomed to near-idiocy had they lived. And it has given at least the suggestion that tendencies toward certain ailments may be blueprinted on our blood cells from the moment we are conceived. All these discoveries have opened up further avenues of research.

As a result of this research once-hopeless ailments can sometimes be corrected with sureness and ease by blood transfusions. In Victoria, B.C., a housewife in her early forties had born four healthy children but had long suffered from repeated, dangerous internal bleeding. Two years ago her doctor recommended a hysterectomy—the surgical removal of the affected reproductive organs. Before the operation the patient's blood was tested for its supply of red corpuscles. The red count in this case was low—drained away by the condition the operation was intended to correct. But the test was routine—with a routine solution just give a transfusion to bring the red count up again.

But for this Victoria mother the routine answer didn't work. After the transfusion she had chill and fever plus a mild jaundice, and there was no increase in the red count. She was still no better after a second transfusion.

At this point her doctor called in the Red Cross transfusion service. A sample of the woman's blood was sent to Vancouver to be tested for all nine of the known systems that ordinarily make one blood different from another. The woman had been receiving blood transfusions from time to time for nineteen years and tests revealed that some where along the line she had been given blood from a person with a set of antigens in his blood exactly opposite to hers. Everyone has a particular set of antigens in his blood, called the Duffy system, which infrequently complicates transfusions.

In the Victoria housewife the meeting of these opposite antigens had set up what scientists call an "immune reaction." The blood presents the intrusion of a strange factor and begins manufacturing substances to destroy it; this is roughly what happens when the body fights a grim infection. These are called antibodies—in the *Rh* and Duffy or whatever the offending factor may be. They often remain in the blood for years; if the first that first brought them into being are gain introduced the red corpuscles in transfused blood may be destroyed in the ensuing fight.

This was what was happening to the ailing housewife. Even after the mismating factor was identified as one of the Duffy antigens her case wasn't easy. She also happened to be *Rh* negative, which ruled out eighty-five percent of all possible blood donors at the start. Somewhere among the fifteen percent of Victoria or Vancouver people who, like the patient, were *Rh* negative, one had to be found whose blood was also compatible in Duffy factors. It took a lot of trying but the right blood was obtained. The operation was a success.

You Don't Mix With Animals

Finding how to unlock such mysteries of the blood cells has taken medical science three centuries, but the first two and a half were spent wandering up the blind alleys of ignorance and scientific dogma. The first reported attempt at a transfusion with human blood dates from 1654. A few years later a Frenchman described how he had given a transfusion of lambs' blood to a fifteen year old boy with great success. For the next half century transfusions of lambs' and calves' blood were an accepted part of the physicians' repertory. Then, when it became widely evident that more patients languished and/or died than got better such transfusions fell into disrepute.

It wasn't until 1875 that a French scientist named Landois noticed what actually does happen if you mix the blood of different species of mammals. In nearly every case the red corpuscles gather at once into lifeless clumps. Landois quickly determined that the substance causing this agglutination is in the fluid part or serum of the blood. The work of the great microbe hunters was already well known so that scientists immediately recognized the clumping as an immune reaction like the ones they had previously observed with bacteria. And that ended attempts to cure suffering humanity with animal blood.

Unfortunately people had a baffling habit of becoming violently ill or dying after human blood transfusions too. Further light didn't break until 1900 and when it did come it was just a passing mention in a technical paper with a German title. Motivated by the divine curiosity that stirs scientists into historic discoveries, Dr. Karl Landsteiner (the paper's author) began by asking six of his friends if he could have samples of their blood.

Landsteiner carefully separated the corpuscles from the serum in each sample. Then he mixed the six lots of corpuscles with the serums in all possible combinations. In some cases, he found, the red cells promptly fell into the familiar ugly clumps. But in others they continued to float happily and normally in individuals. In the patient tradition of research Landsteiner tabulated the results opposite the details of each mixture. Then he set down to think out an explanation.

What he had discovered—as a Nobel Prize recognized thirty years later—was the fundamental division of all human blood into three main types with a fourth which is a combination of two of the others. His experiment has meant that a human life can be saved by a single transfusion or, in the case of a woman in Camrose, Alta.—by nearly a hundred and thirty such transfusions given over four years. His type names are still in use—the terse, A, B, AB or O that appears on army identification disks or on blood-donor cards in your purse or wallet.

The trouble earlier doctors had with their hit and miss transfusions of human blood is explained by the fact that it we develop soon after birth certain serum antibodies which fight the invasion of a foreign blood group. Thus a person with A blood has antibodies that will destroy B blood, and vice versa. In a transfusion the serum of one blood attacks the corpuscles of the other. The victim gets chills, fever and the symptoms of jaundice. But the worst effect is the strain on organs such as the kidneys which try to get rid of the clumps of red cells. If the load is too heavy the patient dies.

On the other hand O blood often can be transfused to other types with perfect safety. For a long time people with O blood were believed to be "universal donors." Later experiments—some tragic—proved this a mistake. But O blood which is also *Rh* negative is sometimes unmatched when a transfusion must be given swiftly and the proper type of blood is not available.

No troubles are encountered in well over ninety-nine percent of the cases requiring transfusions but it's the other one percent that can cause dramatic transcontinental flights and have opened a whole new branch of human biology. After Landsteiner's first discovery of the main blood types, it was found that there are also subgroups of these types, and that blood types are inherited.

What makes all this so remarkable is that blood groups are determined by tiny particles on the red cell surface—the expression of the genes of which we inherit half from each parent. With such obvious features as blue or brown eyes, it's pretty easy to look at a family and work out the hereditary pattern. But the genes themselves (which are also responsible for eye color) cannot be told apart even by the most powerful electron microscopes. All the blood researcher can do is make varying combinations of serums and corpuscles, and then sit down to think about them in the light of previously known facts or to suggest new interpretations from his findings. It's roughly the same method a blind man would have to use to find objects in a strange room—if you put boxing gloves on him before you let him in.

How well the researchers have done their job is demonstrated by the number of gene pairs they have identified. Thirty years ago only one a single type would have been just one capital letter—unless he was group AB. Last month a Toronto doctor showed me the graphing card he now carries. It reads like this —

O MNSs P+ Lu(a—) Le (a— b+)
K— Fy(f—) Jk (a— b—) CDe CDe
Saliva secretor of H

Nine main group systems are commonly used, involving well over twenty that number of genes, which can be arranged in thousands of combinations. In fact the specialist blood group laboratory can now differentiate where necessary among 303,256 different hereditary gene patterns. Most of these are of little importance to physician since they don't often affect transfusions. Some were first discovered because laboratory experts took red vantage of the incompatibility of animal serums with human cells. The MN genes—or rather the antigens by which the genes make their presence known—were identified, for instance, using serum from rabbits. And the *Rh* groups (identified in the laboratory above by the symbols CDe/CDe) got their name from the fact they were discovered in tests with rhesus monkeys.

What Makes a Backward Child?

This was the find that saved not only the Robertson baby in California but countless others. Until it was identified doctors had been baffled by a well known set of symptoms that preceded the death of a new born baby in up to three percent of all infant fatalities. Such vague terms as congenital anemia of the newborn described the results while doing nothing to stop the massive destruction of red cells in the baby's blood. *Rh* antibodies are now recognized not only as a common cause of these deaths, but also as one cause of cerebral palsy and other agonizing conditions. In milder cases there can still be a devastating effect on some nerve tissue in the brain which according to Dr. George Miller of the Canadian Red Cross, undoubtedly accounts for a lot of mental deficiency."

Every once in a while," Miller points out, "you'll find in a perfectly normal family a mentally retarded child. If you were to test that child, you might find his *Rh* type is different from the mother's.

Recent medical writing has tried to



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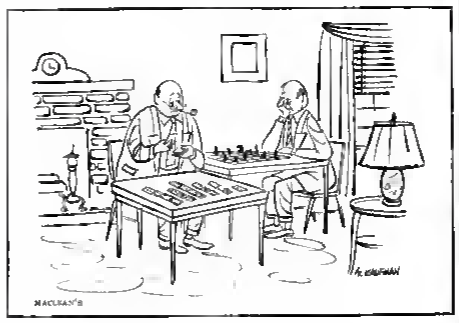
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alert all physicians to fairly common danger signals in childbirth— mild neonatal jaundice, for example As a first rule no minimum safety Miller insists every pregnant woman should have an Rh blood typing— a routine procedure with most obstetricians. About four hundred thousand mothers in Canada will have such a check this year but if past figures can be taken as a gauge—about sixty thousand others won't Aware of the perils that could befall this minority group the Ontario government was the first to set up a free blood typing service for such cases When their man incompatibility between parents the Red Cross will follow up with further tests for antibodies and with the right type of blood for transfusions

Sweeping as these advancements have been, the most general achievement in blood research today can be matched in many other branches of medicine Take, as a seven year-old boy on the west coast, for instance, who at birth given by routinely went to hospital for a transfusion The victim of a rare blood ailment he has to have his blood constantly replenished

Given blood testers that never give clinical trouble when have a practical application One of in determining paternity Everything from the inheritance of a fortune to the settlement of an armed mother's support of her child may depend on blood tests. Once an error where a mother is convinced her child has been switched with another in hospital, and there have been several where their child has turned up years after a kidnapping In all of them the blood group specialist has been called in to help establish identity

The Case of a Jealous Husband

The only certain result of such blood tests is to prove that a man could not have been the father of a specific child The most that can be said on the other side is that he may well have been the parent, along with all other men of his blood type Usually a positive blood test is valuable only in support of other evidence In certain rare cases however fatherhood can be proved beyond all reasonable doubt provided—according to one report by British researchers R R. Race and Ruth Sanger the brothers of the accused have alibis.

At the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto, Dr W J. Donohue says his department is called on for a paternity test once or twice a month. About a third of the requests come from jealous husbands looking for evidence of a wife's real or imagined infidelity In nearly every case the wife is proved vindicated—unless the husband is prepared to believe that she coolly and thoughtfully selected a paramour of the same blood groups as his own. The opposite is also true Most blood group laboratories have records of at least one case where a child could not apparently have been the offspring of its legal father The records are, of course, confidential

These exhaustive tests are possible only in well stocked laboratories where a wide variety of antiserums of known types are kept Every organization tries to make its collection as complete as possible but the gathering of serums is partly a matter of chance No laboratory knows on any morning what rare antibody may turn up in a routine blood sample by nightfall

Some are so rare it to be unique At least three cases have been reported of obscure blood factors confined to a single family Dr Tom Brown, pathologist to the Wellesley division of the Toronto General Hospital, found himself in the throes of a case involving such a rarity last year The patient, a young housewife, needed a transfusion To the consternation of the hospital lab her serum promptly agglutinated every sample of blood to which it was added Scores of cross matches were tried off with the same result And though the hospital has lots of serums for typing none could identify the factor responsible Finally, a sample of the mysterious blood was sent to a Chicago laboratory, which went through the same depressing run of failures

Then a Chicago doctor remembered a paper published in 1951 by Dr. Philip Levine a leader in blood research whose laboratory is in New Jersey It told the story of a sixty-six-year-old woman whose serum had agglutinated every one of the five thousand blood samples that Levine (who rarely a patient man) had tried it on. Levine concluded that his subject had a previously unrecognized gene. Since then only five families in the world had been found to possess it one in Japan one in Poland others in three other countries

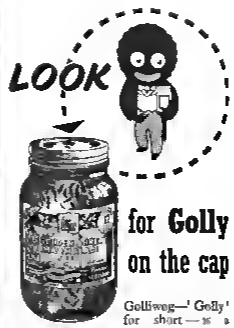
Now a sample of the Toronto patient's blood was identified by Levine as a further example of the rare antibody matibody This process had taken months and, fortunately for the woman, her doctors had found a treatment that didn't demand a transfusion. But the identification underlined a riddle that almost defies solution It's a bedrock assumption of science that genes are transmitted by heredity and that accidental changes in them or mutations, are the cause of new ones appearing What causes the mutations no one really knows, although atomic rays, atomic radiation and physical damage have been suggested.

How then, does the same gene appear in families of three different races, scattered over the entire length of the globe, who are not known to be related to each other? Does the accidental lightning of mutation strike in exactly the same way at widely separated times and places? This is one of the problems that research seeks to solve. Doctors would also like to know whether there is any relation between blood types and the ailments people get.

In the case of the woman with the rare Type gene it was thought there might be a link with the fact that she had cancer of the stomach (The "T" in the name was chosen to stand for "tumor!") But other Type genetypes turned out to be free of cancer For a time researchers tried to read significance into the high incidence of tuberculosis in the Alberta *metis* whose blood saved the Banting-Best baby in Indianapolis But it happens with the same type of blood were apparently not abnormally susceptible to the disease

There are some certainties, however in the never-ending quest to solve the mysteries of our blood Next year about 160 000 patients across Canada will need blood transfusions That the Red Cross alone will collect four hundred thousand pints from volunteer donors of which a quarter of a million battles at least will be used in transfusions of whole blood The rest will be turned into serum albumin gamma globulin and other needed blood fractions. Among those 160 000 cases at least a few will challenge all the ingenuity of modern science to solve them Any one of them may result in a spectacular hunt for a rare type of donor and a dramatic dash to deliver the blood in time

More dramatically still, any one of the blood samples collected could conceivably contain a unique and hitherto unknown factor that would explain some of the still unsolved riddles of heredity and medicine and lead to better health or a new cure. ★



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The Doctor Who Won't Take "NO" For An Answer

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

health rules if people don't know about them or won't follow them?

Bates often worries about the public's irrational attitude toward illness. People will gladly give millions to treat the victims of disease but they won't spend thousands to prevent illness in the first place he frames. He often illustrates this by describing a visit he made to a many service club several years ago The club had two committees for boys work Committee No 1 operated a boys' camp which served unpasteurized milk Committee No 2 provided splints, braces special boots and invalid chairs to crippled children, many of whose bowed their deformities to drinking raw milk This club would not support Bates' campaign for compulsory pasteurization

We've lost sight at the maxim that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure says Bates

The agency through which Bates hopes to change the state of affairs is the Health League of Canada—a voluntary organization of 3 131 physicians and laymen The Health League has had various names since its inception but almost forty years ago but Bates has always been its director— a position that pays him some thousand dollars a year This is about a fifth of what Bates was earning when he was in physician in private practice as a young man and about a third of what he might earn in a similar capacity now He is philosophical about his income I sometimes think I'm an idiot, he says, but I could never resist the business of organizing to get things done that need doing

He Has Millions of Words

The Health League's annual budget is about a hundred thousand dollars half of which comes from the Community Chest of Greater Toronto and the rest in the form of federal and provincial grants, donations, membership fees and the sale of health literature With this money which Bates regards as shamefully inadequate—the Health League puts out Health a magazine with a monthly circulation of thirty five thousand which is largely written by doctors issues hundreds of varieties of health posters and pamphlets sends releases to newspapers, magazines, radio and TV stations sparks speeches forums, panel discussions and deputations to public health authorities, and pays a staff of sixteen workers. In one recent week, the Health League's headquarters a ramshackle three story former residence in downtown Toronto mailed out eight million pages of health propaganda

Bates is the kingpin of the organization He works in a large somber old fashioned office which was once a rooming bedroom He sits perched at a large dark wooden table piled high with clutter of papers. A constant flow of visitors is screened by Mabel Farrell deputy director of the Health League who has worked with Bates far more than thirty years and is also the managing editor of Health Most of the visitors have a professional interest in health They may include a social worker from Germany a doctor in charge of venereal disease control in India a medical health officer from rural Alberta. Directors of the Health League also drop in to chat Consider ing its total membership the Health League probably has more directors than any other organization in the world, there are more than two hundred, among them some of the most prominent people in Canada

Bates constantly keeps in touch with his branches in Montreal Quebec City Regina and Vancouver Once the Health League had four times that number of branches, but many of the causes that Bates first espoused are now being cared for in part by voluntary health organizations and government health departments

Much of Bates' time is spent perusing writing editorials for Health pamphlets, letters to the editor and speeches. He has delivered as many as three hundred speeches in three months.

Bates didn't intend to spend his life as a public health crusader He was cast in that role by accident In 1916 he was conducting a busy private practice as well as teaching pathology and bacteriology at the University of Toronto He was one of the few doctors at the time who could perform the Wassermann test to detect syphilis, and was known as a specialist in venereal diseases. His services were constantly being sought by army medical authorities. Never one to keep his opinions to himself Bates was soon criticizing the army for sloppy handling of the VD problem If you can suggest a better program go ahead with it, he was told by a high ranking army officer The upshot was that Bates joined the army in 1916 as a captain and was put in charge of all VD control in military district No 2 with headquarters in Toronto

This was the dark age of venereal



dimensi Since gradualness decreed that the subject should be discussed people didn't know the symptoms even if they did they were unaware of the necessity for early treatment. There were few clinics. Many victims who started treatment gave up before they were cured In those days the standard therapy for syphilis was the tackle 606 an arsenic compound injection which had to be continued for months and perhaps years. Helped by the cloak of secrecy infection spread like wildfire. About thirteen percent of first admissions to Toronto hospitals were syphilitic so were thirteen percent of the inmates of jails, thirty-five percent of the patients in mental hospitals, twenty-five percent of the people in institutions for the blind. At Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children, five percent of the children had inherited syphilis.

A routine checkup on a woman who entered the Toronto General Hospital with gall stones showed that she had syphilis. Her family history showed her husband had died of the same condition, of her eleven children seven were mentally affected.

As an army medical officer Bates came face to face with the full dimensions of the VD problem. An entire floor of the old Toronto military hospital at Gerrard St. East was occupied by venereal cases. New cases were being admitted every day. "I felt helpless," recalls Bates. "We were treating VD as an army problem when in reality it was a social problem." To get hospital reports from army and civilian health officials Bates carefully organized five hundred syphilis patients. He discovered that half the men had become infected by women whom they had casually picked up in Toronto. The others had contracted the disease in various parts of Canada and in the U.S., France, Egypt, South Africa and Cuba. Some of the men had been ill for as long as two years.

The city of Montreal topped all for prostitution. Bates investigation soon 1917 he went there to study local conditions. He discovered that prostitution was highly organized. He made a whirlwind tour of the houses of prostitution, accompanied by Colonel M. Lasserman, VD control officer in Montreal. He had his eyes opened. In the downtown district surrounding the Montreal General Hospital (where twenty-six percent of the patients had venereal disease) there were five hundred houses of prostitution. Bates tried unsuccessfully to arouse local opinion in getting the houses shut down. "Typical was the response he got from a highly placed church authority. "Why write your time trying to close them? Those houses have always existed and they will continue to exist."

He had better luck in Toronto. He called a meeting of the city hall and invited a number of prominent citizens to discuss his findings. Sir Joseph Flavelle, the philanthropist, Fred Paul, editor of "Saturday Night," Albert Smythe of the Toronto World and J. A. MacDonald of the Globe were among those who promptly responded. But many others. Joseph Atkinson, proprietor of the Toronto Star, refused. "That's not the kind of thing to talk about in public." Atkinson insisted.

At the meeting Bates described the seriousness of the VD scourge. A program of education must be launched, he said. "Treatment must be made compulsory. Clinics must be provided." His attacked newspapers for silence. "You fellows are largely responsible for the present mess," he declared, "because of your refusal to discuss venereal disease in your columns." Bates' words impressed the Globe's editor J. A. MacDonald. "You will never be able to say that again," he said. "Watch tomorrow's paper." The next morning MacDonald published an editorial using the words syphilis and gonorrhea. This was the first time they had appeared in a Canadian daily newspaper. Emboldened by MacDonald's lead, other papers began to discuss VD openly. They have done so ever since.

Sir William Hearst, then premier of Ontario, read chart the city hall meeting and asked Bates to meet with his cabinet. At the end of a two hour session Hearst said: "I want you to write a piece of legislation that will control the spread of VD." No lawyer Bates assembled a committee of lawyers, judges and doctors and with their help wrote the Venereal Diseases Prevention Act of Ontario. It became law in June 1918. It was the first legislation of its kind in North America and was soon to be widely copied. The act required that physicians report every case of VD to the local health officer. Patients had to continue taking treatment until they were cured, failure to do so was punishable by five hundred dollar fine or a year's imprisonment. Persons other than qualified physicians were not allowed to treat VD in advertise cures. This was to outlaw the army of quacks preying on VD sufferers.

With the act in force Bates realized his task had only begun. Hundreds of patients were seeking treatment and there were no facilities for them. Through his committee an unofficial disease in MD 2 he persuaded the federal government in 1919 to call provincial and army health officers together. Sir Robert Borden, then prime minister, was among those who attended. Also present as a secretary was a slim young man named Vincent Massey, later to become the governor-general of Canada. The conference bore fruit. Ottawa agreed to pay $200,000 to the provinces to fight VD. These were the first federal health grants of the kind in Canada. Another result was the formation at the Canadian National Council for Combatting Venereal Disease. This was to be a voluntary organization, partly subsidized by the government, with Bates as the secretary. It was the beginning of the Health League of Canada (although the Health League name was not adopted until 1933).

With money and an organization, Bates flooded the country with posters, pamphlets and speakers. In 1921 he hired Mrs. Emmaline Pankhurst, the famous English suffragette who was then living in retirement in Victoria with her three children. Sharing the platform with Bates in hundreds of cities and towns, Mrs. Pankhurst pleased with men and women to fight VD together. She knew how to handle interruptions. Once a drunken heckler shouted at her: "Don't you wish you were a man?" She shot back: "Don't you wish you were?"

A Big Money Speech

In 1932 the Health League ran into a crisis. The federal government without warning discontinued its grant. Money had to be raised quickly. Turning over different revenue producing schemes in his mind, Bates recalled "The End of the Road," a silent film dealing with VD made during the first war by the U.S. government and the YMCA. Many people advised Bates against showing "The End of the Road." "After all," they said, "it's a silent and this is the age of talkies." But he persisted and more than one million Canadians saw the film. It influenced thousands of VD sufferers to take treatment.

Through refurbishing "The End of the Road" Bates became involved in film making. Columbia Pictures took him to Hollywood where he supervised the script and shooting of another VD film called "Damaged Lives." Bates appears in the last thirty minutes of this picture delivering a spirited lecture on VD. These two films netted the Health League $40,000—enough to tide it over the financial crisis.

Thanks to Bates, hundreds of VD treatment centres sprang up in Canada. The public was now fully alerted to the dangers of neglect. Because of these facilities and the advent of penicillin and other new drugs the VD problem has all but vanished. For the last seven years the Health League's Social Hygiene Division has been virtually inactive. Bates says: "The old moral argument that we used to use to venereal disease that the wages of sin is death has expired. Now we live a moral life because it's desirable."

While revenge from the films kept the Health League going for a few years, Bates felt the federal government had been mistaken in cutting off the league's subsidy as well as the health grants to the provinces. He organized a committee and got an interview with Prime Minister Mackenzie King and his cabinet. Health is a provincial matter, said King. Bates would not admit defeat. He sent back reminders hungry and stayed in Ottawa. For six weeks he worked twelve hours a day pounding at the door of every member of parliament and senator. He succeeded in convincing all but two (ironically they were both doctors) that it had been an error to cut off the health grants. Not long after, King met Bates. "I was wrong about those grants," he admitted. "The House is against me. How much do you want?" An offshoot of Bates' six week whirlwind campaign on Parliament Hill survives to this day. It is the Parliamentary Committee on Health made up of MPs and senators of all parties. Bates is the secretary.

According to Bates the main task of a voluntary organization such as the Health League is to espouse an unpopular cause. For political reasons governments are usually reluctant to sponsor certain measures—no matter how admirable—unless they are popular. The pasteurization of milk is an example. This was to be Bates' next big crusade. In brief, the main facts about milk pasteurization are these: many diseases are spread by drinking unpasteurized milk. The source of infection may be a sick cow, a clean dairy utensils or unhealthy milk handlers. Pasteurization is a simple process by which disease producing germs can be destroyed without affecting the nutrition in milk.

Before 1938 no Canadian province and relatively few municipalities had compulsory pasteurization. Bates was alarmed by this. He knew that between 1906 and 1933 there were at least forty tight milk-borne epidemics in Canada. One of them—a typhoid fever epidemic in Montreal—led to five thousand cases of illness and five hundred deaths. According to Bates calculations about ten thousand Canadians were getting undulant fever each year, some with fatal results from drinking raw milk.

Bates began agitating for compulsory pasteurization in the early Thirties. In 1936 accompanied by the provincial J. P. Birkall of Toronto and publisher Joseph Atkinson of the Toronto Star, he visited Premier Mitchell Hepburn of Ontario. "I can't bring in that law," Hepburn said. "I'd be robbing myself of rural votes." He was referring to the fact that farmers and dairymen would resent pasteurization because it took time and cost money. Hepburn observed that he could advocate pasteurization only if there was a strong public demand. "Will you introduce a law if I create the public demand for it?" asked Bates. Hepburn said he would.

For the next two years working through a committee under the chairmanship of Dr. Alan Brown, the Toronto pediatrician, Bates inundated Ontario with anti-raw-milk propaganda. Finally in 1938 Hepburn introduced a bill making pasteurization compulsory in Ontario. Bates had won his battle.

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"Millions are flirting with sickness and death—by drinking unpasteurized milk"

ganda. The campaign reached a climax at a dinner at the home of J. P. Birkett which was attended by Mitchell Hepburn, Sir James Dunn, the financier, and Dr. Alan Brown. At one point they were arguing about Bates and his fight for pasteurization. Brown said to Hepburn: "If you really want to know why we need pasteurization, come to the Hospital for Sick Children at eleven o'clock tomorrow morning." At the hospital the next day, Brown took Hepburn through a ward where there were children with terrible loss of the glands, kidneys and bones—the results of drinking raw milk. He turned to the premier of Ontario. "Mitch," he said angrily, "if you had an ounce of guts this sort of thing would stop." In 1938 Hepburn introduced a compulsory pasteurization law for Ontario. He first province in Canada to adopt such a measure. Cases of bovine tuberculosis are now seldom seen at the Hospital for Sick Children.

The Ontario law gave impetus to pasteurization all over Canada. In 1915 Bates worked with Premier T. C. Douglas of Saskatchewan to introduce a similar act. Earlier he was invited to Vancouver and engaged in a month-long marathon of speeches and meetings. Pasteurization became the law in Vancouver within a month. Earlier, too, while in Saint John, N.B., Bates so successfully propagandized the local board of health that it enacted a pasteurization law within two weeks.

Bates is still highly vocal on pasteurization. He points out that right Canadian provinces are without compulsory laws. Municipal laws are not good enough since raw milk filters in from surrounding areas. Hampered by lack of funds, the Health League has been unable to survey the milk situation thoroughly but Bates says millions of Canadians are still "flirting with sickness and death" by drinking unpasteurized milk.

If was Bates' fight against diphtheria that earned him a world-wide reputation in public health. Because it is so contagious and so often fatal, diphtheria had always been one of the most feared diseases. Then in 1925 Dr. Gustav Ramon of France discovered the anti-diphtheria toxoid. Injections provided almost certain immunization against the disease. That was the year Canada, with a population of nine million, had ten thousand cases of diphtheria, resulting in thirteen hundred deaths. Yet four years after toxoid became available diphtheria still occurred to be a menace. In 1929 Toronto reported one thousand cases, including sixty-four deaths. "It's plain murder!" said Bates. "Every one of those deaths could have been avoided."

In 1930 he set up a citizens' Diphtheria Toxoid Committee headed by John Patterson, a Toronto advertising executive whose only son had died of the disease. The committee spread the message that diphtheria could be banished by immunization. Clergymen preached it from their pulpits; teachers talked about it in their classrooms; children were sent home bearing pamphlets, posters blossomed forth on street corners. The crusade paid off in a spectacular way. The year 1940 passed—ten years after the formation of the Diphtheria Toxoid Committee—without a single case of diphtheria in Toronto. It was the first city with a population of more than half a million to achieve this distinction. Using the lessons learned in Toronto, Bates then organized a National Immunization Week which spread to every community in Canada. Diphtheria is no longer a serious menace. In 1953 in Canada there were only one hundred and thirty-two cases reported.

Bates is far less satisfied with the fight to vanquish whooping cough. The vaccine for whooping cough is not as effective as the toxoid for diphtheria. It is not a dramatic disease and it is difficult to get public support for research. He often compares whooping cough with polio. "Both diseases are equally prevalent, both diseases can have serious after-effects," he says. Yet the money spent on whooping cough is infinitesimal compared to what is spent on polio."

On at least one occasion Bates personally intervened to change the situation. In 1951 the Canadian March of Dimes, interested in fighting polio, announced it was embarking on a public appeal for funds which might realize a million dollars or more. This made me hopping mad," says Bates. He felt they were out to raise a ridiculously large amount of money considering the other tasks that were being neglected. He urged the public, in newspapers, editorial and to give money to the March of Dimes. The editorial appeared in Hershey Magazine and several daily newspapers a few days before the opening of the fund. Instead of collecting millions, the campaign barely took in enough to meet expenses. "I tried to ruin that campaign and I did," says Bates. The upshot of Bates' outburst was that the Canadian March of Dimes was reorganized. Under a new board of directors it is now one of the most efficiently managed voluntary health organizations in Canada.

Bates' most recent battle has been with the anti-fluoridationists. It started in 1953. Hundreds of scientific reports convinced him that adding sodium fluoride to the water supply was a safe and efficient method of preventing tooth decay. To make certain he was on the right track he questioned ninety-two of the leading medical schools in Canada and the United States. They were overwhelmingly in favor of fluoridation. He left Ottawa with a barrage of pro-fluoridation facts via editorials in Health Magazine, pamphlets, letters to the editor. He spoke at dozens of meetings. His activities influenced the Canadian Medical Association to endorse fluoridation. He was merciless in his attacks. "You should know better—you've only got one tooth left in your mouth," he hurled at one Toronto anti-fluoridationist. The fight over fluoridation is still going on and Bates is still in the thick of it.

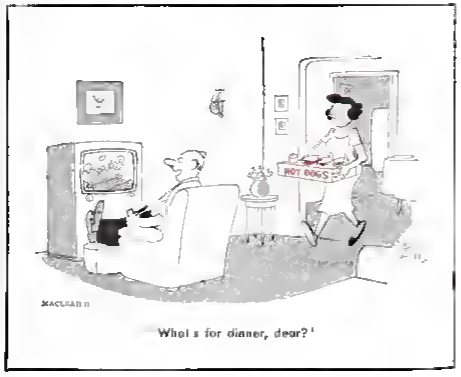
How He Became a Crusader

By background Bates is well prepared to join battle with the anti-fluoridationists or any other group that happens to be opposing his current cause. His father was a Hamilton eye, ear, nose and throat specialist; several other relatives were also doctors. After graduating from the University of Toronto medical school at twenty-one he became the assistant of Dr. Sam Cummings, a famous and wealthy Toronto surgeon.

Working with Cummings gave him enough leisure time to pursue other interests. To broaden his knowledge he enrolled in the university as an arts student. "I was meeting too many people who knew more than I did," he explains. He also became a professional writer, contributing a weekly syndicated column on science to twelve Canadian newspapers. Later he gave these up to open a practice and to teach at the University of Toronto. It was when he joined the army as a medical officer in 1916 and came up against the VD problem that his crusading instincts were first aroused. "Since then," says Bates, "it's been one thing after another."

In contrast to his public life, Bates' private life is agreeably tranquil. He has two daughters and one son, all married. None of them is in medicine. He lives with his wife and one of his daughters in a seven-room house on a hilly half-acre in Moore Park in the central part of Toronto. When he is not plugging health in agenda-time reading, painting, playing golf, gardening or keeping his car spick and span. He drinks milk not because he likes it but because "it's good for you." He also frequently gives up smoking because he thinks it's bad for you. But when working under pressure he may smoke a pack of cigarettes a day. His own health, he says, is exceptionally good.

"That's because I work so hard trying to solve other people's health problems. I've got no time to worry about myself," he explains. ★



"What's for dinner, dear?"



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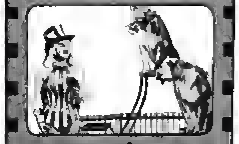


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A New Blueprint For Confederation

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

Saskatchewan In the past have been the Good Boys of federal provincial conferences while Quebec has been the Bad Boy It was a shock even to Saskatchewan s Tommy Douglas, a CCFer with an great faith in Liberals, to attend a conference where Quebec seemed to have the role of Jack Horner and get more plums than anybody else. As for Duplessis Campbell and his loyal Grits at Manitoba they were the most indignant of all when the October conference opened

But the key to success or failure lay with none of these minor figures, it lay with the two giants of the centre. Most of all it depended on the big, genial, grey haired man with the slow quiet voice, Leslie Frost of Ontario

On large pays almost as much income and estate tax as the other nine provinces put together Ontario sets the pattern of commerce and industry in Canada Eight or even nine other provinces might agree to encourage industry by keeping taxes uniform but they'd do little good unless Ontario would go along too

Ontario s Leslie Frost was also a mysterious man in October Five years ago an hi took enre to remind the federal delegates he had urged that instead of tax rental agreements some plan be worked out which would bring in Quebec as well as Ontario His advice had not been taken Now he smelled a plot to buy off Quebec with Ontario s money.

Suspicion was heightened by Duplessi our new manner In closed sessions he was quiet and polite out snubbing the whole affair as he has sometimes done but fuzzing and asking questions. Only once or twice did he take off on one of his old oratorical flights, and then a soft answer from Prime Minister St. Laurent brought him quickly down again

Three soft answers bothered the other premiers most of all Time after time, they told each other nervously, the prime minister would look at Duplessis, wait for a benign nod and only then proceed to answer a question or make a statement. On the way to the governor general s reception at Rideau Hall one of the newer premiers asked a question about profound When was it proper to leave and all that sort of thing?

A Liberal premier answered him: 'Watch Duplessis do whatever he does and you can t go wrong That s what St. Laurent s been doing all week '

Maybe the premiers would have been less subject to these mournful doubts and fears had they known more about the origins of the new tax deal. Although the need of a new plan obviously was emphasized by political considerations, the mechanics of the new plan were conceived just a year ago that month not in any smoke-filled room but in—of all places—the Bank of Canada It was an economist s response to what federal tax officials—and many politicians—still call the Quebec crisis of 1954

For seven years after the tax rental agreements began in 1947 Ottawa had been able to ignore the fact that Quebec would not come in Quebec was losing money by it—as much as forty million dollars in the latest year—but that was Maurice Duplessis own affair Not until Duplessis imposed his own provincial income tax in 1954 did Ottawa realize that the airy detachment could not be maintained.

Duplessis chose his ground with his usual shrewdness Federal aid had been offered to universities which were in desperate financial straits. Education is the most jealously guarded of all provincial rights, after reluctantly accepting Ottawa s money for one year, Duplessis forbade Quebec universities to take it on pain of losing all provincial support

But the universities needed help It was to provide this help—to raise money for them in place of the tainted federal gold—that Duplessis proclaimed a provincial income tax It ran as high as fifteen percent of the federal tax. Duplessis segregated Ottawa s might make it fully deductible from the federal tax Meanwhile he put it on anyway

Ottawa refused to make it deductible But as the months went by federal officials as well as federal politicians realized they were in an indefensible position Quebec s new income tax brought in less money than a tax rental agreement would have done In other words if Ottawa did make it deductible the federal treasury would still be better off than if it made the rental payments it was already committed to make

Quebec taxpayers were paying the same federal rates as everyone else but the federal Income Tax Act allowed them to deduct only five percent as no offset to a provincial levy The result was that Quebec suffered a double penalty The provincial treasury was still getting less each year than the rental it could have collected But Quebec taxpayers had to pay more income tax than other Canadians paid

Ottawa had always declared these tax rental agreements were purely voluntary! Why then should it compel the very people who got as much less to pay so much more? These arguments began to look more persuasive not only politically but in the matter of equity and common sense.

Ottawa s new stop gap solution was obviously inadequate as well as clumsy and humiliating It allowed a tax abatement of ten percent instead of a deduction of five percent as provinces levying their own tax Some Quebeckers were still paying a lot more than people in other provinces, even though some other Quebeckers were paying a little less And meanwhile Quebec was still taking an annual loss of about twenty million by foregoing her tax rental payment

It was to break this dilemma that the Bank of Canada came up with its new idea last November

Why not make an "equalization payment" to every province whether it signs an agreement or not? Let the provinces levy what taxes they like but still get their fair share of the national tax on the national income

This suggestion won immediate unanimous approval from officials whose job it is to plan federal tax policy Everybody was for it—in principle But on the question of how it should be applied a sharp difference of opinion developed.

One group of bureaucrats, the majority wanted to scrap the tax rental system altogether They wanted not only to permit but actually to force the provinces to impose income and corporation taxes. Provincial responsibilities, they said, would be increasing in the next few years while federal responsibilities such as national defense became lighter It was bad for the provinces to lush always to Ottawa for painless priceless revenue far better for spenders to take full responsibility for raising the money they spent.

But a small obstinate minority still favored tax rental agreements Equalize by all means, said these dissidents, but don't force all the provinces into tax fields they'd rather not occupy



MACLEAN'S

"Most provinces don't want to levy income tax. They'd rather Ottawa take the blame"

Uniform corporation taxes this group argued are more than a help to tidy government. They're levelheaded to industry. The tasks of keeping track of what business is done in which province and of cooking out tax returns by several different rates and rules, can run into millions.

"I talked to an American businessman the other day" an Ottawa tax official said. His company has to calculate tried pay twenty-six income taxes all different

The fact that companies haven't had to do that in Canada has been a big encouragement to those investing here Ottawa s tax experts, as distinct from economic theorists want above all to avoid a return to that multi tax chaos. And they think it can be done

They admit there s no hope of persuading Quebec to sign any kind of agreement, but they say that needn't matter too much If all provinces are levying their own income tax Canada as tax structure in ten years will look like a dilapidated roller coaster But if nine are levying a uniform tax and only Quebec is different that fact alone will exert a kind of gravitational pull to keep Quebec s rates from being too far out of line

Are All Provinces Equal?

But what incentive is left to bring provinces into agreements if all get an equal share of federal taxes anyhow?

Tax experts answer that not much incentive is needed. Provincial governments, or most of them don t really want to impose their own income taxes They'd rather let Ottawa take the trouble and the blame A fairly slight advantage of convenience or security will be enough to bring in all but according to the federal tax gatherers, and the advantage they suggest is this.

All provinces are promised a certain guaranteed minimum from Ottawa each year, a sum never to be less than the present tax rental payments. (Quebec, as included in this promise et the amount Quebec would have got from a tax rental pact.) The tax experts suggest that for provinces willing to enter a new rental agreement Ottawa give a higher guarantee—perhaps undertake that the rental payments shall never fall below whatever peak they reach in a good year.

To the majority of officials who wanted to abolish rental agreements, this was heresy It sounded to them like the motto of George Orwell s Animal Farm All provinces are equal but some are more equal than others"

Besides, having gone to all this trouble to end the isolation of Quebec why should they now set up a new scheme to isolate Quebec all over again?

This argument was still unresolved when the October conference began; it continued to rage in the federal camp all through the week Some confusion resulted One afternoon a provincial delegate got the same technical question from four federal delegates and got four quite different answers.

But the point seems to have been settled now and apparently the minority has won There will be an inducement to enter tax agreements, the inducement of a higher guarantee How much higher is a question still to be decided it can t be very much without introducing a new penalty for nonacquiescence a new injustice to Quebec But it will be enough if Ottawa s wishes are fulfilled to bring Ottawa to the end of January rather than the rest don t matter

In or out of the new agreements, each province will get the same kind of money Each will have a certain slice of the federal taxes—ten percent of personal income tax maybe nine or ten percent of corporation profits, half of succession duties on estates The exact amounts are to be negotiated but the principle is the same in all cases

On top of that each province will get an annual payment from Ottawa enough to bring its total revenue from these taxes up to the same level per capita as the average of the two richest provinces Ontario and British Columbia For provinces that sign tax agreements, that would be all

But if on top of that again any province wishes to levy additional taxes on personal and corporation incomes or estates, it may do so. Its annual equalization payment from Ottawa will not be affected Its taxpayers will have to pay more than other Canadians, but presumably they will get more for their money in schools, roads health services I'm any case, it will be the province's own business.

As things look now with another federal provincial conference in prospect chances are better than fifty fifty for complete success

Perhaps because Ottawa did not retreat from with a fixed final take it or leave-it offer most of the premiers went home with their suspicions rather mollified than aggravated in the end They were invited may encouraged to produce counter-proposals of their own none had any that could be applied with equal advantage to all ten provinces

Also they were surprised—even Quebec was surprised—to find that rich Quebec is really a have-not province Yield of the "standard" taxes in Quebec is only twenty two dollars per person less than that of Ontario by $9.98 and fifty seven cents below the national average

So far Ottawa has no indication whether or not Premier Duplessis will accept the proposed equalization payment, but nobody is greatly worried about that If he should refuse it will be his own responsibility Federal officials are now satisfied as they were not satisfied before, that the terms are now both fair and honorable

Ottawa s worry what there is of it is in the other direction Will English speaking Canadians also see this plan as fair? Or will they see it as favoritism?

If the premiers rose that cry they would probably not prevent the new plan from going into effect, but they could make its path a thorny one

But if they accept it wholeheartedly —and there is excellent hope that they will—then Confederation might begin a new chapter After nine decades Canada will have a new chance to get over perhaps the biggest single obstacle to her development as a strong prosperous firmly united country ★

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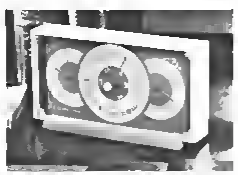
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PARADE

GREY CUP frenzy will be reaching its peak as this appears, particularly in Vancouver which feels like the winner anyway because it wrested the cup game away from Toronto. But things can't grow any more intense than they did in Edmonton a year ago when the big game took precedence over every other concern, even though the Eskimos were playing two thousand miles away. When one expectant mother's child decided to arrive while the game was under way the doctors and nurses involved were obviously keeping their minds on their work with difficulty. And the mother's first question on coming out of the ether was, "Who won?"—then almost as an afterthought, "Was it a boy or a girl?" We know, because we got it from the woman who was in the bed next to her when she came to.

• • •

At presstime we don't even know who the contenders will be this year in the big game, but should the Alouettes get a chance at a comeback after last year's upset we know one Montreal fan who will be in there cheering his game with excitement. He's the fellow who advertised last year in the Montreal Gazette: "Will trade two eye teeth for two Grey Cup tickets."

• • •

Everybody who says this isn't still the land of opportunity had better just read this. When the firm of Ives surgeons in Hamilton, Ont., advertised for laborers the slight Polish immigrant found himself in line between two burly six-footers. "Yan and you," said the office manager to the big guys, and waved the foreman to put them to work. A week later the manager went out to consult the foreman on a job and was amazed to find the pant-seat New Canadian at work. "I never said to hire the little guy too," he exclaimed. "You'd better get rid of him."

"No, we didn't have him but we can't fire him either," pronounced the foreman flatly. He didn't understand enough English to know you didn't have him so he turned up next day anyway. "The two big lugs didn't last two days, and this little guy is the best worker we've got."

That was three years ago and the foreman has long since convinced the office manager the little guy is the best man they never hired.

Sitting in the silent waiting room the Toronto woman couldn't help but overhear and be impressed by the kindly psychology the dentist was using on the little boy she'd seen go in ahead of her. The dentist was telling the youngster a lively children's tale calculated to take his mind off the buzz-buzz of the drill which punctuated the story. He talked and talked



and drilled and drilled and finally he said to the five-year old: "Well now, would you like to hear another story like that?" Snapped the kid: "Don't talk. Just work!"

• • •

The Vancouver Board of Trade will kill us for this but it's not any story. It comes from a Regina hotelkeeper who recently played host to a four-year old niece from the metropolis of the Pacific coast. Regina obligingly trained on two weeks of glorious fall sunshine to welcome her. One day she came downstairs in the hotel with her mother to find rain streaming in torrents down the lobby windows, with which she positively beamed on her uncle and declared: "At last we are having decent weather."

• • •

A merchant in a tiny village near Peterborough, Ont., had demolished an old building, salvaging a hot-water furnace which he left lying beside the highway in three sections while arranging to have them hauled away. A thief beat him to it, making off with two sections on a fine moonlit night. Sure that the fellow would be back for the third section the next night the village constable determined to keep watch, only this night it rained. And the next and the next. The constable was thinking dismally about a fourth wet vigil to come when the furnace owner came by with a dump hunk of paper he had discovered sticking in the furnace door. "Tell the cop to get some sleep as I'm not coming back for the last part. I know where I can pick up a better one just like it."

Parade pays $5 to $10 for true humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

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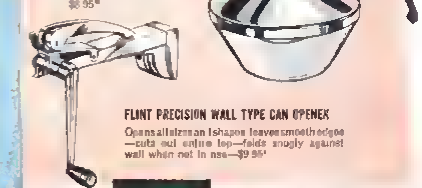
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